

You're not real
Yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

I don't know why Chip mentioned my name
But Devilman's tryna get attention again
Told you before this year is the year of the real
Fake niggas get left in the rain
Think cause I'm up there sitting on a plane
That I can't really hear what the people are saying
But I can hear everything loud and clear
And they telling me to tell you to stay in your lane
Lord of the Mics, fam, I could have clashed any man
But I said fam, let me clash Devilman
Cause if man taking the 0121 style
Birmingham have gone clear like Evian
But since then man I can't hear ya
Real Brummy niggas said they won't go near ya
And you would get a wun mai long son den some win seng
If you do a show in your area
And when you talk about 0121, I know some serious people
And some serious places
I saw your setting, it's basic
You try fake it
Did a YouTube video, none of your guys in the back ever showed their faces
Cause they know Devilman did snitch on some serious cases
Say my name, nah, that's not right
Heart on my sleeve any time that I write
Them man can't say anything that I ain't already told man about my life
Made a couple shit songs, yeah that's nice
Repeated my bars, oh yeah that's nice
Cause when your bars are hard like mine fam
Sometimes manna gotta say them twice
Fact of the matter is my bars totally murk
Your bars sound like you're smoking the work
Before you end up on the sex offenders list
Manna gon' put the devil in the dirt
Wah gwan for certain man
Thought it was a clash about music
All of a sudden Devilman you wanna sperm on man
Like a TV you wanna turn on man
Talk about music, me and my bros are killing it all over the globe
Now your angry cause everyone on your road is asking for me like the Wi-Fi code
Sep San Wung Si Muli Pun Yo Tiomi Yie Wun Sung you're not ready
And if you ever gave me an ounce of skunk, pussy I wouldn't pay you a penny

Wun Sen
Keep my name out of your nasty mouth
Your nasty lyrics
Nasty