

# Letter To My Boys

Devlin

As my head spins, I don't know  
How this slight show had the time to grow  
I was too interested on live the life alone  
Chase the money, chase the savings,  
Man, doesn't really matter,  
I'm just trying to make this happen, here's a letter to my boys.

Out to everyone I ever ran the streets with,  
You know more soul, but this here is deep shit  
Me, wilsey and dope inside of a chip wheep  
Or in the park in a Friday night with free chips.  
Or are plenty, with four are out the belly  
Few less guards with a bit that last the many  
Bags it out, trying to rule worry bands weary  
Face is in the place, back in that where it was heavy  
Don't get me hard, fools say start slow  
Freestyling in this stats flat we're good at  
Then it disappeared and never fooled to turn back  
Out the jacko, see my wrist slash but gold smash  
When little Guinness was as quiet as a field mass  
We would've stole your car and probably though it was the start  
But it's bigger than my little brother,  
He wait for princess, it's too many names to cover.

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As it grew, I feel a gold fraction under quicker  
I felt lonely inside and maybe slightly bitter  
Start writing, told myself I'll be a spitter  
Then I met dogs and Mikey and the Picture figure  
Too big to lock the quick fig from an older level  
Mine's sort of fool pine dose to see the rebel  
At fifteen I resurrected my whole crew from hard times,  
Youngen on this mad fire.  
Then we met Deves and cause he only put it in  
Along with Benson and Emma I knew from my science  
Back in '05 when we used to smoke and drink  
Fifty kids on boot street where rule the piffs  
Way back when it was me upon my bones  
A shoe lace around my neck, held my keys up close  
He waits a lego flash, check his back on violence out  
We represent it to the fullest after time, fact.

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Be Bred, two friends, come I come west  
My boys now, we share a pile and lie the rest

Where's new gets and my gets and at the park  
In the youth club with haseties and we spray some bars  
Three years by, rest in peace, Lace,  
Remember days he used to run around the heath wave  
But I don't get to see your face into these days  
Last crase, will I make it through this grind rage.  
Get started, show 'em love, they really understood,  
Though I was better, then fucking good, they grind the hood  
Behind the mic, slop it still do  
Then it see is too expensive, I move to lose.  
And by the way, I forgot to say,  
I met when I was 13, I lose by the place  
For mom the dictorial role when we used to spray  
Bars on the old block, we're jumping right in flame.  
So

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