

# Really Cold

Devlin

Show me who you know really flows  
Show me who you know is really cold  
Show me who you think is really in my zone  
And I bet he's someone in the circle that I know

Show me someone that you think is spitting venom  
I'll take his freedom in a sentence like a judge  
Show me something that I don't know  
Before it's too late, I came to wrap the whole game up

MCs, I should punch you in your mouths  
You ain't from the streets, you spit shit on funky house  
European dance mixed into trance  
Can't feel safe with all the jewellery on your arms

I bet you no-one even knew you in your manor  
Before you got a deal spitting swag bars  
I put my manor on the map  
And I've been running these streets for my young teens carving out a path

Forget modest, I've been modest too long  
I buried you in freestyles, bodied you in songs  
Call me Devs, call me Jim Laden, call me Kong  
Beating on my chest, now it's time to get it on

Show me someone that you think I should be weary of  
I'll grab his cranium and tear it off  
To fill it full of thoughts, that'll make him think twice  
'Bout stepping 'round the mic when I'm present, unfair or not

I see pop stars posing like rap stars  
You ain't urban acts that's just what the facts are  
In your videos posing in your flash cars  
You don't even own, walk the street alone

And find you get moved to quicker  
The mice inside of a pythons home  
I guess I'm one of the few true spitters  
The rest can't cut it, so slice 'em to the bone

System overload, is too late  
I'm cracking up, smacking up, MCs who never run the road  
Never bought an ounce of anything apart from gold  
You ain't got no credibility, you bastards know

I've been a force within the underground  
Since nights that I was writing at my mother's house  
I've never been no type but big man  
Just a little sick screaming out, fuck 'em now

Who the fuck told you it was fire you were spraying?  
You know who you are, so do I, so what you saying?  
Nothing cause your management would tell you not to speak  
Mine would tell me burn 'em and then fight 'em in the street

Cash hungry vermin, I deprive 'em of their sleep  
Scare 'em like a nightmare, the way I write the beat

Ain't a fan of vegetables, it ain't about the peas  
As long as I'm the best within my field then I'm at ease

Underground, overground, Dev's might mow you down  
In a vehicle that was stolen at your mother's house  
My father ain't Samuel  
But the way that I kill all these MCs, I feel like the summer Sam

Show me who you know really flows  
I blow him back like I was rolling with a gun in hand  
All I know is that there's not that many pros  
So when I'm around I have to keep it really cold