

# Central Cee, Christmas Freestyle

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 excruciatin', 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 a 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 is 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