

Really Cold

Devlin

Show me who you know really flows
Show me who you know is really cold
Show me who you think is really in my zone
And I bet he's someone in the circle that I know

Show me someone that you think is spitting venom
I'll take his freedom in a sentence like a judge
Show me something that I don't know
Before it's too late, I came to wrap the whole game up

MCs, I should punch you in your mouths
You ain't from the streets, you spit shit on funky house
European dance mixed into trance
Can't feel safe with all the jewellery on your arms

I bet you no-one even knew you in your manor
Before you got a deal spitting swag bars
I put my manor on the map
And I've been running these streets for my young teens carving out a path

Forget modest, I've been modest too long
I buried you in freestyles, bodied you in songs
Call me Devs, call me Jim Laden, call me Kong
Beating on my chest, now it's time to get it on

Show me someone that you think I should be weary of
I'll grab his cranium and tear it off
To fill it full of thoughts, that'll make him think twice
'Bout stepping 'round the mic when I'm present, unfair or not

I see pop stars posing like rap stars
You ain't urban acts that's just what the facts are
In your videos posing in your flash cars
You don't even own, walk the street alone

And find you get moved to quicker
The mice inside of a pythons home
I guess I'm one of the few true spitters
The rest can't cut it, so slice 'em to the bone

System overload, is too late
I'm cracking up, smacking up, MCs who never run the road
Never bought an ounce of anything apart from gold
You ain't got no credibility, you bastards know

I've been a force within the underground
Since nights that I was writing at my mother's house
I've never been no type but big man
Just a little sick screaming out, fuck 'em now

Who the fuck told you it was fire you were spraying?
You know who you are, so do I, so what you saying?
Nothing cause your management would tell you not to speak
Mine would tell me burn 'em and then fight 'em in the street

Cash hungry vermin, I deprive 'em of their sleep
Scare 'em like a nightmare, the way I write the beat

Ain't a fan of vegetables, it ain't about the peas
As long as I'm the best within my field then I'm at ease

Underground, overground, Dev's might mow you down
In a vehicle that was stolen at your mother's house
My father ain't Samuel
But the way that I kill all these MCs, I feel like the summer Sam

Show me who you know really flows
I blow him back like I was rolling with a gun in hand
All I know is that there's not that many pros
So when I'm around I have to keep it really cold