

# Diablo

GAWNE

All my life premeditated  
My motive was never stated  
Just know that I'm dedicated  
Algebraic, keep cool and calculated  
You fools get checkmated when I move like a chess player  
Nowadays, them "woke" folks gon' expose ya'  
They cancel you for the culture  
One hashtag and it's over  
Ya'll lived your life just to be liked and it's sad  
The likes of which will post a pic  
And count up likes on the 'Gram  
Damn  
Used to get slept on daily  
But I still kept on  
Shits not really finna be okay after we go crazy  
Bitch we the G-O-A-T's  
Erybody keep on hating  
Til' they see me get famous  
The switch teams like [?] how they've stopped complaining  
Fairweather when it blow  
Where'd the real ones go?  
Then again I guess I never really get offended  
When up on the internet, you get the trolls  
I just wanna let 'em know  
That I'm about to spitfire  
Never misfire, I'm the Messiah  
Finna stoke the flames  
Like a Boeing plane to a twin tower  
I don't really think it's gonna be too fuckin' difficult  
To kill a flow 'cause every time I work up in the studio  
I spit it like a missile then obliterate another one of the critics  
Who was thinkin' I wasn't gonna be the only one to win it  
Though a minimal I wanna spit in is the equivalent  
To what I'm gonna do  
When I get up and do the fuckin' inner workings of Illuminati  
I really don't got a human body  
And you're never gonna make it to the pinnacle  
I swear to god I'm never gonna quit it  
Til' I make a fuckin' livin' even then I gotta elevate  
I'll never slow momentum I disintegrate  
Anyone who was thinkin' I wasn't gonna be the head of state  
I penetrated into the game like an examination  
Been a menace, yeah, but then again never been a friend of an enemy  
I'd rather be adamantly found dead in the Chesapeake  
When I be enterin' the level of Rap God, I'm heavenly  
So now what?  
What to do?  
I don't even know really where to go  
How come?  
Every time I get up on a track you motherfuckers gettin' outgunned  
'Bout time I get my respect  
For the sweats tears and now blood  
So that one day I'll be Rushmore  
When they put me on top of that mountain  
  
Yo, I'm not a god no  
I'm the Diablo

Everyone hates me  
They say I'm malo  
But maybe tomorrow  
I'll rise from my shadow  
I guess in the end though  
None of it mattered  
So I'll never be sorry

You're 'bout to witness what hell feels like  
I can literally hear the sweat leavin' your pores when I held the mic  
Not pasta, but the chopper "BLAKKA"  
Then give you some shells to bite  
Then watch all lie quick  
Like when you home late and must tell your wife  
And I'm thicker then, I sell your light  
Watch me shine on 'em (DING!)  
I'm a perv ain't mad 'cause I grind on 'em (DING!)  
Want parts? Then I put another line on 'em  
Say it fast, celebratin' the rha-ma-da-in (Ramadan)  
In hotels, so I don't respond to them  
Wait what was I sayin'? I'm ponderin'  
Voorhees, I could pull up in the pond you're in  
And leave your soul haunted like The Conjuring  
I was never perfect, I'm a sinner  
Heart is colder than a blizzard in the winter of December  
Wouldn't go against 'em friendly  
But I'm ready to dismember who you thinkin' is the winner  
Treat 'em like I'm a beginner  
Like a quarterback you need to know, in fact, I been a stealer  
And I'm swipin' everybody like my standards low on Tinder  
I'ma go attack you little hoes that rap  
You're never sicker  
Like I told the bitch that bit her  
I mean bite her, but you're bitter  
That I'm brighter, meaning that I'm lighter  
Meaning that I'm lighter, I'm producing fire  
They be throwin' shade at my head like a visor  
I be straight up with the drip, no geyser  
But you guys are, liars  
Keep sayin' that you woke but you slept on me tice  
Retired is what you should be  
Only time you fire is hitting a D-  
-Ablo, and I know I'm not a god

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Finally comin' up and man I know the fans love it  
The money from the merch is hangin' out my damn luggage  
I gotta take a break, swear to god I can't stomach  
All these instrumentals bustin' outta my abdomen  
Man run it  
No wonder when I drop they get mad dramatic  
I watch 'em flip over the bars they ain't acrobatic  
They say they comin' for my spot like they have the talent  
I tell 'em that's a long shot, fuck a panoramic

Talkin' to God, I fiend to release my demons  
It's YPG, the most lethal team in the region  
If you rappers are my sons, I need to increase the beatings  
Either that or stop schemin', and leave my semen in cleavage  
Ya'll focused on school, I'm observin' the business  
My concern was with spitting, never learnin' division  
'Cause I don't plan to split cash, I split words with precision  
Til' my music on the streets like them dirt syringes  
Come on!