

Cold Shoulder

Central Cee

God knows my intention, I sin for the sake of progress
Got a big heart when it comes to my family (You are now listening to Young C
hencs)
But in the streets my heart is the coldest
My personal life ain't right but I'm putting this first so I won't lose focu
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'Member I needed a helping hand, reached out and I got cold shoulders

They already know I can rap, the mandem trap, I can do that too
I-I picked up the phone, I heard some terrible news that'll ruin your mood
They made some change and forgot their roots
I made some change and picked up the young Gs
Took them shoppin' and copped them shoes
This hoe forgot she got fucked
You need a reminder you're not brand new
I should've kicked that one to the curb
There and then, but I'm not that rude
Had-had some hoes back when I was broke
They wanna come home, but I got no room
So many years I slept on the sofa
They don't know the half, they got no clue
Huh? Said I was a "One hit wonder", I took that shot and I followed it throu
gh
Don't worry 'bout hollerin' chicks
Get rich, they'll switch and holla at you
Sat in the trap, turned one into two
But that ain't what I wanted to do
The fame get a bit too much sometimes
Fan-page tryna follow the goons
Fan-page tryna follow my pups
The fans love me and I love them too
'Cah Cench ain't better than none
La-last time I let that slide
But this time I ain't gonna let that run
They made, they made a diss track
That shit was too whack to get a response, huh?
It's sad 'cah I love my hood where I'm from
But that place ain't where I belong
Clean up the scene, I don't need no mop
Pull up your jeans, all I need is slops
Don't believe in greed, I don't need a lot
Let my Gs all lick off the cream on top
Remember the floor went peelin' off and damp all over the ceilin'
We trap for a positive reason
All 'cause the rap weren't bringin' no Ps in

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I stay tryna better my life, but I got pain that I can't get off my mind
I can't get rid of my demons, all of my feelings, I kept inside
I'd never sell my soul or switch on bro in desperate times
My angel there on my shoulder tellin' me "No"

I'm bipolar, no Jekyll and Hyde
I gotta think twice what come out my mouth these days 'cah I know I got a voice
I'm the head of my family, now I gotta get in my bag, I got no choice
I'm bait, I gotta roll safe, there's a few places that I'd rather avoid
I made it, I might have a baby, I don't mind a daughter, I'd rather a boy
Bro-bro could've went pro in the field, but he broke his Achilles heel
The other, the other day it was free K-Trap, not the one from Gipsy Hill
Fuck a eighty-twenty, I told them "Send me a fifty-fifty deal"
From Bush to Beverly Hills
I'm lookin' at bro like "Look at the shit we've built"
O-OT, I seen a man smoke crack on a Red Bull can
I'm throwin' my Ws up like Wu-Tang Clan, I'm a method man
Ask my mum what I'm like, she'll say that I'm selfless and I give back
If you ask my ex what I'm like, she'll say I'm a narcissist and a sociopath
(Came a long way)
Came a long way, still got a very long way to go
Just a yute, I was confused when I saw my family takin' coke
'Cah I understand it now that I'm grown
Real trap boy, I don't play with my nose
Just the way that it goes
I can't judge them when it made me dough

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From Bush to Beverly Hills
I'm lookin' at bro like "Look at the shit we've built"
Said I was a "One hit wonder"
I took that shot and I followed it through