

## Devlin "Off With Their Heads"

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Devlin, yeah  
Wretch 32 in the building  
Let's take it back there, time to go in  
Tell 'em Wretch, tell 'em Wretch

I'm on some off with your head shit  
I keep firing, I'm not The Apprentice  
Devs told me to go in, ah yeah  
So I wrap blocked all the exits  
Yes I'll be here forever  
The chair's so far I'll leave here in leather  
So dark, so cold  
With a couple girls sitting on my lap  
I'm never gonna say I'm back  
I'm a little too in love with plaques  
I moved in to the hall of fame  
So I wipe my feet on tracks

I'ma kill it, I'm a killer  
See me with one glove, it's a Thriller  
I already had a number one for my dinner  
Me and Devs go in there, inner

And we're out of here, I doubt you're near  
I've already been a thousand 'ere  
But if you live for the money, then you die for the  
money  
So I ain't even trying to count it, I swear

And if you don't think I'm fucked  
Middle finger up  
Fuck me, fuck you  
I'll make you feel small when I big you up

Up, up and away, I can't see ya  
On my own scale, I'm a Libra  
Told 'em leave me alone, I wanna leave, uh  
Had to give 'em so dough to get a pizza

Every day I have to take away  
Tomorrow won't be the same today  
I don't score when I'm at home

I strike more when I play away

Shut down the asylum  
Before I creep through the exit, find it  
Jump any fence inside then drag a man  
Out of a car that he just was driving

And then put the pedal to the floor  
I'm back and I'm ready for the war like a Viking  
I ain't gotta tell 'em any more, me and Wretch  
Already killed this UK Grime thing

And there's not a lot left that could swing with shit  
And the doctor of death flying  
Wretch 32 said it's off with his head  
Got cold feet then it's frost on your creps

Never mind where you're walking, watch where you  
step  
Mind what you're talking, I might dissect  
Any guy trying a bullshit vibe on a sec  
Can't fuck with me like my wife on the reds

Too unorthodox to let it go  
So I let 'em know that I'm pro, but my name ain't  
Stephen  
Soul seems to be involved  
I'm burying men six deep in a hole, no reason

You're getting buried alive, I'm tryina better my life  
While some men are cutting up suits  
With scissors and severing ties  
I let 'em know that it's Devlin's time

No disputing I shift to the move  
This game from the days of The Movement  
Using the only utensil I knew to  
Now I need loot, this a like to my figures on YouTube

Retreat or advance then, you choose  
At the present I'm king like Presley  
Test me, then I'm running out full of anger  
And envy and stamping you out in my blue shoes

Ride a beat like a Traktor, ey  
But I ain't getting on a train, 'ey  
Everybody wants to act up, yeah  
'Til you put 'em in the frame

And I ain't got time for shit, patience's thinner than my  
toilet roll

I'm a fixed up brother from a broken home  
I remember I used to watch Home Alone  
Now I'm home alone in my owner home

This millennium, got a loada dome  
Rome then roam  
Came home smelling like hot Cologne  
Had a success overdose, woah

You see my roll-on flow  
And I'm so sure that I can't be old  
Yet all my heels I carry on toe to toe  
When we take this game now, so cologne

You couldn't play my post  
I'm an old soul like an ancient ghost  
That created his name in the game and he  
Took shit to another level on the whole

I can't really explain my brain  
But if you peeked inside of my skull  
You'd see shit so deep in my rear  
Eye low deep, know why I feel this cold

And I feel like the caped crusader  
Here on the brink of a dangerous caper  
I'm always collected and calm in battle  
Can't be rattled, go sample a shaker

OT, I'm an out taker  
I'm taking out any men that are minor  
And think that they're major, there's a devil and a  
Wretch that just broke out of the chamber

Yes, now I'm going for the hat-trick  
One singer, one model, one actress  
But I might disappear if you're acting  
Or singing me a new tune on a mad pitch

Back to my rap shit  
I'ma go hard this year  
Can't be looking at the past this year  
That won't help me get past this year

In an extra zone next to tracks  
Multiple hits but with extra swag  
I've divided my time  
Royalties won't forget to add

And I ain't adding nobody on my BB  
iPhone when I want you to see me

I plane, You tube  
See me on Wretch32 TV

I'm getting flashbacks from the past  
Head full of hate and a mouth full of bars  
Me and Wretch just stretched this game to a next span  
Taking the extra yard

We're going extra hard, no I can not be barred  
Say what you want, but you couldn't keep Devs out  
Anyways, I've already broke through the fence now  
And I'm quite relentless when I vex out

Everybody wants to be the best out  
But he gets stripped like a bitch when I dress down  
Think you're a face round 'ere?  
Get left lying face down in a next town

Pull strings like Robbie Lamont  
On the beat and I'm dropping the bomb  
I'll make you all feel sick like Sue Bo dropping her  
thong  
This ain't Sumo but I'm too big and too strong

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