

Devlin

"Really Cold"

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(Chorus)

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,
Imma face someone in the circle of what I know.
Show me someone who you think is spitting venom,
I may think it's 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.

(Verse)

MCs, I should punch you in your mouths,
You ain't from the streets, especial on funky ass,
European dogs mixed into trumps,
Call few safe with the jury on your arms
I bet you know I need to know you and your model
Before you go deal spent, dry bars
I put my matter on the map and up the money
Money streets on my young team's carving up puff.
Forget modest, I've been modest too long,
I bury during freestyles, body doing songs,
Call me Davis, call me Jim London, call me common,
Beating on my chest, now it's time to get it on
Show me someone that you think I should be weary of,
I wrap his tranny and tear it off
To feel it from the fools, start thinking twice
That's running on the mic on the president, I'm feral.

(Chorus)

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(Verse)

I see pop stars posing like rap stars,
You be on the stash, tax it when the fax on
In your videos posing in the flash cars,
You don't even own, on the street alone
You find it you get moved to quicker

The mice inside of the right home
I guess I'm one of the few true spitters,
The rest cold cut it, so spice it to the bone.
System overload, is too layered,
Cracking off, making off, MC never run the roll
Never going on everything apart from gold
You be gone no credibility, you bastards know.
Up in the fools, you be in underground
Since last time I was grinding on my mama's house
I never be no type but big man
It's the little six, screaming out, fuck 'em now.

(Chorus)

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(Verse)

Who the fuck told you it was fine you was spitting?
Find out who you are so you ask who you're saying
I think cause your management told you not to speak
My mama told me blind 'em with the fire in the street
Cash hold me down and deprived them from sleep
Scared like a mad man, not where I want to be.
Ain't about the vegetables, ain't about the peas,
As long as I'm the best in my field I'm the east
Underground, overground, there's mine, mojitan,
In the day caught up stolen from your mother's house
My father Lay Samuel, but the way arguing these MCs
are full of the summer sun.

Show me who you know really flows
I plumb back, my car is rolling with the call in hand
All I know is that it goes in any rolls
Before I'm a grind I have to keep it really cold.

(Chorus)

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