

# Machine Gun Kelly, Rap Devil (Eminem Diss)

oh my God, Ronnie

ayy somebody grab him some clippers  
his fucking beard is weird  
tough talk from a rapper paying millions for security a year  
I think my dad's gon; crazy  
Yeah Hailie you right  
Dad's always mad couple up in the studio at the mic  
you're sober and bored  
Huh, I know

About to be 46 years old  
dog, talking about "I'ma call up Trick Trick"

man you sound like a bitch, bitch  
man up and handle your shit  
mad about something I said in 2012  
took you 6 years and a surprise album just to come with a diss  
homie we get it  
we know that your the greatest rapper alive

fucking dweeb  
all you do is read the dictionary and stay inside  
fuck a Rap God  
I'm the Rad Devil  
coming bear face with a black shovel  
like the Armageddon  
when the smoke settle  
his body next to an instrumental  
I'm saying

I'm sick of them sweat suit and the corny ass  
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 call Sway, ask why I can't go on Shade 45 because of you  
Let's ask Interscope how you had Paul Rosenberg trying to shelf me  
Still can't cover up the fact your last four albums is as bad as your selfie

I know you can't stand yourself  
trying to be the old you so be you stan yourself  
let's leave all the beefing to 50  
em you're pushing 50  
why you claiming that I call Puff when you're the one who called Diddy (Fact!)  
Then you went and called Jimmy (Fact!)  
the conference called me in the morning

they told me you not about a tweet  
you wanted me to say sorry  
I swear to God, I ain;t believe him  
please say it ain;t so  
the big bad bully of the rap game  
can't take a fucking joke  
oh you want some pocking smoke  
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  
don't have a heart attack now  
somebody help your mans up  
knees weaker, 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 Recoery  
I know your ego is hurting just knowing all of your fans discovered me  
he like,  
"Damn, he's a younger then me  
except he dressed better and I;m ugly  
always making fun of me"  
Stop all the thuggery Marshall  
you're living in luxury

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 ever rapper that's out up under me  
know that I'll never do you like this fuckery  
still bitter after everyone loves you

pull that wedgies out your dungeries I gotta respect the OG's  
and I know most of them personally  
But you're just a bully acting like a baby  
so I gotta read you a nursery  
I;m the ghost of the future  
and you're just Ebenezer Scrooge  
I said I'd flex, anyone could get it  
I didn'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  
never hesitate to say it to your face  
I'm an asshole  
bitch ass motherfucker!

we know you get nervous, Rabbit  
I see momma's spaghetti all over your sweater  
I wish you would lose yourself on the recors

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:  
ok. Oscar The Grouch chilling on the couch  
you got en Oscar  
damn, can can anyone else gst some food in the mouth?  
they made a movie about you  
you in everybody's top ten  
you're not getting better with time  
it's fine Eminem, put down the pen  
or write a simple apology about simple fact  
you had wite a diss to acknowledge me  
I am the prodigy  
how could I even look up tyo you  
you're not eve as tall as me  
5'8" and I'm 6'4"  
7 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  
and don't be a sucker and take my verse off of Yelawolf's album, thank you  
I just wanna feed my daughter  
you tried to stop the money to support her  
you the on always talk about action  
text me the addy, I'm pulling up scrappy  
and I'm by fucking myself, what's happening'?  
Est captain salute me or shot 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 yto me  
yeah, there's a difference between us  
I got all of my shit without Dre producing me  
I know you're not used tpo me  
usually one of your disses should ruin me  
but biytch I;m from Cleveland  
everybody quiet this evening  
I'm ready the eulogy  
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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