Loose Cannon

Diabolic

(Intro): Please listen, as if you were sober and intelligent
And not a drink-sodden, sex-addled wreckI got medical surgeons testin' my urine
'Cause my shock value got me pissin' electrical currents and it's burnin'
My pen is workin' overtime, so you go rewind, till you finally know the rhyme, run home and quote the line
'Bolic terrifies ciphers like al-Qaeda
And fire rockets like I'm inside the cockpit of a stealth fighter
I compel writers to excel despite the fact my deal at Viper was like a cell at Riker's
My mic line through midian defines oblivion
Ahead of the time I'm livin' in, like the Prime Meridian
So why sign and get me in a worthless game where
Abel's gonna murder Cain for his personal gain
When I can brainstorm a hurricane of purple rain
Till it floods the Earth's terrain and bursts in flames
The same person remains, but my purpose changed
And it's worth the pain of hearin y'all curse my name (Fuck you)We let them hands go, we put our feet down
We give a damn, no, we give out beatdowns
So let yo fam go, you wanna blam, go
'Cause we can land those, don't even stand closeI'm sittin on the edge I'm lethal
I'm afraid i might flex on people
Might box, might put you in a box
If you want it, we can make it pop quick like "blaow"I got half a million rappers catchin' feelings
'Cause I'm mass appealin' like the Sistine Chapel ceiling, and the
Whole time y'all prayed Jesus comes
I was hearin' demons speak in tongues
Sayin' "Rob the preacher's son"
Too much Puerto Rican rum keeps me tipsy
I'm tryin' to keep my equilibrium like eatin' lithium, so
(What?) take the final edit I can inspire
Skeptics to get the fuck up like Simon said it, I got a
Street sign accepted line of credit
With more props for spittin' fire than pyrotechnics, and I
Don't gotta drive a 6'5" Alexis for my CD to drop on more blocks than when you die in Tetris
Just as I expected, I'll get my poetic justice
When the cats who run the game are leavin' on a set of crutches
When they lay screamin' (Help me!) in the general public
'Cause the metal rusted on their gun and backfired when it bustedWe let them hands go, we put our feet down
We give a damn, no, we give out beatdowns
So let yo fam go, you wanna blam, go
'Cause we can land those, don't even stand closeI'm sittin on the edge I'm lethal

I'm afraid i might flex on people
Might box, might put you in a box
If you want it, we can make it pop quick like "blaow"I never claimed to be a gangsta, but I don't fire blanks
I'm just known for sayin' crazier shit than Tyra Banks, but
Celebrity stars leave us mentally scarred
So I came to save the game like a memory card, 'cause
Enemy squads just pretend to be hard,
Like their mic booths are surrounded by penitentiary bars, and
Whenever they rhyme, they get federally charged
They're the Mafia and thieves chill wherever they are
I don 't believe them, it simply isn't feasible to heat yo pool
Can cease a wolf from turnin' you little sheep to wool, I'm a
Loose cannon with Duran's hands of stone
I leave swagger foreman right in the heart to stand alone
It's like cancer-prone DNA strands were cloned
And gene spliced with victims from Ground Zero's landin' zone
But I'm no hero, I'm a bastard like my parents boned,
Had a one-night stand and Pops wouldn't answer the phone
I'll fight till I'm jammin' bones with my knuckles breakin'
So fuck yo mother, I'll punch yo motherfuckin' face in
I'll punch yo face in to make a motherfuckin' statement
That I love the underground, I grew up in my mother's basementWe let them hands go, we put our feet down
We give a damn, no, we give out beatdowns
So let yo fam go, you wanna blam, go
'Cause we can land those, don't even stand closeI'm sittin on the edge I'm lethal
I'm afraid i might flex on people
Might box, might put you in a box
If you want it, we can make it pop quick like "blaow"

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/