

# 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 me Cause 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  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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