

Try Step

Devlin

I don't know what they call bars
But they don't sound like ours
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Try step
You're full of bull, I'm a bull get a horn through the bicep
Wanna be a matador
Get splattered more than your girlfriends tits, fried eggs
Tellin me one creepin' and crawlin' around
That I'm Peter Parker with nine legs
Look down on you all from the shard
You ain't got the balls to climb up my higher fence
Let's have it right, let's have it right
When me and Syanide are grabbing mics
He don't get close to the dagenham-ites
Who's gonna tell me shit about braggin' rights
Nobody here I'm aware of, please let me know if you hear what
Anyone Mr. Limb won't take care of before they get aired off
Like the radio died

They came back on
When me and Jimmy be singing the sick patterns
Skills leave your limbs and shit scattered
Ill like I'm on pills - you get battered
Real lyrical skills mic jackers
Still keeping it real - it don't matter
The chill that leave steel bones shatters
Kneel down in a field you lil slappers
And it takes some dick, you little bait flow bitch
Me and Devlin are sicker than the six of the sickest spitters in this
Write me a list - I be wipin' my arse with the names that you writ
It's a myth, when you come try twist with the twisted
I'm leavin' MC's in the bits

You were like zombies up against what

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I don't know what they call lyrics
But they just sound like gimmicks (sound like gimmicks)
I don't know what they call rhymes
But they don't sound like mine (They don't sound like mine)
I don't know what you call flows (what?)
I just don't know

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Shuttin' everybody down when I come around
Give them all the run around when I run 'em out
I'm silly with the syllables, some say I'm lyrical
I don't give a shit no more, I'm just down
The residual overly-critical way I had a nose that there is no miracles
In a land where man must forever talk
Be king of the jungle or dead at dawn
No man's land, no badman but I will put up at night and attack man
If I have to I'll hide in a trash can
All night 'til I finally catch man
No trash talk
Don't be rash walk and never turn around
Put [?] on a beat, it's a dirty sound
I'm taking it back, right back to that mad fool

When we came in swinging
Hack from the beginning I've been killin' the riddims
And we don't need no bringing
The circles I'm in is full workers grinnin'
Spring in my step, when I step, my circles winnin'
And that I murk with a purpose that makes observers listen, they're surplus
spitters
Whose [?] to this shit?, I can't see anybody here
Plus I'm holding the levels like me and the devil two fucking rebels that le
ave 'em unsettled I swear
And now they wanna try wrestle, I leave 'em disheveled
They ever try meddle up in my affairs
I'm vettel, fuck levels, I'll never be settled, try step and get leveled
Syanide and Devils

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