

## Diabolic

### "Mission Statement"

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[Verse 1:]

I'm your worst nightmare, I spit the shit you're  
dreaming of  
Dope as intravenous drugs flooding River Phoenix blood  
Building from the ground up, 'till I'm in the suite above  
buzzed twisting greener, bud than wiz khalifa does  
See I ain't rhyming 'bout the diamond rings and flashy  
cars  
Finer things than cavier, I just bring it as we are  
And it got me thinkin' that the bar's been raised to  
mount position  
With the weight and pounds I'm lifting barely makes an  
ounce of difference  
Still fans play it loud, they say I make 'em proud to  
listen  
They use it to escape like tunnels breaking out of  
prison  
And they relate 'cause life's a bitch who knows her way  
around my kitchen  
But wouldn't give me cake with flour and baking  
powder mixed in  
Bank account's defficient, withdrew and overdraft  
Can't afford to see the sky go from blue to overcast  
So I use emotion as fuel, and spew explosive gas  
Like a supernova blast coming thru your phonograph..

[Verse 2:]

I choose to go a path that don't meet the status-quo  
Chose to be an average-Joe, earn my keep and stack  
some dough  
I chose to speak the truth, 'cause the people had to  
know  
And they told me go to hell with the demons trapped  
below  
They said hip-hop was dead, they confirmed it as  
deceased  
'Till I reached out the casket thru the dirt and grabbed  
their feet  
So I could pull them underground, where verses smash

the beat  
And every person that you meet is vermin turning  
savage beast  
My work's a masterpiece, think not it's all the same  
At least I got all the Janes, from here to shopping malls  
in Maine  
Watchin' y'all drop the ball from atop the Hall of Fame  
Then just stop and call the game like these drops of  
falling rain  
Yo it's not my fault the pain's too much for angels on  
your shoulder  
Their inner demons represent my name up on a poster  
Sean came a long way, now he's way beyond the  
culture  
An abomination spawn from the greatest song  
composers..

[Verse 3:]

I'll napalm your soldiers, I'll spray a loaded glock  
I'm not like these people, I embrace the culture shock  
I'll celebrate the day my foes are layed below to rot  
And chase Patron with shots of Jack straight and smoke  
some pot  
Got the same approach with cops 'till they raid the local  
spots  
Or invade my home with swat and snipers aim from  
overtop  
That's not cool anymore, they say the game is going  
Pop  
Rap about playin' beer pong with a case of Rolling Rock  
I'm like fuck that, to me it'll always be the golden age  
Skills matter, and ill rappers like me control the stage  
Releasing flows and waves leaving people so amazed  
They bend over backwards, their calf muscles reach  
their shoulder blades  
From beneath the overpaid, where it's not  
commercialized  
Bolic drops the certified fire, watch him burn alive  
I will lock it worldwide, hip-hop will turn the tides  
And whoever fuckin' doubted me, y'all are first to die..

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