

# Central Cee, The Bag

You wanna know where the ladies at  
I wanna know where the laag at  
You wanna know where the bitches at  
I wanna know where the bag at  
They all got chat on the net  
Real-life, I bet they'll backtrack  
On the net they chat  
In the flesh they don't  
They won't say nada

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At your big age  
You're still on the roads tryna get man to add your snap  
I told her to leave, she told me to act my age  
B, add your stack  
Get on to man, oh fam, you're mad  
No way will the gang dispatch  
Stuck in a dusty trap  
With crack, laag in a elastic bands  
Can't get away, then the whip decamp  
How you relying on man, you tramp  
When I think bout dat it get man amped  
She wanna come to my flat  
Tryna get me jacked  
Or am I just prang  
I'm the reason the party tun  
When the party the done  
They'll call for Xans  
I'm the reason the party tun  
When the party the done

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Big man with drip  
But you look in the fridge and you ain't got nutn to show  
How you buying gyal dem creps  
But you ain't done shit for mum? Oh no

Told my young boy pull up your trousers  
Step in town, stop riding low  
Hoopty full of packs what's that  
Ah man, I'm hearing the sirens go  
Gotta stay composed so I'm driving slow  
Feds wanna stop my paper plans  
She talking Hakkasan, chill  
She lucky if I take her Sam's  
Train up, oh, my ticket return, I'm hoping I make it back  
Stand firm on the words that I say  
It come out my month, won't take it back

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