

# Daily Duppy

Devlin

Hello there from the shadows yeah  
There ain't no sun in this valley scarce  
Some don't get this far I guess  
Somebody rest I'm blessed just glad that I'm here  
I'll leave a mark like the Joker in Dark Knight  
It's all laughter and tears  
You wanna bar? Bite!  
You silly little arse-wipes I ain't laughing I'm near  
To becoming incensed, I don't give a shit who I'm coming against  
I run through gauntlets here to be standing before you  
And if I got to I run 'em again  
I smile through blizzards and laughed at rain  
Grim-stone fire and I feel no pain  
I just feel empty inside I'm drained  
Give my whole life to the game, so  
It don't matter what I do it never does  
Smile for a pic when I drink in a club  
'Til I get so drunk that I don't give a fuck  
Tables up in a twenty man rut  
Women all screaming, criminals bleeding  
Just another night out in this dump  
You'd have more chance trying to find peace  
In an evening with Hilary and Trump  
Elm thug still on the hunt  
But the fakes to the back and the real at the front  
I feel I'll but there ain't no pill on my tongue  
Line 'em all up and I'll kill em in one  
It's a massacre, lacerate masqueraders  
Talking hard and they're out there famous  
Real killers remain nameless  
So don't ask what my name is, I have none

Nowdays everybody wanna talk like they got something to say  
But nothing comes out when they move their lips  
Just a bunch of gibberish and now they wanna act like they  
Forgot about James

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You're misled  
The teacher with a guide dog with an eye gone  
Who mind rot, the cunt said he circles 9 blocks  
More lost than a human that finds God  
Just to feel nice with a fine cloth  
Me I ride on still write-off  
They couldn't write off, printing all my lyrics in blood  
So use lumenol with the wipes off  
You couldn't make a syllable flow  
If you dropped a lyric in the [?]  
Dublin city to the city I know  
I'm Whitney's ghost when I'm hitting high notes  
Here in the game but I ain't no tenor  
I grew up in Dagz in a mad fucking era  
Shotters and junkies nails on terror

Like clowns in Derry, I'm down for whatever  
So are 10 guys stare into my eyes  
Stare into my deadlights and be swarmed by dead flies  
That appear from nowhere out of these red skies  
When they forget how Devs rides  
Next time, if I don't get through like the deadline  
I'll be under your bed with a thought in my head  
Of strangling everyone here but that's clandestine  
Keep that secret squirrel no meat in the middle  
Just me with a shovel and Plato's work so I deepen the riddle  
I hope I know a little more in the next life  
'Til then I can't gloss shit up  
So when I get a high I'm already thinking of my next high  
And you know me I'll get by but how dare they forget I

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James? Who the fuck's he?  
That Devs fella that'll stay low-key  
Cause he's not another brudda with the same old speech  
Everyone's living down Rainbow Creek  
Funky story, lovely story  
I'm from the real world where we all bleed  
Hope you don't feel well  
You don't feel me  
Say they're sick but I'm the last still-bleed  
How can they forget about  
D-E-V don't F about  
Every Tom Dick's got a record out  
But I'll still be here when it's settled down  
I appear like in a Jim in a desert land  
To grant your wish back with the bar so big  
That I'm floating them here down the Thames on a cargo ship  
It's gonna be a whitewash  
But there ain't no marble sinks  
There armpits stink of fear  
Maybe it's cause Jim Reaper is here  
No I don't need no heater in here  
I can take shots at them on the beat when I sneer  
It's not fair when a frightened dear as the apocalypse nears  
Get your mind in gear  
Always cold anytime of the year  
And still got the fire to ignite any fears

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