

Christmas Freestyle

Central Cee

The mandem celebrate Eid, the trap still runnin' on Christmas day
Three-hundred and sixty somethin' consecutive days
You can out-rap me, you can't out-trap me
Look
The mandem quick to react like Kai Cenat
I don't like to brag, but fuck it, I'm the king of this UK ting and I fly the flag
That's that
Check the numbers in the stats, at the most, I could Uber for these hoes and
I could buy them bags

Nike Tech to the BFA 'cause I CBA, I abbreviate
I do me, they re-create
I ain't even mad, appreciate it
The beat is hot, I can't mediate it
It's radiating, when the opps die, I hope the pain's really excruciating, pussies, huh
G17, it's a new plate
Shotgun, that's my nan's age
Holdin' it down right now, I'm civilised, but one call and I'm causing an outrage
Can't even trust my family, feelin' to kill everyone but their families
Told the labels that if they want me, I need the same deal as Ariana Grande
Hit man in the top, I'm good in my aim
Rap boy on a footballers wage
If it ain't 'bout money, don't text me
I don't wanna communicate
One-hundred M, Lyrical Lemonade and it weren't just Cole that was ready to shoot that day, uh
CEO, I live up to my name, to get bro back, I give up all the fame
I pick your phone and I'm on holiday
The trap still runnin' man, T, go bae
Hurts me hard that I'm seein' my dargs so hard when I know there's an easier way
I couldn't afford to date, it was chicken shop like Amelia, Aitch
I ain't changed, I just made some change and my friends don't see me the same
My girl get money as well, if we go out to eat, she don't need me to pay
Work hard, I need me a break, only rest that I get is when I sleep on the plane
Every dog has his day, it's true, but I'm blessed so you never see me complain, nah
Alright, my darg do a man obnoxiously
Stuck in your head subconsciously
I'm not in my bag yet, I'm still loadin'
Twenty percent, I'm not complete
Somehow still tryna find my feet on land, but I feel like I'm lost at sea, uh
Don't shoot the messenger, eatin' good like Bismillah
Both at the rap, the trap established, them boy cap like replica
Diamonds dance like Usher, Raymond, stacks same size as Hasbulla
Bitch sell like white Macklemore
Get on my knees and talk to god and tellin' the things I'm thankful for
I got too much sympathy (Why?)
I feel bad for the man that switched on me
I told them I was 'bout to blow
They were lookin' at me with disbelief

You got a bullet with your name on it, it's Christmas time
That's a gift from me
Merry Christmas