Marching Through The Fog

Devlin

I'll still get the bars in, Devlin, I'm marchin'
Like a soldier serving in Iraq is
Now watch me eliminate targets
You should have known to anticipate carnage
Your attitude sticks like an arm pit
I've got bars harder then Arnolds arm is
And no man has gone red at me yet
So I'd say I'm here to stay like a scar is
I ain't immigrating, I'm lieing
And waiting and debating
Just what I'm going to be taking
I ain't faking, so don't be mistaken
Like I've gone soft for the ratings
I'll take you up to the top
Of the dirtiest derelict block
And then throw you over the railings
And the only motive was hatred
Has Devlin gone soft
Does Devlin think he's bad
Nah, he thinks he's at the top
All your bullshit makes me mad
But the drama don't stop
So alarms are ringing off
'Cause with the bars I'm still a lot
I've been as dark as dark has got
And now I'm marching through the fog
Tarantula, creep all over the beat
Gargantuan and get under my feet
I'll stamp on ya, I won't ramp on ya
The games like a letter
And I just took my stamp honor
And if dinner ain't served
Then I'll back 9 stella's and stamp on her
And sip on a can while I'm drowning her
While I'm pinning her down as I strangle her
I'm the murkiest white man handler
Till this very day been around here
If I was plotting then I weren't like the sound of ya
You get naughty I get a bit rowdier

Still you won't let them throw back a pound at ya
Don't place me in a box you cocks
If there's one thing I'm not it's fucking rectangular
Has Devlin gone soft
Does Devlin think he's bad
Nah, he thinks he's at the top
All your bullshit makes me mad

But the drama don't stop
So alarms are ringing off
'Cause with the bars I'm still a lot
I've been as dark as dark has got
And now I'm marching through the fog
I'm marching through the fog
It's dark and I've been lost
But with the bars I'm still the boss
And now I'm back where I belong
I'm marching through the fog
It's dark and I've been lost
But with the bars I'm still the boss
Keep on marching through the fog
Devlin, I'm back and I'm harder then nails
I was raised in a place, so foul
With my mates in my pals house
Wetting up papers on the scales
But now I shoot bars from the mouth
Keep marching them in or keep marching them out
I'll barge you around like a bully in a playground
If you ain't ready for the regime stay down
I'm going hard for the whole UK now
I'm harder then granite large I'm titanic
In-fact make your faculty panic
Like a madman acting erratic
With bombs in the basement and straps in the attic
A confrontation would have to be tragic
Like the coppers, when he met Harry Roberts
Let him have it
Has Devlin gone soft
Does Devlin think he's bad
Nah, he thinks he's at the top
All your bullshit makes me mad
But the drama don't stop
So alarms are ringing off
'Cause with the bars I'm still a lot
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