

High Rise

Devlin

Yeah D-V-Z
Big Up Ratchet
Hold tight Danny C
Yeah, yeah you know how we do this
It's Tales From The Crypt 2006, well equipt
Yeah big up Mikey, it's OutTakers
Tales From The, Tales From The

It's like, appreciate the craftsmanship
Lyrics interacting with the beat to form a partnership
Developing the skill I need to use and start enhancing it
Got lines to make your carcass split, find your stash and dart with it
And if you dream of being better, then depart with it
I aim above the clouds, and Lord's heaven's where my target is
I'll never lose, I'm too proud, you'll wish you never started it
Like alien conspiracies, we'll never know the half of it
But how can we be the only living creatures in a universe that features, mor
e planets than a library has readers
I talk but inside of me I'm speechless, wary of the secrets that we stumble
over when the reaper meets us
I need to try and rise up and out my own demise, cleanse your ears from spit
ters that continually told you lies
But none of this was accidentally plotted overnight, I'm one of few oversigh
ts so don't be acting so surprised
When the art of intelligent bars and flowing dies
Spitters take a seat, forget what you think you know inside
My thoughts and their thoughts definitely don't coincide
My mind's a cave of no return, I'm warning you, don't go inside
It's like Illuminati scrolls, your inner secrecy
That's why you see me drift away when loose ballers speak to me
Keep my flows tight the way it is and way it needs to be
Not everybody knows right, it's life ain't what it seems to me
Yeah, but it seems to me I'm a castaway
Guided by nan's soul, my light throughout my darkest day
Time moves too fast, I can't just let it pass away
Keep on writing filthy, makes an impact in the largest way
It's straight lyricism, the street's a villain ridden
Before the thugs hit the clubs, make sure the milli's hidden
It's either competition, no I didn't think up vision
Friends of mine doing time behind stingy prisons
But when it comes to bars call me the emperor, seventeen but I only need six
teen to dismember ya
Sorry if I offended you, I'm not this cocky regular but people wanna talk li
ke they're better? I'm fucking ending ya
I think to walk up in the bank, brandish the calibre
Bag up all the money then just fly away to Malaga
I'll take my boys with me but I'll leave behind the scavengers
Disappointed with spitters will call us the new ambassadors
Making altercations and changing the way we spit in Britain
Revealing hidden talents when I compose myself and ride the rhythm
God knows my pride is hidden, slowly I unite the system
Gathered an army in these cold streets to fight for wisdom
Open the brackets, me and Ratchet, the ultimate package
A combination known to be savage, he makes the beat and I choke and attack i
t
People patrolling the planet, know that my flow is volcanic
It's tuck with me like the smell of weed smoke in my jacket

But I'm hidden like the text in the DaVinci code
Invisible to the public eye because nobody thinks I'll blow
On point but I'm thinking slow, I think it's time to make a roach
And grab the rizla and weed and then just roll and smoke
Inhale the smoke of a rebel, I'm independently firing
Demonic scripts so sick I've awoken the devil
And yes I'm broke on a level, nah I'm not lying
I'm constantly trying to get my music off the ground and flying
It's like, I cause big commotion, runaway like locomotion
Come back at a better time and grab an eighth and start the smoking
It's like I'm only joking, I'm only going home
But not before years of cannabis smoke and sweat and broken bones
Feeling shit like an informant who broke the oaths
And now he knows every man on road is hunting for his soul
That's how it goes, although I never give the mic up
I never get no money, recognitions or magazine write-ups
And the odds are against me, maybe it's time to put the mic up
But I love the music, can't decide, I'm trying to make my mind up
Ten years time, looking down the line, where will I wind up?
Working like a bitch or in the sun happily signed up?
Laughing 'cause it beats me, yeah, I'm what the streets speak
And I'm standing on death's peak at twenty thousand feet
I need twenty grand a week to fulfil the life I need
So pass the rizla and weed, let me proceed