

# Central Cee, One Up

Uh, they think they got one up on us  
Don't trust bitches, out all my dargs, there's some I can trust (Huh)  
They think they got one up on us (That's what they think)  
Got PTSD, nearly done up a fan 'cause they ran up on us (Baow, baow, baow)  
(Lekaa Beats)

The fake do a good job blending in with the real these days, but I still tell the difference  
Realness get recognition, I recognised that from a distance  
See it from far (Wait)  
Bare ANPR, told bro, "Beg you don't smoke weed in the car" ('Low it)  
It feels good to see me in the charts, I used to hit shots, sell rock and link in parks (Alright)  
You've been warned, I'll ring the alarm  
They talk 'bout the trap, they ain't been in it once  
YG got the trench coat on, it's black and long like a Christian nun  
Tryna locate me a new plate, I don't put trust in vintage guns  
Stop winging and go get some money, what's wrong with these self-inflicted bums? (Alright)  
For my livelihood, push white in my hood, but I don't recommend it, there's no longevity  
"Central, don't forget me", money don't make me lose my memory  
A2 Anti, do man badly, do that gladly (Baow, baow, baow)  
I treat every day like a Monday mornin', I treat every month like a January

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D.T.B, I don't trust bitches  
Out all my dargs, there's some I can trust  
Won't even lie, I got PTSD  
Nearly done up a fan 'cause they ran up on us  
I left home when I was fourteen  
YJ was ten and the man of the house  
We go from babies straight to men

Get some money, relive your childhood  
Shawty think that I'm childish (Why?)  
Tryna pull down my trousers  
Rip man out of my Calvin's (Kleins)  
Out of sight, out of mind  
We ain't gotta jump out this ride  
Unwind the window, keep it simple  
Try hit man off his mountain bike  
Link up with the ganja farmer  
Cuttin' down plants, no agriculture  
Leave it to God, we don't practice obeah  
Plan it correct, we gon' catch him (Haha)  
I can't go broke, that's a no-no  
Can't fall off, that's awkward (Awks)  
My chain cost sixty thousand  
Cool, that's a club performance (Alright)  
I don't like braggin'  
I'm a lowlife but I like high fashion  
Amiri denim, it cost an arm and a leg and the jeans still saggin'  
Bro's still chinging, bro's still trapping  
Yinging and Yanging, I need more balance  
Baby, I just wanna fuck  
I'm sorry, I don't wanna meet your parents

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