

# We Control This

Ghetts

We, we control this  
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Blow the whole scene down (No more of this)  
When they see us, they better run for cover now  
Yeah, now  
Yeah

Yeah, a man on a mic with a sinister motive  
Impulsive, aesthetic, corrosive lyrics  
Demonstrate all I need to control this  
Gotta keep a firm hand on the game  
You'll die the same way [?] was slain  
Face down, left in the rain  
Then I'll blow away the whole scene like ten hurricanes  
I'm [?] on this deadliest strain  
You better know that it's Devlin again  
I got the game in strain, in shackles and chains  
Mind control, I'll baffle your brain  
Make a madman think that he's actually sane  
I'm in driver's seat because I'm a control freak  
So hard on my punchlines  
I consider that I'm withstandable  
Mangle your mandible one time

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I control this  
See the scene like a console  
No joypad but I'll pro this  
PlayStation on a vacation  
I ain't giving the game a break, mate  
Wait, when I come through, move I ain't patient  
And guess what? I'm an all-rounder  
360 Xbox  
Kill an MC, see?  
Genocide, head-top  
Ahead of guys because I got mega drive  
And I'm forever tight, dreadlocks  
Step aside, get lost  
This bit of the beat has got a man getting hyped, said Dot  
I hope you've got a few more, set aside  
The best of

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Yo, yo, yo  
Stop acting and clowning  
I'm about dough, stacking and counting  
Man wanna talk some shit about par  
But trust me, no, it's not that when I'm rounding  
Send an MC back to the mountain  
Run up in a studio, strap with the fountain  
Guess what? Now I'm back from arousing  
Dun know that I'm on track and I'm routing  
See them man swagging, I'm lounging  
Strapped, back with my pack and I'm hounding  
It's all ace, we're all base  
Hungry, hungry, I'm mad that I'm scrounging  
And I merk for the fact I was doubting  
But that's that, the [?] 's back  
I'm with Nas and that's MAC  
Rags, I'd rather clash with a [?]

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