

They Don't

Ghetts

I'm like, they don't even know but
Oi, Devz
See me and you, they should know what the catalogue's like, my darg
We're talking like Hero
Buss 1
Cold Outside

From the start to the death
There's heart in my chest
We surpass every test
Let 'em talk shit
Because they don't even know
Like, they don't even know
But I don't say a word
Because they don't need to know
Nah, they don't even know

You gotta stay on point to keep with me
I'm the killer in [?] under your [?]
I'll cut off your head like [?]
Devlin's fresher than [?]
And my music appeals to the kids like Walt Disney
My attitude stinks so the drums treble with me
And I'm pissed, I'm not tipsy
Stick razor blades to a frisbee
Then past it to pitches on [?]
Like a slut, my position is fucked
A position is none
Now that mission's begun
When I sit in the sun with a spliff in [?]
And squeeze my girl's bum like a silicon gun
It's Devz, the original, lyrical criminal
Pivoting knowledge leave all their primitive syllables spun
And lost like an orphan missing his son

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Why, it's Devlin again
I display signs of resent for your men
On this microphone, I was sent to defend
The death to the end
And I'm a serial syllable killer
That's sent and been left to repent
Half dead like a soldier been left in the coldest moldiest trench
You know me, I'm Devz
Best phone your defense
You don't really want [?] solo attempt
You little bitch, stop poking your nose in
Sniffer dogs, get thrown off the scent

My hair's messed up like the ends that I roll in
If they're strong then I'll broke 'em
On my levels, on my long terms
Call me Beethoven, I keep on composing
Flows that are colder than frozen
O.T arousing a whirlwind

First breath to my last
I'll be blessed with the bars
If it's Ghetts, then it's hard
Plus Devz, then it's large
They don't even know
Like, they don't even know
But I don't mind telling critics
Where they all need to go
I'll never leave the throne

They don't even know how a leader keeps control
Beef alone can be the reason you don't even reach your goals
Everybody knows best, even MCs below
Me, I tell 'em, take your own advice
Make b, you'll make it overnight
Ever since October 9th, 84
I've been over life, make me more
When most MCs make music
It's nothing but a load of lies they record
I'm alone in my zone
I recall when being the best was a test
Now making a hit is my ultimate goal
Because you remember the best
But overly brought
But me, I got the best of most
Get to know
And that means extra dough, I still rep the road
Some man are like, F the code
But I'll always be me, head to toe
And never [?] easy
I was on the hallways, really
That's why my talk stays greazy
In jail because another court case beat me
In and out, now look how long I've been home

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