

## Corned Beef City

Devlin

When I'm spittin' on grime, I bring it to life  
I roll like a menace at night, the venomous type  
I'm back with the venom inside  
The Devlin guy, the fella that was fed up of life  
And went in, step back from the mic  
You don't wanna scrap nor fight  
Corned Beef City is haunted and gritty  
Run for the hills, be scared for your life  
Or else be down to ride just like phillies  
Silly isn't it they listenin' but don't hear me  
Man this shit can't stand  
So that's why I'm cuttin' their achilles  
One by one 'til they all fall down  
They're sayin' that they're ready, are they really?  
I ain't Van Dan but I'll run up on your clan  
Kick your girlfriend straight in the kitty  
Oh God damn, what's wrong with this man?  
(What's wrong with this man?)

I'm like lots  
Ask Terms, ask Shots  
Ask Ratch, ask Rawz ask Dogz  
I think that I've lost the plot  
Came back for the, back for the lot  
And it's fact that my faction is hot  
From the booth right back to the block  
(Right back to the block)  
(Right back to the block)

Grime killer I deserve life in a box  
Mass murder your squad, get burnt and I'm gone  
Might be strong and the time ain't long  
You be back home right where you belong  
Dity Dags, the hood's on fire  
The mack might clap when the drama is on  
Animal acts, you'll get stalked by the pap  
Dead men's shoes, you don't really wanna be inside them clogs  
We're alive but we're lost  
Tell me how much does irony cost?  
Well my name's Devlin  
But they wanna look at me like God  
You know what? I ain't nobody's savior  
When I'm chained to this glacier I'm a slave to the frost  
Like I made it with Sadie, and got knee deep in her slot, oh gosh

Ask Terms, ask Shots  
Ask Ratch, ask Rawz ask Dogz  
I think that I've lost the plot  
Came back for the, back for the lot  
And it's fact that my faction is hot  
From the booth right back to the block  
(Right back to the block)  
(Right back to the block)

This ain't a drill, no screw don  
Who the fuckin' hell are you, son?  
Find an exit and use one

Under credited for anythin' the crew done  
Still relative, a relative to you son  
We're all brothers in this settlement, it's too glum  
Soon come, rise of a true sun  
Too blunt, I can be a true cunt  
Too drunk, chattin' to a new slut  
Too fucked, to ever give two fucks  
Unless I had sisters lubed up, who's up?  
You wanna make a move huh?  
I'm killin' fish with this big harpoon gun  
Move up or get moved up by Devs  
As far as young men go, I'm a rude one  
There's six million ways you can die  
Give me time, I'm still tryna choose one, oh gosh

Ask Terms, ask Shots  
Ask Ratch, ask Rawz ask Dogz  
I think that I've lost the plot  
Came back for the, back for the lot  
And it's fact that my faction is hot  
From the booth right back to the block  
(Right back to the block)  
(Right back to the block)