

Extra Extra

Devlin

Yeah, Its D-E-V-Z, big up William
William William, yeah...
Like every couple of years you have to send for someone new
'Cause your career's dying out or something?
I didn't even wanna do the tune cause I know...
This is exactly what you want me to do
Now it's gone too far, too far
Big up Will, droll init
(Wiley) Big up Out-Takers
Don't try me, I'm grimey
Yeah, William

William, you're a tit fake like silicone
Sniffs got to your brain cells and it's killing 'em
You bang girls that are 15?
I'm only 17 and I still wouldn't do that
Your career's dead like Biggie and 2Pac
I'm dirty, my career's flying
You're nearly 30, and you're still trying
Now that's two albums that nobody's buying
You used to say, "38, 38"
Nowadays you're about 38, 38
I can't knock your work rate
But I'm ten years younger and you'll still get merked mate
She's 10 and you raped on the first date?
You're a nonce
And no you don't make p's you're a ponce
And your career's dead
So you send for The Movement to see the response
You're dead so you had to send for us
Because you know The Movement's in the limelight
Best know that your career depends on us
You could never try ending us
You asked to be in The Movement, trying to beg friends with us
We couldn't let a snake in the clique
That's why William hates like a bitch
And he'll feel the blade of my chiv'
Fuck it, ten years younger, Richard I'll bun ya
I'll leave you out in the rain and the thunder
Kids watch your back because Wiley will bum ya
I said Wiley will bum ya!
With his eyes bright red and his nose in powder
That's a circle you just ain't getting outta
Your body's rotten by the time that they found you
I've got lines to astound you
And yet you chat shit like you're up with the Gods
Nah you're in Romford, sucking on cocks
When ten OT man come with the Glocks
What you gonna do when it pops, you cock?
And you chat shit 'bout you're still in the bits
How'd you think William got his A3?
Sucking on dicks
It's like prostitution was the last solution, so he tried it
Will tries to hide it
But if he see a cock then he'll ride it
Get down and shine it and I don't advise it
But still, William just denies it

He sees an arse and he jumps inside it
I don't know what his game is, fascinated with an anus
Come through me and get strapped with the flammers
We'll shoot you ten times, then you'll be famous
And fuck Mark, keep him, OT aren't about the weaklings
Syer, it's you I'm exceeding
It's the truth that I'm speaking
I heard you and Trims got a beefing
It's not a beefing
Because Trim speaks one time you're left bleeding
Mark stop dreaming
You wanna come to Dagenham
Get left on London this evening (Mug)
How can a pussy make a tune called "Gangsters"?

Talking about you move Ps like bankers
Let me say this slow and clear
Say one word about my Mum and I'll shank yous
And William, nah I'm not stupid
I knew you'd want me to do this
But now it's gone too far
If I didn't write this
I would've gone mad and put a bomb in your car
You ain't blown but you think you're a star
You're just mediocre, you ain't on par
Acting like we can't find where you are
Come through neon lights with a strap and a car
And William, call it a day
Every day, your chance to blow is falling away
You bunned it, will catch a tool in the face
Don't care if Wills got a tool in the waist
And no you won't blow like Dylan, you counterfeit villain
If he's not pilling, he's sniffing lines of crushed up penicillin
Still, William, he don't care what he's sniffing
So you got 50 Gs and spent it, are you demented?
Will's so old he's been around since radar was first invented
I said he's shit and I seriously meant it
I remember that time in Ministry
Pulled me away and told me fuck Dogzy
What do you think, that I'm just like Blake?
I'm real not fake, OT to the grave
It was OT that gave me my name
Paved me the way so that's where I'll remain
If it weren't for Reece, I'd be out in the rain
Hibby took me from the streets to the stage

To the stage
Bye bye Will
Yeah
It's The Movement 2006
Out-Takers
See you later William