

Dumplin

Devlin

Its D-E-V to the Z
And when I say don't get left broke
Nah I don't mean left in the red
Them guys can have plenty of cash
But when it comes to comparison they're looking to lack
I'm looking to stack money piles quicker than flats
So they can
Stop looking at me and start looking at that
But fuck it I'm broke for the minute
Oh well at least I got a hold on my lyrics
They can have cash I got soul I got spirit
I keep my head out of the heavens
And close to the ground like midgets
With damn dirty lyrics that are rising
Define the aspects of physics
I'm that blue vodka drink that your girls been sippin at the bar all night
Yeah I'm WKD, I'm wicked
Haters I'll be more specific you can suck dick or send your best wishes
Your girl didn't give the crew kisses
After 10 dicks her cunt smelt of fishes
Slut on her knees surrounded by willies
Your girls grimey like my bars are
I'm like tracy chapman - I wanna drive away in a fast car
Wish I could drive to where the moon and the stars are
From a place where the people are dirt poor
Keep an eye on the queens head thats what you'll get hurt for
You'll see violence the same as a blood and crip turf war
And the bars keep dragging like a night shift
I'll tell 'em get back on the bike like ryan nyquist
They ain't never seen or heard of nothing like this
Nah I'm killing it with tightness every time I ride this
Its devz I'm full of surprises
I wanna touch the sky like high rises
I re-wrote the whole of the script
Turned out the lights and left em in the dark like a solar eclipse
Stay close to the beats like when you slowdance with your girl got a hold of
her hips
All we hold round here is chibs
Emotionless kids that are pissed where they live
Coppers that are quick to be pricks
You could be abiding the law and you could still get nicked
Me I'm too quick I ain't never been nicked
Theres been some close calls
Ive had to jump walls
Ive been running through schools and stashing up tools
None of them coppers ain't knocked what I live like
I'm not a gangster, definitely not
I'm just trapped in the lands of ciminality
Reality, stepping in rapidly
My right hand works like its powered mechanically
My shit is all self explanatory
I'm just trying to save their sanity
But they can pay for enlightenment five pound for my cd this aint no charity
Devz's got a killer vocabulary
All mad at me thought they be glad for me
But hating's un-holy like blasphemy
If you don't like me don't chat to me

I'm putting in the hours like a worker in the factory
I got weights on my back like a shirt or a sweater
I'll stick to the spitting for worse or for better
I'm waiting to go through the worst of the weather
The other side must be better
I've been hung out to dry now I've come back to try
Defining the art of lyrical criminal rhymes - slap someone multiple times
Now they wanna tell me that I'm the best spitter who's white
I'm just the best full stop
None of them couldn't step in then stop
If they stop then I make em walk off side its time these haters behave
We fuck it up all over the country in a rave
Me ghettos slice and lunar we all get paid?