

Louis Logic f/ Celph Titled

"Diablos"

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[Louis Logic]

If this was a live show I'd probably get dragged from
the stage
handcuffed & caged for cursin' and spittin' at 5-0
I'm on a mission to find folks to victimize
Sadomasochists wishin' to die slow listen to my flows
The torturous, I'll see to it you're finished
Leave your unfortunate seeds in an orphanage
Even if your image dictates, you love the way a dick
tastes
you'll get tossed from a big stage
Put your hands down dickface, I didn't tell you to raise
them
I started underground and then I fell through the
basement
Misplaced soul like I had to sell it to Satan
and amidst the hellish arrangement tried to tell him to
change it
So make irrelevant statements, say that you sell your
tape
and say that your 12" played on your favorite well
listened station
I'm waitin' for celebratin' your folded career over a
beer
I know where you live, wake up and smell the fragrance

[Chorus: Louis Logic] + (Celph Titled)

Heathenous, [Cretinous]

Reasonless, [Savages]

Treasonous Activists, [Greedy and Ravenous]

We Face Off, [Wage War], and Beat up on Pacifists

He's the Compassionless, [and he's the Antagonist]

DIABLOS!!! (Both)

[Celph Titled]

Yo, who the fuck else you know that'll run up on ya
block strip
like an insane Christopher Columbus and start
conquering shit
Celph Titled's that nigga, and he ain't playin' dog
I thought I told you that we blazin' niggas 'till they skin

fall off

Roll out the red carpet and make you blend in with it
and that place that you were born from, I've been up in
it

Masterpiece verses everything that I've done dope
Fuck puffin' on cigars, I'll blow donut holes with gun
smoke

I don't want your demo rappers, we extort'em
you ain't goin' platinum nigga, you gon' be post-
mortem

slice the throats of your whole click till my palms hurt
and it'll be more rednecks than a Willie Nelson concert/
Better believe me mothafucka we ain't nice thugs
we know the real and pull your card like fake I.D.'s at
nightclubs

Lift up that skirt and see just what type of guy you are
throw you off the fuckin' roof and see just how fly you
are

[Chorus]

Heathenous, [Cretinous]

Reasonless, [Savages]

Treasonous Activists, [Greedy and Ravenous]

We Face Off, [Wage War] and Beat up on Pacifists

He's the Compassionless, [and he's the Antagonist]

[I'm tryna to put a curse on you]

DIABLOS!!! (Both)

[Louis Logic]

I should never be fooled with

My devilish music will put a spell on you stupid

Whoever you're cool with will forever be losers

I'll hit you so hard your kids'll inherit the bruises

Malevolent moodshifts attached to Satan

and a sick fascination with Patrick Bateman

Then disguise the crimes from the pigs at the station

they missed that arraignment cause I slipped past

probation

[Celph Titled]

And ain't shit changed Lou, we 2 of the fuckin' illest
niggas

the type of cats that'll randomly murder serial killers

I'm an angry person that'll hang you from a dangling
curtain

for certain I'm like Satan lurkin' through paintings and
serpents

An ill contortionist, twist your body and crack limbs

and you can see what it's like to walk forward but face
backwards

My dick get hard when I pull the rifle and spray shots

and leave your whole crew shakin' worse than Michael J.
Fox

[Chorus] - 2X
Heathenous, [Cretinous]
Reasonless, [Savages]
Treasonous Activists, [Greedy and Ravenous]
We Face Off, [Wage War], and Beat up on Pacifists
He's the Compassionless, [and he's the Antagonist]
DIABLOS!!! (Both)

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