

Central Cee, Our 25th Birthday (Dave)

Maybe I'm cynical
Maybe you feel it all too
Love is conditional
Love could go missin' on you
Maybe I'm cynical
Maybe you feel it all too
Love is conditional
Love could go missin' on you

Look

We elevated, we don't have to trap harder
Now my back garden same size as Battersea Park
I ain't puttin' no suit and tie on, I turned down the Met Gala
Mum kicked me out, to be fair, I was beefin' my step father
I put her on first class, would've thought I was Jack Harlow
Look, I was eatin' beans out the tin, now it's avocados
I'm in Cape Town, roof down, playin' Amapiano
Dave got nine in the Sprinter, I'm tryna pack the Viano
I park wherever I want, like fuck a ticket inspector
I'm your typical rapper, fuckin' bitches, my pleasure
Money, hoes and the clothes, I got plenty kicks in my dresser
My akhs still in the trap on the 25th of December
That girl is a ho, but I won't judge, 'cause I'm a slag as well
Spend a couple bills on Aperol Spritz up in Bagatelle
Put food on the scale and hit the strip if the rappin' fails
I was OT, I was bashin' over brazzers
Think I'm bougie, I ain't pressin' girls in Fashion Nova dresses
Arguin' my ex, goin' back and forth over texts
Baby, I won't lie, if you're mine, I'm over-possesive
Bro, smokin' until the roach, I was stressin'
Collect my tears, you can fill a pool, I'm breaststrokin' it
I started gettin' used to the mice, I just stepped over them
At the BFA, I knew they'd hate the dress code I'm in
Two kilogram chain and it's makin' my neck swole a bit
My youngin got caught with the crack, he's tapped 'cause he swallowed it
Keep the shoes intact, had to give 'em back 'cause I borrowed them
Made it out the hood, I might go enroll to a college
And get a uni degree, just to show my mum that I'm sorry
For all the times she was settin' them rules I never obeyed
New crib come with a chef and a maid
Get hit at a close range, that's if you're over the gate
Retire now, be rich the rest of my days

Maybe I'm cynical
Maybe you feel it all too
Love is conditional
Love could go missin' on you
Maybe I'm cynical
Maybe you feel it all too
Love is conditional
Love could go missin' on you

Yeah

Elevation, forever patient
I've been on my Seven Nation Army ting, Ferrari with the white stripes
No lullabies inna' my life
This turbulence rock a nigga to sleep in my night flights
My life's like I'm doin' the most
But I still feel like I ain't doin' enough, I don't know who I can trust
If I'm buyin' Chanel bags for these women that I don't like
Then just imagine what I'm doin' for the women I love
Red Cheeks whenever I'm with strippers, that shit just look like a clown face
I tell a nigga cut to the clout chase
Bein' broke, I can feel that, mummy had to squeeze into the flats

Like she was borrowin' some shoes and her heels snapped
I gotta put dollars on pages, no religion in the trap
It's Creed III, feel like I'm Jonathan Majors
Before I got it on stages, I got it in stages
I'm Ivan Toney the way they watchin' my wages
You fat fucker, made five K, it's just me and my black cutter
These chains two kilos, should be workin' with black butter
Festivals, I'm makin' five mill' on a bad summer
My summer's are good, never mind
Women doin' CRB checks on a search engine, I can't catch no breaks
So many ways to die, you think we're goin' off old age?
I ain't goin' off a women addiction
I got body dysmorphia, a figure addiction, uh
Our bread different, don't lie on my name
My tax seven-eight-seven like I'm flyin' a nigga
Don't even worry, I done dropped tears
Took a loss, had to drop tiers, made it all back and hit the top tier
For eight years, Good Mornin' Britain, I had to change peers
Rocky Balboa, different fights and the same stares
Cars like drinks, don't leave them unattended in Mayfair
For times I couldn't cover the train fare
It's Oysters, the Oyster Perpetual, the women incredible
The work's seminal, had to change my number on a low, I'm too accessible
Hah, I could've fucked a flight attendant but she just too professional
Are you a virgin, or you work for them?
A lot of niggas chase clout, but I guess it's what works for them
We're twenty-five, livin' like this was our second life
I see the pressure rise, everybody lookin' to us when it's time to get it right
And we can't even get to write
It's time I get a life, it's time I get a wife
Shot caller, robbed niggas and ended up in hot water
But you take what you can get when it was cold showers, no powers
Had to give myself my own flowers
Sittin' at the top and niggas so sour
You know?
Yeah

Ooh-oo-oo-oo-oo (Ooh-oo-oo)
Ooh-oo-oo-oo-oo (Ooh-oo-oo)