

# Central Cee, Bumpy Johnson

Put on your belt, it's a bumpy road  
But I'm feelin' like Bumpy Johnson  
Good, die young, I'm a wrongen  
Long live Drift, he's never forgotten (You're now listening to Young Chencs)

If my man cross me, then, I'm cuttin' his fingers off, so fingers crossed  
My finger prints will all over the rock  
It's hot, no other choice but to rinse the spot  
I'm selective with who I get with  
Gyal on my phone try see who I'm fuckin'  
Lil' bro got his hand in his pocket  
Come any closer and see if he's bluffin'  
Six-man in the yard, O.T. was the last to sleep and I woke up first  
Bad Bs, they curved the kid back then when I weren't so lit, now, the roles reversed  
Soon as you get some Ps, these hoes occur, hoes appear  
Nowhere near, had nowhere to live, had to sofa surf (Uh)  
At the time, it was bad, it was all in my mind  
'Cause in hindsight, it could've been worse  
Ex ting givin' me red eye and spoilin' my new one, it could've been her  
"Don't dwell in the past," I'm tellin' my darg, "If it happened, then bro, there's a reason"  
I ain't beefin' bro 'bout nothin', we act like men and we come to agreements  
The cell got hit, but I bit too late, so, I gave him one for the inconvenience  
Rookie, young but I ain't no rookie, your place got took 'cause you're inexperienced  
I don't think that them man there serious  
In the trap, had a plan like that  
Same way man pull up my pants and take off my hat and change my 'ppearance  
A lot of pain I'm used to endurin', I see my crew and I'm throwin' my, "Ls" up  
Dagger on bro like Zelda, ain't Nintendo, this is the ghetto  
We trap like The Wire, they act like Elba  
Don't have a Scooby, I stay with dookie  
I got my darg, it's somethin' like Shaggy  
I got a good girl like Velma  
Was young, goin' school to let out the anger I had that was built inside  
You get a weird mix of emotion when you feel both guilt and pride  
Long day and I need upliftin', switch up the sound to a feel-good vibe  
These songs are all self-snitchin', if I did do a drill, I'd deny it  
Tryna dodge [?], bake off in the bando, hold my nose, it's a horrid smell  
Ba— Bad one comin' from quay, so, I'm travellin' West from Tottenham Hale  
Some man think that 'cause they met man once they know me well  
Man, I done what I've done in the ends  
But nobody's done what I've done on a global scale  
Young and fresh, they ain't no threat, they old and frail (Haha)  
Popped my address, just dropped my name in a song and they hope it sells (Huh)  
Sit back and watch them embarrass themselves  
Made a French connection, see mans blueprint workin', now they go Paris aswell

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One call and my bro get the job done  
Fuck everyone, I ain't feelin' monogamous  
Stayin' anonymous isn't a problem  
Good, die young, I'm a wrongen  
Long live Drift, he's never forgotten  
A real trap boy stay juggin'  
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