

Central Cee, Day In The Life

Day in the life

Let's see if you really trap

Turn off the autotune

Let's hear how you really rap

Haha, send a location

Come burn a boy if you're bad, let's see

Your dad left home from young

And you ain't done shit for your mum, ah man, ah man

How are you relying on man like gyal?

You're mad, you mas'a mad

You ain't never sat in the trap with a pack

Hear the doorbell ring and your heartbeat lag

Can't keep track, been in the trap

It's hard, I can't keep up (I can't keep up)

Selling them party drugs

I'm the one that got the party turnt

Everyone say they T (They T)

Fascinated by the trap

I might put the bando on Airbnb (B)

Leave me a good review, next time you come

Get some, get one for free (Who's that?)

Who's that with the hair on fleek?

She made me beep my horn, it's peak

I try stay low in the Jeep, low-key (Discrete)

The feds ain't dumb, they know wagwan

But the young G's too naive

Little bro got nicked two times this week

Freedom's priceless, not cheap

Fuck you, pay me

Got a booking fee plus VAT (VAT)

R.I.P. A1, it's sad that he didn't see eighteen

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Bro said I'm going all dumb

I won't leave that trap alone

Come like I'm young in love

Got a toxic relationship with Stacey, but she won't cut me off

Can't be breaking even no more, brodie, I must see prof'

Came to the bando healthy, left with a dusty cough

Loving the goldest rose like the England rugby top

These bitches lie, relationship advice, don't trust these thots

Everyone talk gun 'pon beat, but in their real life, no gun beat off

Keep the convo brief, say no more, my G

Don't you know that talk is cheap?

Like my gyaldem short and sweet

What ya mean can you sit on my face? She listen to too much DBE

Everyone got PTSD, how come everyone now sip on lean?

Don't you know that I grind two fours? I'm on two-fours like Christmas Eve
Bro, why you act surprise? I told you dis and you didn't believe
Can deal with the trap being dirty, can't deal with the dirty D's
If the yard I'm in gets spun, I won't come home 'til I'm thirty-three

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(You ain't never sat in the trap with a pack
Hear the doorbell ring and your heartbeat lag), Frosty