

Mad About Bars - S5-E12

Central Cee

You ready for another spoiler?

I've always been a man of bold predictions

And I'm predicting that this guy right here; star in the making

Coming outta' West London, some of you may know the name

But for those who don't, it's my guy, Central Cee

If you've got what it takes I'll take it

This shit took ages

Should know that you can't rush greatness

But you're too impatient

One million views ain't famous

Need me a crib no neighbours, mad

Need me a thousand acres

Can't wait til a mans on stages

I'm just not at that stage yet

Million views I'm grateful, love

Broski thinks that I've made it

What's the long term vision?

2 m in my daughter's saving

Cats fell back and I thought he fainted

Dirty trap, hope the jakes don't raid it

This when I took that L

I thought 'bout jail and I stopped complaining

Don't know 'bout drought

Spoke to the plug just now and a lot just came in

Bro's over the pot just whipping

You know that the plot just twisting

Bro done a whole lot of missions

Meanwhile, whole of your block just bitching

So it don't make sense

Selling them party drugs, why'd you think that I'm up, 4 am

Link my shqipe for the rawest yay

Don't you know that talk is bait?

Same way bro caught that case

When I make 10 m might call it a day

I was young and I still invested

Cah I'm business minded

Stay in the trap or rap, or both, I'm indecisive

I was bando sofa surfing

Observe, I over heard 'em

One sign I'll burn that bridge, might go left if I miss this turning

Can't make my mind up, I'm in two minds

Not once did I think 'bout quitting, I always knew that I'd blow due time

I always knew that hoe weren't mine (ha, ha)

I always knew them boys won't ride (real shit)

Why'd you think that I rode on my own more time

Let the game commence

I'm up front, they play on the bench

I heard who's up next?, the city been saying it's Cench (Cench)

Tell a friend, tell a friend to tell a friend

I been on some bullshit I'm sure its evident

Deep down I'm hurt, I'm stressing, but with the guys I'm fried, I'm laughing

When it comes to riding round there stalling bare mm-ing and argh-ing

See Wazz pull up in a foreign, who's calling and who's it regarding

Dumb hoe just called me a wrong, I'm common so what's so alarming

Bare hands I reckon I'd fist 'em but the pussy 'oles start backing out kitch
ens

Bro back in the can didn't listen
Hand full of bands in abandoned building
If the fans don't feel this
I'll be back in the bando filming
Baby I'm board on the dinger had to tell b I don't have no children
I'm not in the mood for pics, I'm hearing kids saying swear that's him
They know the songs I sing, they don't know the life I live
They talk 'bout riding, they don't know 'bout the violent side of things
They see me shining, they don't know 'bout the grind that I put in (Woo)

Aye Cench let's be real tho
2020s been a fucked up year so far
And more time don't even look like there's light at the end of the tunnel
Nuff unanswered questions, and I need someone to speak on it
And who better than yourself, free the man cause

Tough times don't last
When's the pain gonna pass
I seen older fall of and order one light, one dark
I won't talk too much, and put that boy on blast
They call me 23 but this ain't no last dance
CEO I'm renowned
For staying months in that town
I'm not welcome in my house my mum abandoned her child
Before they try and take my chain and pull there cameras out
Imagine beefing with a brudda on a random account
Turn the news on, ain't nothing informative though
I'm over it now, I'm sure that this corona's a hoax
The less we know, fam it's like the more they control
If all of us spoke, then I'm pretty sure we'd evolve
Importing that dough, my brodie dodged the border control
They gave my brudda eight years for the caller info
Had to revoke, then I started seeing results
I wonder who's getting called, when MPs won't cope, huh
Nobody showed me love when I was grinding but it's changed
Whenever I'm around them they all smiling but it's fake
If music don't cut it then the grind is gonna pay
I be ghosting all the time, I disappear, hibernate
All the women that I fuck with say I'm suttin' else
Cause I put money first and I don't really trust these girls
Had to put a penny on it, I don't trust those girls
In the trap house with my brother doing top and tales
This ain't for the fake or the small minded
Small circle, violate we all riding
I got vision, this ain't for the short sighted
Free the guys and this ain't for the law abiding
I'm from a city full of skyscrapers
Armed feds, X5s, high speed chases
Now they wanna help I don't need your favours
When I needed help I couldn't see faces
Wanna see me fail and demotivated
I ain't fucking with no rappers they ain't no relation
I was losing hope, planning home invasions
I'm only involved in money conversations
Fuck a generation gap I relate to the masses
I don't even need to drill I could pay for the action
Central persister and I'm too reluctant
I remember I was broke, had to learn to ration
It was fun while it lasted now its my turn
Chopping down the onion make your eyes burn
I was putting work in when them guys weren't
I'm flying straight they Tryna make me divert