

Letter To My Boys

Devlin

As my head spins, I don't know
How this slight show had the time to grow
I was too interested on live the life alone
Chase the money, chase the savings,
Man, doesn't really matter,
I'm just trying to make this happen, here's a letter to my boys.

Out to everyone I ever ran the streets with,
You know more soul, but this here is deep shit
Me, wilsey and dope inside of a chip wheep
Or in the park in a Friday night with free chips.
Or are plenty, with four are out the belly
Few less guards with a bit that last the many
Bags it out, trying to rule worry bands weary
Face is in the place, back in that where it was heavy
Don't get me hard, fools say start slow
Freestyling in this stats flat we're good at
Then it disappeared and never fooled to turn back
Out the jacko, see my wrist slash but gold smash
When little Guinness was as quiet as a field mass
We would've stole your car and probably though it was the start
But it's bigger than my little brother,
He wait for princess, it's too many names to cover.

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As it grew, I feel a gold fraction under quicker
I felt lonely inside and maybe slightly bitter
Start writing, told myself I'll be a spitter
Then I met dogs and Mikey and the Picture figure
Too big to lock the quick fig from an older level
Mine's sort of fool pine dose to see the rebel
At fifteen I resurrected my whole crew from hard times,
Youngen on this mad fire.
Then we met Deves and cause he only put it in
Along with Benson and Emma I knew from my science
Back in '05 when we used to smoke and drink
Fifty kids on boot street where rule the piffs
Way back when it was me upon my bones
A shoe lace around my neck, held my keys up close
He waits a lego flash, check his back on violence out
We represent it to the fullest after time, fact.

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Be Bred, two friends, come I come west
My boys now, we share a pile and lie the rest

Where's new gets and my gets and at the park
In the youth club with haseties and we spray some bars
Three years by, rest in peace, Lace,
Remember days he used to run around the heath wave
But I don't get to see your face into these days
Last crase, will I make it through this grind rage.
Get started, show 'em love, they really understood,
Though I was better, then fucking good, they grind the hood
Behind the mic, slop it still do
Then it see is too expensive, I move to lose.
And by the way, I forgot to say,
I met when I was 13, I lose by the place
For mom the dictorial role when we used to spray
Bars on the old block, we're jumping right in flame.
So

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