

# The Garden

Devlin

Welcome to the garden the HQ of Jim Lardon  
Where weed trees grow around the things I leave departed  
Got AKs in black bags you think were full of garbage  
Guess again the weapons I've obtained are like Osama's  
Who, by the way, is still alive, and stays to say hello  
And told me to tell you all that he's just lying low  
Then disclosed he was paid to take the blame  
For what happened to the towers, so America could take control.  
I make the fans mosh, but this ain't rock and roll,  
Just a snip it of the craziness of life I know  
Inside the grimey flow, I'll blow your mind to Idaho  
You'll fly it back to return it to it's rightful home  
I'm like a Warlord with lyrics, I've got much more than spirit  
I'm trying to conjure up a spell and take control  
Of every single area code across the globe  
For every fairy tale told I tell it straight and bold  
I'm something like a common cold,  
No one's found a cure for me, so I'll just hang around until it's time to go  
And come back when I decide too,  
And play the synesses for viruses, like bird flu and swine flu.  
Or whatever's in line next that's been designed to,  
Kill her slowly within life's huge human zoo  
It's Jay Lardon with a chete in your alley way  
Don't ask me who I am, who the fuck are you, Buckaroo?  
All my bars and rhymes move in syncrasy  
Think of me as mother Mary boy you can't get into me,  
But I ain't virginal I'm dangerous to pussy holes  
Who think that I won't step to them instinctively and sink my teeth  
In their damn necks, take a rain check,  
Instead of blazing you I'd probably rather blaze the bless  
But I'll be spraying to the day and date the game starts making sense  
Won't stop until I'm dead,  
That's what I call going to grave extents,  
Bring me back to life in fifty thousand years  
And I'll rain on whoever's rapping nice.  
Then kick back with a diet coke, jack and ice  
See words for me swells within the devil's eyes  
A never ending well of luster probably made me jealous, I  
Throw my hands up, I admit  
But I run up my lips a bit because I felt like I'm handcuffed  
But now I've broke free, I'm never leaving bankrupt  
Rappers think they're dead stiff like rigor mortis is  
Just know I come hard like porn star performances,  
Norman of Normandy, I'll force you out your fortresses  
Until you're hiding like your moonlighting as a contortionist  
I've seen men collecting medals, I think we need to pause a bit  
Cause I ain't hating for the day that I start making soft songs son,  
I'll probably win an award for it  
And for a spitter like myself that's what the bullshit is.  
Anyways, I'll never stray away for real,  
All I can do, I guess, is demonstrate the way I feel  
The way I speak, the way I walk, the way I breathe, the way I meal  
So real life's got me chasing that 2 stone still  
I lost when diabetes, handed me my tombstone and fucking Will  
Listen, I worked hard to get signed, but that's irrelevant,  
The point I'm trying to make's I never had a lucky deal  
So all you inbreads can climb my money hill

Cause D.E.V is on the hunt for money still  
And then my hands ain't on the curb they're on the till  
I'm O.T, you know me,  
Running through the whole scene, screaming Dagenham is ill  
With young whippersnappers grabbing on the steel  
What the fuck is with this manner chat will get you killed  
Crack and smack is everywhere, just like the weed and pills  
My backyard is too rough for Titchmarsh.

Fuck all the little pricks that keep saying my name  
You'll never be of ill.  
I've done everything you've done 10 times over,  
Forget everyone doing good things for the U.K  
Nothing but love all day, let's make it happen  
O.T our time, Devlin, A Moving Picture