

## Devilish

Ocean Wisdom

Try take something that's mine  
Man might move devilish...

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He's got double-glazing in his yard  
So I might climb Everest  
Might slide down chimney like Saint Nick  
That'll get me in the premises  
Man's all sneaky and subtle when  
I'm dealing with a nemesis  
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Man couldn't show me nothing but a cold glare  
With his pussy'ole friends on the road, there  
Oh he a road yout, I wouldn't go there  
He got a gold Tee, cut your joke hair  
Man are chatting like they're living in their own here  
Man MC areas, and they wanna go there  
Swear it's hilarious how they wanna hold stare  
Same breath preaching 'bout scriptures and old prayers  
Blud, you ain't a preacher, you a hypocrite  
And holy matrimony wouldn't make you fix up  
You don't just get it if you vision it  
Dickhead with his eyes closed, wishing for a quick buck  
I've compromised a lot for my success  
Success be a lot like  
Push hard, hope not to get shat on  
Swear this world's like an unwashed bucket  
Those man stick her in the power shower  
Douse her down and grab a towel and wrap it round her  
Plow her softly  
That's the mentality I'm attacking, my life  
It's like I'm tired of Skyping  
I'm finna be smashing it's properly  
Certain man are working 9-5's talking 'bout  
"Check my philosophy, check my take on astrology"  
"Check my offerings of hot pockets of knowledge"  
"Check how obvious I've made it that I'm killing it modestly"  
'Cus certain man around me trying to spin it with a don  
You could have Chicken Pox and be itching a lot  
Still couldn't scratch the surface of the shit that I'm on  
Speaking of scratching, I got B-Side spinning my songs  
And even Roc-A-Fella clocked a man was proper stellar  
And even Universal turned up at a few rehearsals  
Niggas talking like they're viable as Wizzy, never  
The squad is tight 'cause that's the way  
That Wizzy drew the circle  
And callisthenics lovers couldn't get a pull-up for a bar, like me  
You can't bar like me, you fucking sheep

You can't bar like me, I'm like "rah my G"  
How many side niggas trying to par my team  
Better know your place in the world  
Know your role, and know you're a wasteman as well  
These man are bracing themselves  
Bracing themselves 'cus the way that I tell a man

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Yo, fuck a nemesis  
Your tings can get Arsen venomous  
Masked up, run up in his raasclart residence  
Spark up the premises  
Your tings can get dark and devilish  
Ask Genesis, like church  
The maddest of the Methodists  
The people need reminding what the essence is  
It's deep, like the mind hear the messages  
So peak but I'm reciting in the sentences  
This is where the levels is  
And for Everest peak, man'll pepper this  
Beat Like Gordon Ramsay's 'Hell's Kitchen'  
But I'm Raekwon cheffin' it  
So effortless, way that I'm effin' this beat up  
Can get a man beat up for definite  
For acting definite  
But nothing's certain in life, but death, innit?  
So I gotta go hard, no half-steppin' it  
No joke, no laugh, know man reppin' it  
Screw-face flows are, but I'm so blessed with it  
Feel like a doctor, my patients they're testing it  
Talk a bag of chatter, bagging butcher in the bag  
Trap until the van pull up and they can  
Put up in the back of that  
I got these little pussies poopin' in their anorak  
Acting like a badman, putting on a heavy act  
A homie's in his element, listening to Annie Mac  
Twerking in front of the mirror, wearing a fanny pack  
Back in the inner-city, there's bitties and alley rats  
Tings are getting gully, I'm thinking of bringing the bally back  
But, I'm not trying to get pally-pally  
Unless I'm with [?] in Bristol city  
I'm asking 'em where their gally at?  
All type of flavours, dark skin, Asian, Persians  
Jamaicans, Beiges, Italian  
For really my nilly, no dilly no dally  
No millie-vanilli, no Harry met Sally  
They couldn't handle the old

Or the eighths of the weight that I carry  
I don't get carried away, I wait to get carried  
Got introduced to the music, got seduced quick  
Fell in love with the game, couldn't wait to get married  
Now it's death do us part  
'Til there's no breath left in my heart  
Try rep for what's left of this art

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