

Billion Streams Freestyle

Central Cee

Said that my bitch was gay, got a billion streams
I'm a mainstream rapper
He shot coke in Soho House
My brodie a mainstream trapper
Come around us and get deaded
They fuck for free, we don't pay these badders
Don't get it confused
This is 90% grind 10% talent

I wanna get paid and stay out the way
So what's with all the chatting
If I'm feeling sad then how do the opps feel?
Bro I can only imagine
I'm somehow still not used to the lifestyle
But I'm slowly adapting
I'm planning the exit route
I ain't tryna be 30 years old and rapping

Call me a cheat but I own up to it
So you can't call me a liar
I never took drugs all I did was sell them
So you can't call me a buyer
If I die before I get rich
You can call me broke, but at least I tried
I'm not the type to hide my emotion
Even though I'm a G, I cry

There's pros and cons to the life that I live
So I may never find a companion
I'm too rich to go back and fourth with a bitch
'Bout a misunderstanding
And I'm too rich to go back and fourth with the opps
They don't get a reaction
I came from the trenches, now I'm expensive
Hitting a bitch from the Hamptons

Remember the times when the line weren't ringing
I never had nobody calling
Like 8 in the morning, police storm in
They're not gonna give you a warning
I'm missing the times I would walk down Shoreditch
Without fans recording
The first time that I stepped in a Bando
Bro I was only a school kid

We're growing up quick in the part that I come from
Running around like orphans
I was 14 having sex, no condom
Thinking about an abortion
My dad was homeless with 4 children
He can't even afford them
I love that man
But I can't remember the last time I even saw him

I think I need spiritual cleansing
I think I need an honourable mention
For everything I did for the ends and

The things that I did for the mandem
Bae don't die for your BBL
I don't even find it attractive
My hair ain't done
If I take off my hat this bitch might think I'm a catfish

I ain't flawless, I been through traumas
Baby of course I'm foolish
But I'm not stupid
I moved mum out the hood before I went jewellers
I went OT on New Year's Eve
I never came back till August
I sat in the trap with a crackhead
Smoking crack and it made me nauseous

I got zero trust
Broad day robberies, regular here
Civilians watch and don't do nothing
It might get long if a hero come
Which one, fear or love?
I think 'bout bro 'n' start tearing up
All of the opps are broke and rubbed
I want them dead but that's near enough