

LA Leakers Freestyle

Central Cee

[Verse]

They think I'm the one that can bridge the gap, huh
I came to LA to work, but first, where the bitches at?
They're tellin' me Tao or The Highlight Room
If you wanna go through, you gotta bring the strap (Okay)
No way could I trust these hoes, I'm takin' their phone if we bring them back
I don't wanna get done, like, nah (Come on)
They don't understand, I'm givin' them U.K. slang
My brudda, my fam', my ahh
You say "The feds just done a sweep"
We say, "The boy dem run in my gaff"
You say "On God, no cap"
We say "Swear on your life, don't gass"
You say "Spin the block"
We say "Jump out and slide and crash"
You call it "machine," we call it a "mash"
Strip club and they're shakin' ass
But in my words, they're shakin' nyash
We don't trap in abandoned buildings
Shots get hit out of vacant flats
In other words, "apartments," hidden compartments get detached
Free all the members that got bagged
You say "What's up?," we say, "Wagwan"
Got shotguns from a farm
We don't eat pork, we say it's Haram
You call her "shawty," we call her "jawn"
Sexy gyal and we call them "leng"
Back then, we would call them "peng"
Bare words that we got for guns
Like "waps" and "skengs"
You call them "Js", we call them "cats"
There's not much crystal meth
My hoods got junkies hooked on crack
Flick knives, we call them "nanks"
Zombie killers, we call them "ZKs"
Rambo knife by the name of "Ramz"
We say "cash," "Ps," "racks," "Gs"
We don't really call them "bands"
In L.A, it's Escalades
In the ends, it's Mercedes Vans
Watch my back, I'm paranoid
That's what I mean when I say that I'm prang
Clench my fist and I fist bump man
Anti-social, I don't shake much hands, huh
Well, it depends
You say "the trenches", we say "the ends"
You say "y'all", we say "you lot"
You say "restroom", we say "toilet"
We do have guns, but they might be
So man pull it apart and oil it
If a man violate, say a man boyed it
Live Yours ain't a gang, can't join it
We both whip crack the same
We fill up the Pyrex pot and boil it
In London, I'm verified
In N.Y, I'm valid

Twelve hours away, I'm M.I.A, I can pull up on DJ Khaled
It's only an hour away from the ends, that's why I spend time in Paris
If I pull up on Saturday Night, I ain't come here to talk, this ain't Jimmy
Fallon (Ah, yeah)
I just pulled up with a chick bro said that he hit, I'm a bit embarrassed, huh
All she's gettin' is dick and Chick-Fil-A, we ain't eatin' salmon
I might hit one time and vanish, I got unlimited funds on the Amex
One day, I'm on the block in London, next day, I'm chillin' in the sun on a
hammock, huh
Controversy sells
I said, "How can I be **** when my **** is ****" and it flew off the shelf
Thinkin', "Should I go with a label or stay independent and do it myself?"
Sat down with the boss and said I ain't signed, but, bro, I ain't new to dealers, uh
Stood outside of the night club, try make the trap line kick like Flight Club
All of my drip from Rodeo Drive, ain't none of this shit from China, huh
I don't want Nobu, I need me a yard food, so I'm in Inglewood
Darg dem—
My darg dem serve like Wimbledon
My darg dem smart like Beethoven
I'm from where the JackBoys active
Fam, don't sleep with your window open
Hoes gon' line man up and get a commission
Back shot give a gyal whiplash
Hit that, impact like a collision
I don't care if I'm givin' the lo'
Tell Rubi Rose that I'm in the Edition
(Okay)
(Bad boy, man, West London is in here, man, Central Cee)
(Touchin' LA Leakers, baby)