

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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