

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

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But nothing comes out when they move their lips
Just a bunch of gibberish and now they wanna act like they
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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 fellas 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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