

# Fire In The Booth

Devlin

I think you forget that Jim's been a threat and a vet  
So long so where's the respect?  
You ain't repped with DJ Slimzee on set  
I ain't heard you on a tape or cassette  
Cause weren't present when grime weren't pleasant  
A game full of shottas and goons and peasants  
Rascal run away with the scene  
Man on par with the stickiest lemon  
The mic in my hands like a stick to a felon  
Letting off rhymes my mouth is my weapon  
Blowing up south, Peckham to Streatham  
Blowing up west from Acton to Shepherds  
And my name spread north of course  
Tottenham to Angel I rock the cradle  
And I been running round east from day  
Dagenham to Barking, Hackney to Cable Street  
With a lyrically shot speed  
Every man from a manor where the blocks deep  
Where your block's like an episode of Dawson's Creek  
Rest in peace to the Esco  
Let's go, anyone who built this scene  
I'm taking it back to an old school theme  
I'm oceans deep and they flow too weak  
Side with me and fly like a frisbee  
Go against me and die like Da Vinci  
I open the pages and write in the history  
I'm right in the middle of my life it's a mystery  
I wound up on an Island with Tinchy  
A label Marley made famous  
See a minor, that's why I'm major  
Shut one eye then stare at my wallet  
You still won't ever see half of my paper  
Life's a ride how far it will take ya  
Depends how far that you'll break ya  
Back to make ya stack bigger than a freight container  
More cash more money in the bank  
Till I die and reside with the maker  
I'll shoot for the hoop like I was a Laker  
You said white boys can't jump you're a hater  
I'll jump all over your boat race then shout later  
I'm the administrator for pain inside of a chamber  
Full of nightmares I don't fight fair  
If I wanna find breh's I don't use no satellite navigator  
Cause the word on the street is that your in town with your bird on the week  
end  
What's the odds that we just might meet then?  
When I run up on you like an east end weed den

You show me the conditions, hear the terms of my recital  
Murmur and I'll murder you so bring the German rifles  
I'm rolling with the Kalashnikov I'm backing off my rivals  
Call me [censored] I'll kill you off like [censored]  
And naa I ain't acting I'm as practically a spiteful  
As going back in time to give the atom bomb to Guy Fawkes  
Now I'm stuck and I'm waiting for a time warp  
To once again return you can't terminate a cyborg  
I'm made of metal, I could break you all like ply board

Broke the ground level now like Luke I like to sky walk  
I'm a dying rebel like Gaddafi not compliable  
I'll stab you with a paint brush, there's art in my survival  
I'm like a cyclops with the all seeing eyeball  
And all I see is weed to think it's time to build an ital  
Burn you to degrees that your skeleton is frightful  
After they discover you in my ash tray after nightfall  
I kept it real but all they seem to want is fake  
I should speak like a wanker and spit bars like Drake  
Fishing hook aaahhh bait, I'll come to your estate  
And slap your mates who insisted that you was great  
And then I'll take your style and your charisma  
Combine em with tobacco and ignite em in a Rizla  
You left me in my lane we all tried to play the game  
So now you need to ascertain that I could flip you like your sister  
But no homo just poisoning the promo  
Charlie ain't a sloth naa he's a yeti in a polo  
And Devlin I'm a dragon reigning fire on your postcode  
I hold gold so let me throw a blow and leave your nose broke  
Like Britannia it's black and white like a panda  
The devils levels higher looking down from my veranda  
And so that you know what you hold is false hope  
And false goals don't account for much when the truths told  
Sorry for the flames I induce this is murder  
Blame put the name on my crew this is murder  
Jimmy I'm an Essex boy so you know it's murder  
Greater London in between the city and suburbia  
Hold tight Klash and Terra Firma, it's murder  
D, e, v, l, i, n yeah you know it's murder  
Charlie Sloth the DJ that you all hearda' it's murder  
D, e, v, l, i, n.. murder

It's OT crew in the house again  
We been endowed with the strength of a thousand men  
I live a long dream make a biro bleed  
Turn a ball point into a fountain pen  
When I spew red rivers I'm deading you  
Getting you coming for your revenue too  
You ain't never dwelt in the places I've been  
I'm at home in the dark like Nosferatu  
Or king Tut locked up in his tomb  
For too many suns and too many moons  
Whites and blacks who thrive to attack  
Dagenham scums inside of the room  
So there might quite be violence soon  
Hear the sirens sound like Rascal and shoot  
Then boot to the closest district tube  
Big up Wiley he always knew  
That I'd be a beast and a brute  
And pollute the peace in the booth  
Like pumping the sea fulla' crude oil  
When I get deeper I'm rude  
So the better I get you're all screwed  
Am I a veteran? Yes you'll get moved  
Weren't pulling your legs when I said I was a threat  
I'm ill but will punch you out of ya shoes  
English bomb with an Irish fuse  
And there's not long left till I detonate  
Leave guys in a two and eight in a right old state  
You better have your giro saved  
I'm claiming anything I like ok  
Cause I've found my groove and a ride  
That keeps me amused this life is a game

I'm old school like fruit of the loom  
But I come brand new so the youth can relate  
And maybe try following the lead  
My whole damn scene came outta the street  
With young men letting off shots  
And kids getting killed by the rocks like Apollo 18  
I gotta swim through a sea fulla darkness  
In a blackpool like Holloway's team  
Forgive me if I take you for ransom  
Naa I'm like Manson I got a regime  
And I love bad vibes  
In fact, I like it when everybody climbs on my back  
When the knives at the ready and they try to attack  
But my names not Caesar (slips up) and who gave yous the right to react?  
To put your wife on her back like Caroline Flack  
I ain't never been killed inside of the scene  
Red rum backwards analyse that  
Stun gun a pussy I paralyze cats  
Don't sell drugs but I've got white raps  
I'm a messed up geezer I just might snap  
Not a wife beater but you might find me in Dags on a Friday  
Bare knuckle fighting a slag and might have a fight with her dad  
That's how it is cause my manors quite mad  
And the spotlight coulda' never changed this man  
God damn, that's who I am