

Murder Music

Devlin

I ain't Pats but this is mix tape murder
Put you on your back with one line just like three caps from the burner
Fold you in half, you were told to be calm
Now you're locked in a boot and we're rolling to Narm
And yes I'll plant bombs in your boys car
Dogenham that's where my boys are, somewhere you wanna avoid star
Stay far away, for some little terror puts a blade in your face
Better know this ain't play time and that I spray wines
Every time they try to go one better
Roll on a breddar in a shop with a Bereta
Take cheddar then be gone forever
It's Murder Music, OutTake and the Movement we further music
And furthermore I know they heard before
And now I'm eating they can't stop serving war

I've got a lion on my shirt like say I'm in the Premier League
I'm too fast leaving beats in the murder scene
Forget the outline, I'll lay your blueprint
Me and Devz headline new shit
Fuck the air-con, I'm clear gone
Sit in your chair then putting me in any riddim and I'm ready to kill 'em
I bring fire in the rain, disappear on the roof top
Tales From The Crypt, tell your shop get a re-stock
Who's hot, skip on a beat, take my advise
I ain't visiting, done with the small time
Pivoting, fidgeting, allow downloads
And I'm gone where the sound goes
This ain't battle rap, you better know that I got punchlines to shut up that
little trap
I'm on a workout live in the dojo, I'll knock Suke out with the mojo

I'm coming, I've got these little mugs up and running
And I'll Stone Cold stun him, if he wants to come gunning
It's straight thugging, there's no loving
You're bait bluffing, you know nothing
Too much brown in them zutes that you're puffing
You ain't on swinging, no you're on chopping it up and straight chilling
Firstly, I'm bringing all of flows that I'm spitting
And I'm killing MC's that are willing to be killed
Life goes on, if I never get a deal
I'll keep it real, do it by myself still
And fuck what anybody else feels, I'm well prepared
You ain't the boy with the fire, man you're lacking the flare
If I see you in the manor watch your back and beware
I don't care I'm attacking him hear
And we've all learnt the hard way that life ain't fare
So we've all got shanks in our balls here

Yo, yo I set alight quicker than petrol
The chef in the kitchen with the credentials
What's on the menu? 1, 2 or 3 course
I'm a crown knight saddle up on my horse
Power the worst thing, those prisoners all act like it's dooms day
And the sky's full of dark clouds
Resurrection, my goals perfection
This ain't Pan, the stars lined up and it changed right
Gimme a round of applause

If the door closed, I'ma break through it
Like Nike, I'ma Just Do It
I won't think, put a whole in your ship and you'll sink
This ain't Baywatch, I stay cotch
Man I'm on beat 'til my days stop
Forget second time round, I'm on today's bop
Metaphor man with the CD out in South soon, that's a straight cop