

Rap Devil

Machine Gun Kelly

[Intro]

Oh my God, Ronny

[Verse 1]

Ayy, somebody grab him some clippers (Zzzzt)

His fuckin' beard is weird

Tough talk from a rapper payin' 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, yellin' at the mic

You're sober and bored, huh? (I know)

'Bout 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 somethin' I said in 2012

Took you six years and a surprise album just to come with a diss (Huh)

Homie we get it, we know that you're the greatest rapper alive

Fuckin' dweeb, all you do is read the dictionary and stay inside

Fuck "Rap God," I'm the Rap Devil

Comin' bare-faced with a black shovel

Like the Armageddon when the smoke settle

His body next to this instrumental, I'm sayin'

[Chorus]

I'm sick of them sweatsuits and them corny hats, let's talk about it

I'm sick of you bein' 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 (Ayy!)

[Verse 2]

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 (Brrt)

Let's ask Interscope

How you had Paul Rosenberg tryin' 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)
Tryin' to be the old you so bad, you Stan yourself (Ha)
Let's leave all the beefin' to 50 (Please)
Em, you're pushin' 50
Why you claimin' 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 fuckin' joke
Oh, you want some fuckin' smoke (What?)
But not literally, you'll choke
Yeah, I'll acknowledge you're the G.O.A.T
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!

[Chorus]

I'm sick of them sweatsuits and them corny hats, let's talk about it (Let's talk)
I'm sick of you bein' rich and you still mad, let's talk about it (Let's talk)
Both of us single dads from the Midwest, we can talk about it (Haha)
Or we could get gully, I'll size up your body
And put some white chalk around it

[Verse 3]

Hello Marshall, my name's Colson
You should go back to Recovery (Wouh)
I know your ego is hurtin'
Just knowin' 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 livin' in luxury (Ayy)
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 them 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 (Ayy)
I gotta respect the OGs and I know most of 'em personally (Ayy!)
But you're just a bully actin' like a baby
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

[Chorus]

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[Bridge]

Ayy, ridin' 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 a asshole
Bitch-ass motherfucker
Oh my God, Ronny
Fuck Kells!

[Verse 4]

We know you get nervous, Rabbit
I see Mama's spaghetti all over your sweater
I wish you would lose yourself on the records
That you made a decade ago, they were better
Accordin' 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
Over the simple fact, you had to 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 tryna stop the money to support her
You the one always talkin' 'bout the action
Text me the addy, I'm pullin' up scrappin'
And I'm by my fuckin' self, 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 producin' 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 evenin', I'm readin' the eulogy (Shh!)
Dropped an album called Kamikaze
So that means he killed him
Already fucked one rapper's girl this week
Don't make me call Kim!

[Chorus]

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