

# Rap Devil

Machine Gun Kelly

Oh my god, Ronny

Ayy, somebody grab him some clippers (Zzz)  
His fucking beard is weird  
Tough talk from a rapper paying millions for security a year  
"I think my dad's gone crazy," yeah, Hailie, you right  
Dad's always mad cooped up in the studio, yelling at the mic  
You're sober and bored, huh (I know)  
About to be 46 years old, dog  
Talkin' 'bout "I'ma call up Trick Trick"  
Man, you sound like a bitch, bitch  
Man up and handle your shit (ugh)  
Mad about something I said in 2012  
Took you six years  
And a surprise album just to come with a diss  
Homie we get it,  
We know that you're the greatest rapper alive  
Fucking dweeb,  
All you do is read the dictionary and stay inside  
Fuck Rap God, I'm the Rap Devil  
Coming bare-faced with a black shovel  
Like the Armageddon when the smoke settle  
His body next to this instrumental  
I'm saying

I'm sick of them sweatsuits  
And them corny hats, let's talk about it  
I'm sick of you being rich  
And you still mad, let's talk about it  
Both of us single dads from the Midwest,  
We can talk about it  
Or we could get gully I'll size up your body  
And put some white chalk around it

Let's talk about the fact you actually blackballed a rapper that's twice as  
young as you  
(let's talk about it)  
Let's call Sway,  
Ask why I can't go on Shade 45 because of you (brrrt)  
Let's ask Interscope  
How you had Paul Rosenberg trying to shelf me (huh?)  
Still can't cover up the fact  
Your last four albums is as bad as your selfie  
Now tell me, what do you stand for? (What?)  
I know you can't stand yourself (no)  
Trying to be the old you so bad you Stan yourself (ha)  
Let's leave all the beefing to 50 (please)  
Em you're pushing 50  
Why you claiming that I'ma call Puff?  
When you the one that called Diddy (facts)  
Then you went and called Jimmy (facts)  
They conference called me in the morning (what?)  
They told me you mad about a tweet  
You wanted me to say sorry (what?)  
I swear to God I ain't believe him (nah)  
Please say it ain't so (no)  
The big bad bully of the rap game

Can't take a fucking joke  
Oh you want some fucking smoke (what?)  
But not literally, you'll choke  
Yeah I'll acknowledge you're the GOAT  
But I'm The Gunner, bitch,  
I got you in the scope (brra)  
Don't have a heart attack now (no)  
Somebody help your mans up (help)  
Knees weak of old age  
The real Slim Shady can't stand up

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Hello Marshall, my name's Colson  
You should go back to Recovery  
I know your ego is hurting just knowing  
That all of your fans discovered me (hi)  
He like, "Damn, he a younger me  
Except he dresses better and I'm ugly  
Always making fun of me"  
Stop all the thuggery Marshall,  
You living in luxury (damn)  
Look what you done to me,  
Dropped an album just because of me  
Damn, you in love with me  
You got money but I'm hungry  
I like the diss but you won't say  
Those lyrics out in front of me  
Shout out to every rapper that's up under me  
Know that I'll never do you like this fuckery  
Still bitter after everyone loves you  
Pull that wedgie out your dungarees (hey)  
I gotta respect the OGs  
And I know most of 'em personally (ayy)  
But you're just a bully acting like a baby S  
So I gotta read you a nursery (nursery)  
I'm the ghost of the future  
And you're just Ebenezer Scrooge (facts)  
I said on Flex, anyone could get it  
I ain't know it would be you

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Riding shotty 'cause I gotta roll this dope  
It's a fast road when your idols  
Become your rivals, yeah  
Never hesitate to say it to your face,  
I'm an asshole  
Bitch ass motherfucker

Oh my god, Ronny

We know you get nervous, Rabbit  
I see momma's spaghetti all over your sweater  
I wish you would lose yourself on the records that you made a decade ago, they were better  
According to them, you're a national treasure  
To me, you're as soft as a feather  
The type to be scared to ask Rihanna  
For her number, just hold her umbrella-ella-ella  
"I'm not afraid," okay Oscar the Grouch,  
Chill on the couch (fuck)  
You got an Oscar, damn can anyone else  
Get some food in their mouth? (For real)  
They made a movie about you,  
You're in everybody's top ten  
You're not getting better with time  
It's fine Eminem, put down the pen  
Or write an apology about the simple fact  
You had to write a diss to acknowledge me  
I am the prodigy, how could I even look up to you  
You ain't as tall as me  
5'8" and I'm 6'4"  
Seven punches hold your head still  
Last time you saw 8 Mile was at home on a treadmill  
You were named after a candy  
I was named after a gangster (brr)  
And don't be a sucker and take my verse off of Yelawolf's album, thank you (thank you)  
I just wanna feed my daughter  
You tried to stop the money to support her  
You the one always talk about the action  
Text me the addy, I'm pulling up scrappy  
And I'm by fucking myself, what's happenin'?  
EST captain, salute me or shoot me  
That's what he's gonna have to do to me when he realizes there ain't shit he could do to me  
Everybody always hated me,  
This isn't anything new to me  
Yeah there's a difference between us,  
I got all of my shit without Dre producing me (ayy)  
I know you're not used to me  
Usually one of your disses should ruin me  
But bitch I'm from Cleveland,  
Everybody quiet this evening,  
I'm reading the eulogy (shh)  
Dropped an album called Kamikaze,  
So that means it killed him  
Already fucked one rapper's girl this week,  
Don't make me call Kim

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