

# The Garden

## Devlin

(Verse)

Welcome to the garden that hates you and Jim larden  
Where weed trees grow around the things that leave the parted  
By AKs and black bags you think are full of garbage  
Guess the game of weapon are attained like Osama?s  
Who, by the way, is still alive, and stays to say hello  
And told me to tell you that he?s just laying low  
Then disclose the TV paid to take the blame  
For what happened to the towers, so America could take control.  
I?m making plans smush, but this ain?t rock and roll,  
Just a snipp out of the crazyness of the life I know  
Inside it grind me slow, blow your mind out of hole  
You fly back to return to its rightful home  
I?m like a war whole of lyrics but much more in the spirit  
I?m trying to come out with spell and take control  
Of every single area code across the globe  
For every fairy tower tell it straight and bold  
Is something like the common cold,  
No one?s find a cure for me, so I just hang around until it?s time to go  
And come back when I decide to,  
And play personas for viruses, like bird flu and swine flu.  
Or what happens in line is next that been designed to  
Kill it slowly with a knife, is human zu  
It?s jay lardan with a shade in alley way  
Don?t ask me who I am, who the fuck are you, fucking rude?  
All my bars in rhymes move in synchronacy  
Think of me like mother marry but he cant get into me  
By virgin all the pussy hoes  
You think that I mistake to ?em,  
Instinct to be inside my teeth.  
In the down next, take a rain check,  
Instead of blazing you I probably roll the place to bless  
Barber spraying to the damn date the game starts  
Make sense, won?t stop until I?m dead,  
  
That?s why I move into great extence,  
Bring me back to life in fifty thousand years  
And I reign on whoever recognize.  
Then came back with a diet coke jacking eyes

See words to me is worst through the devil's eyes  
I never went to it lost a part and made me jealous  
Throw my hands up, I admit  
That I want my hands to be, cause I feel like a man cuff  
But now I broke free, I'm never leaving bankrupt  
Rappers think that that stiff rather that who is this  
Just know I go hard, lapoon start, you know this is  
New mandoon into a fool and know what this is  
Until you hide unlike the moonlight and is the cuntoshionist  
I see men collecting metals, I think we need to pause a bit  
Cause I ain't hating for the day that I start making some stuff  
Probably like and old friend  
And first veil upon myself from all the bullshits  
Anyways, I never stray away from real,  
All I can do, I guess, is demonstrate the way I feel  
The way I speak, the way I move, the way I breathe, the way I am  
So real life got me chasing and that kept me still  
I lost with diabetes, time to meet my tombstone in fucking wheel  
Listen, sometimes? hard to get signed, but that's irrelevant,  
I try to make, but I never had a lucky deal  
So you breads can climb my money kill  
Cause tv is on the run for money still  
And in my hands they're on the blodd they want it too  
I'm own team, you know me,  
Running through the whole scene, screaming dang it I'm a zin  
With your whippers snappers drapping on it still  
What the fuck is with that man chapper that you killed  
Crackers smacking everywhere, just like the weed and pills  
My backyard is too rough for tench marsh.  
Fuck all the little pricks who keep saying my name  
You'll never be as ill.

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