

Central Cee, Entrapreneur

Do you know what?

The trap still running, it's never turnin' off

Different product, same hustle mentality

The only difference is you pay taxes on it and feds can't kick off your door

(We put the trap in entrepreneur)

We was flyin' up O with white

We was buildin' lines, now it's clothing lines

I sell tees and my darg sell T's as well, but his ain't got no design

One-one-eighty for the tracksuit, go somewhere else if it's overpriced

New generation don't know how to trap 'cause they all getting high off their own supply

Trap-trap house in the woods where the bando's haunted, it's supernatural, poltergeist

Witnessed things that I wish that I didn't, like crackheads overdose then die

Bad B's curvin' the kid back then when I weren't so lit, I was broke them times

Bitch-bitch, would you ride on the back of a bus?

What about on the front of a stolen bike?

Soho pitchin' coke to the gay men, I'll serve anyone, I got open mind

No complaints when it comes to the customer service, I pick up the phone polite

See man fall in love with the white, Billie Eilish, 'cause they got ocean eyes

Set up a shop, then it's open twenty-four hours, we don't have a closin' time

(We put the) We put the trap in the entrepreneur

(All) All of the time we spent in the field, woulda thought I got me a Ballon d'Or

I'm stackin', not droppin' a bag in Dior

(Went from a) Went from a Toyota Yaris to Urus, I still got the same work rate as before (Work rate)

Two years that I ain't been home, seven-hundred and thirty days on tour

It was Nokia ringtones, pickin' up phones

No private calls, now it's microphones

I think that I got bipolar disorder, the way I'm going through highs and lows

In-Insta' full up with IG models and back in the day, I would Skype these hoes

My girl try hack my iCloud, when I logged in, gotta hide my code

Tryna get in through face recognition when I was asleep and my eyes were closed, huh

If she ain't got nothin' to hide, might make her my wife, yeah, I might propose

How-how many lies got told?

Don't believe in the hype, it's false

Bro died, he was still in his teens

The chances are slim of me dyin' old

I won't lie, it's me or them (Or them)

Slime shit, I'ma wipe his nose

Unbankin' packs and touches feces, I was OT, you would find it gross

Now it's five-star hotels, Michelin-star dinin', I might rise a toast

New generation would die for clout

They'll do anything for a viral post

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