

F64 #2

Devlin

Yeah, they want 64 more
I want 64 whores and a whip so big that it must have 64 doors
You ain't never felt an impact or a force this raw on a format before
'Cause this Granny Smith's got more to the core
I'm a rotten apple and I got a grapple like I'm Phil Vickery making a tackle
Got 'em all sick of me, making it hassle for any man's plan to unravel than travel
So now they got the hump like a camel
You can't judge me like a TV panel
Fuck a pint, drink beer from the barrel
Still be on point with the bars
I'm hard like striking a sparrow in flight with an arrow
I'm live and I'm rago, you'll thrive in the gallows, so
You can hang like a jacket, I'll smile, one less scumbag on the planet
I'm wild, like my good friends Ghetts, I'm erratic
You'll find out I'm lyrically dramatic
If you think you can last one minute than you've had it
To ask me why I still MC is like asking McEnroe "what's all the racket? "
Passion inside that dem man are lacking
Call me off key like a third nipple
If you don't rate what I'm spitting it's blatant you prefer dribble
I'm baffling brains like E dot Nigma, creating a riddle
I got my boys safeguarding the edge while I break in again to maintain the m
iddle
Best beware when Devlin's in here
I took a lot of shit now I'm taking the piddle
So, you'll get left in a field with a face full of thistles
I'm makin' 'em wait to start partaking and make fatal dismissal's
You know I ain't sweet like skittles
I break MC's that are basically brittle
And all bullshit aside
There ain't one man on the team that ain't been on the fiddle
Knew I had a fullproof plan, but thought that the scam was Fawltly like Sybil
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But now I'm like more for you, on tour with Ed Scissors
Kid from the Ipswich field straight back to Barking and Dagenham
And then we'll start savaging spitter's
Performing with Yasmin, the sickest and prettiest lyricist singing
Example went and sold out the tour, Encore
You're doing your thing man so thanks for the bringin
You can tell men, children and women
It's Devil's on the beat makin' enemy retreat
Cause I'm stepping up my levels every week no kiddin'
So take this 64 more, that's 128 bars I give 'em
When I'm eatin', I'm letting em starve like a paedophile
I hunger strike in prison
And I give it large like I'm hard like Rambo
I ain't got mill's or a yard or a Lambo
When it comes to lyrics though, I'm more than a handful
You don't wanna gamble, I'm sharp like a thorn from the brambles
Blow away your mind like Mark Chopper Read outside Bojangles
You better make like an egg and then scramble
I'll bombard your men from various angles.

They want "64" 3 but no disrespect SB, you know me
I might have to call this OT-TV, if I keep on going, I'm so OTT
Wait and see F64 3!

Watch out for round 3 coming soon...