

# 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, more 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 spitters that continually told you lies  
But none of this was accidentally plotted overnight, I'm one of few oversights 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 sixteen to dismember ya  
Sorry if I offended you, I'm not this cocky regular but people wanna talk like 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 it  
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