

Marching Through The Fog

Devlin

I'll still get the bars in, Devlin I'm marchin, like a soldier serving in iraq is, now watch me eliminate targets, you should have known to anticipate carnage, your attitude sticks like an arm pit, I've got bars harder then Arnolds arm is, and no man has gone red at me yet, so I'd say I'm here to stay like a scar is, I ain't immigrating I'm lieing and waiting, and debating, j ust what I'm going to be taking, I ain't faking, so don't be mi staken, like I've gone soft for the ratings, I'll take you up t o the top of the dirtiest derelict block and then throw you ove r the railings, and the only motive was hatred.

Has Devlin gone soft, does Devlin think he's bad, nah he thinks he's at the top, all your bullshit makes me mad, but the drama don't stop, so alarms are ringing off, cus with the bars I'm s till allot, I've been as dark as dark has got, and now I'm marc hing through the fog.

Tarantula, creep all over the beat, gargantuan and get under my feet I'll stamp on ya, I won't ramp on ya, the games like a le tter and I just took my stamp honour, and if dinner ain't serve d then I'll back 9 stella's and stamp on her, and sip on a can while I'm drowning her, while I'm pinning her down as I strangl e her, I'm the murkiest white man handler, till this very day b een around here, If I was plotting then I wernt like the sound of ya, you get naughty I get a bit rowdier, still you won't let them throw back a pound at ya, don't place me in a box you coc ks, if there's one thing I'm not it's fucking rectangular. 'rec tangular, rectangular'

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I'm marching through the fog, it's dark and I've been lost, but with the bars I'm still the boss, and now I'm back where I bel ong, I'm marching through the fog, it's dark and I've been lost , but with the bars I'm still the boss, keep on marching throug h the fog.

Devlin I'm back and I'm harder then nails, I was raised in a pl ace, so foul, with my mates in my pals house wetting up papes o n the scales, but now I shoot bars from the mouth, keep marchin g them in or keep marching them out, I'll barge you around like a bully in a playground, if you ain't ready for the regime sta y down, I'm going hard for the whole u.k now, I'm harder then g ranite large I'm titanic, infact make your faculty panic, like

a madman acting erratic, with bombs in the basement and straps in the attic, a confrontation would have to be tragic, like the coppers, when he met Harry Roberts, let him have it.

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I'm marching through the fog, it's dark and I've been lost, but with the bars I'm still the boss, and now I'm back where I belong, I'm marching through the fog, it's dark and I've been lost, but with the bars I'm still the boss, keep on marching through the fog.