

## 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?