

Top Freestyle

Central Cee

Uh, it's lonely at the top, lot of people are watching and want me to flop
I'm telling the kids, if I can do it then anyone can 'cause I came from none
One stop and search away from the block
In this life I don't feel fear, only man that can make me afraid is God

Uh, negative press on the shaderoom, anything good, it don't make the blogs
They didn't sit at the table when it was chicken shop
Now it's steak and lobster edamame and Pan-Asian cod
My first bedroom smaller than a jail cell, now the crib's on a ten-acre plot
First time I committed a crime was petty, I couldn't afford what the trainer's cost
First time I sold crack I was just sixteen, witnessing that at that age was wrong
Detached myself from every emotion, hoping I'll get my paper long
One brick phone, one iPhone, no sim
Listening to the same old song
I'm jumping the barriers, if the inspector get on the train, I'm gone

Now the whip that I'm in's an impatient one
Put my foot on the gas when the light goes amber
Try touch me and guns will shoot
We don't do kung fu and fight like panda
My guy's a convicted criminal
So he gotta hide from cameras
All of my bitches pretty as hell, I can start up a beauty pageant
How'd I end up all the way in Clapham, I started my day in NW2
Delivering food direct to your door, you can leave a review like Deliveroo
Sticks outside for a special occasion, nank on hip that's everyday shit
Gotta thank God that I never did

Dark and light, did sell it in twos
Before I got the invite to Mike Rubin's all white party, 4th of July
I was sat in the trap with a pack all night, cocaine fragrance, weren't dressed in white
Fifteen minutes away from the shot but I said that I'd get there in less than five
It gives me the ick when girls come around and try too hard to impress the guys
I sat and I told the Sony exec, if you give me a ten for a tape, I'll sign
Everything's gonna come to an end, when I counted an M, I was on cloud nine
If it weren't rap, I would've been a pimp, I look at a bitch and I see pound signs
Plus one thousand aura, even if I don't talk, they'll feel our vibe

Label execs don't care if we're murderers, long as your catalogue bringing in revenue
They'll sign you and when you go broke and end up in jail, they're quick to forget you
I can't worry 'bout album sales, I got serious shit that I'm trying to get through
How can they talk down on my name for trying to get paid, I'm playing a chess move
GTA, I'm using cheat codes
Cheat at school in exams, I'm fucked
I cheat on my wife, but how can you blame me, I cheated life
I weren't supposed to make it this far
I got no grades, I ain't even wise

Walk down Uxbridge Road, I reckon that one in three of these people high
Supply and demand, that's how I get by

She telling me how a trap boy's her type
I'm tryna not get too used to the life
I'm staying inside, avoiding the hype
So many gyal that are wanting to fuck, I'm turning them down, they're wonder
ing why
I'm nonchalant, not shy
My entourage top five, I'm probably one of the
I've gotta be one of the greats
I'll get number one album, easy, it's not like the bar's set high these days
I came in the scene at an all-
time low, I dunno but I think I revived the game
I've been praying that times will change
Premeditating a graceful exit, in the meantime, I'll try maintain
Alright