

Diablo

Mac Miller

It's the, rap diablo, macho when I drop flows
Bar gets raised up, it's me and Petey Pablo
Colder than gazpacho, colder than the mono
Rapping head honcho, rocking shows like I was Bono
I go play a couple keys on the piano
The industry a lie, all the promises were hollow
Follow me I could show you where we be's at
How's I get my g pass, none of your fucking beeswax
These raps bring a joint together like a kneecap
Fuck the little 8 balls, show me where the ki's at
The time continuum, Mortal Kombat finish them
Tryna find a balance reaching from my equilibrium
Fools I pity them, I'm not a human I'm amphibian
Fake superhero like the Mystery Men
I ain't saving nothin'
I'm gettin' faded 'till the angels come and skipping all the famous functions
How do the famous function?
The A list can't be trusted
I strong arm them like I play the trumpet
The bottom barrel of society
I tell my bitch if she don't love me then just lie to me
I'm finer than the winery
Take it from the rich this is piracy (piracy)
Finally, I don't even need my fucking eyes to see
Come and die with meCause everybody got dead homies
Said everybody got dead homies
Said everybody got dead homies
Said everybody got dead homies
Uh, okay
My mind is Yoda I'm on Ayatollah
These other rapper just a diet soda
I find Jehova in the darkest places
Empty as apartment basements
This a marathon gentlemen go ahead and start the races
Save the coffin spaces
Don't come up missing
Tell your bitch that you've been trippin' now you on vacation
Rapping like it's automated
Lights I keep em' on like Vegas
Love I'm making so hot I'm turning hog to bacon
Only God can save him, I heard the monsters made him
I ain't a star I'm way farther with the constelations

Contemplating suicide like it's a DVD
Lost inside my mind it's a prison homie leave me be
You can see me bleed, I be with the freaks and geeks
Bitch I never miss a beat, I'm Charlie Conway, triple deke
Gordon Bombay in these streets
Ballin' like I'm Pistol Pete
Been a beast, every word I spit rewriting history
Look at what you did to me, look at what you did to me
Running to the underworld with guns and set the sinners free
No bitches in my circle I'm a show you the commercial
I've been popping like a kernel
Reading Justin Beiber's journal
Treat you like a urinal

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>