

# Diablo

## MAC MILLER

Rap DiabloIt'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 mano  
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 ball show me where the keys at  
The time continuum, Mortal Kombat finish 'em  
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 til 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  
Finally, I don't even need my fucking eyes to see  
Come and die with me'Cause everybody got dead homies  
Said everybody got dead homies  
Said everybody got dead homies  
Said everybody got dead homiesMy mind is Yoda I'm on Ayatollah  
These other rapper just a diet soda  
I find Jehovah 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 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 constellations

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 colonel  
Reading Justin Beiber's journal  
Treat you like a urinal

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