

## F64 #2

Devlin

Yeah, they want 64 more  
I want 64 whores and a whip so big that it must have 64 doors  
You ain't never felt an impact or a force this raw on a format before  
'Cause this Granny Smith's got more to the core  
I'm a rotten apple and I got a grapple like I'm Phil Vickery making a tackle  
Got 'em all sick of me, making it hassle for any man's plan to unravel than travel  
So now they got the hump like a camel  
You can't judge me like a TV panel  
Fuck a pint, drink beer from the barrel  
Still be on point with the bars  
I'm hard like striking a sparrow in flight with an arrow  
I'm live and I'm rago, you'll thrive in the gallows, so  
You can hang like a jacket, I'll smile, one less scumbag on the planet  
I'm wild, like my good friends Ghetts, I'm erratic  
You'll find out I'm lyrically dramatic  
If you think you can last one minute than you've had it  
To ask me why I still MC is like asking McEnroe "what's all the racket? "  
Passion inside that dem man are lacking  
Call me off key like a third nipple  
If you don't rate what I'm spitting it's blatant you prefer dribble  
I'm baffling brains like E dot Nigma, creating a riddle  
I got my boys safeguarding the edge while I break in again to maintain the middle  
Best beware when Devlin's in here  
I took a lot of shit now I'm taking the piddle  
So, you'll get left in a field with a face full of thistles  
I'm makin' 'em wait to start partaking and make fatal dismissal's  
You know I ain't sweet like skittles  
I break MC's that are basically brittle  
And all bullshit aside  
There ain't one man on the team that ain't been on the fiddle  
Knew I had a fullproof plan, but thought that the scam was Fawltly like Sybil  
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But now I'm like more for you, on tour with Ed Scissors  
Kid from the Ipswich field straight back to Barking and Dagenham  
And then we'll start savaging spitter's  
Performing with Yasmin, the sickest and prettiest lyricist singing  
Example went and sold out the tour, Encore  
You're doing your thing man so thanks for the bringin  
You can tell men, children and women  
It's Devil's on the beat makin' enemy retreat  
Cause I'm stepping up my levels every week no kiddin'  
So take this 64 more, that's 128 bars I give 'em  
When I'm eatin', I'm letting em starve like a paedophile  
I hunger strike in prison  
And I give it large like I'm hard like Rambo  
I ain't got mill's or a yard or a Lambo  
When it comes to lyrics though, I'm more than a handful  
You don't wanna gamble, I'm sharp like a thorn from the brambles  
Blow away your mind like Mark Chopper Read outside Bojangles  
You better make like an egg and then scramble  
I'll bombard your men from various angles.

They want "64" 3 but no disrespect SB, you know me  
I might have to call this OT-TV, if I keep on going, I'm so OTT  
Wait and see F64 3!

Watch out for round 3 coming soon...