

Central Cee, Cold Shoulder

God knows my intention, I sin for the sake of progress
Got a big heart when it comes to my family (You are now listening to Young Chencs)
But in the streets my heart is the coldest
My personal life ain't right but I'm putting this first so I won't lose focus
'Member I needed a helping hand, reached out and I got cold shoulders

They already know I can rap, the mandem trap, I can do that too
I-I picked up the phone, I heard some terrible news that'll ruin your mood
They made some change and forgot their roots
I made some change and picked up the young Gs
Took them shoppin' and copped them shoes
This hoe forgot she got fucked
You need a reminder you're not brand new
I should've kicked that one to the curb
There and then, but I'm not that rude
Had-had some hoes back when I was broke
They wanna come home, but I got no room
So many years I slept on the sofa
They don't know the half, they got no clue
Huh? Said I was a "One hit wonder", I took that shot and I followed it through
Don't worry 'bout hollerin' chicks
Get rich, they'll switch and holla at you
Sat in the trap, turned one into two
But that ain't what I wanted to do
The fame get a bit too much sometimes
Fan-page tryna follow the goons
Fan-page tryna follow my pups
The fans love me and I love them too
'Cah Cench ain't better than none
La-last time I let that slide
But this time I ain't gonna let that run
They made, they made a diss track
That shit was too whack to get a response, huh?
It's sad 'cah I love my hood where I'm from
But that place ain't where I belong
Clean up the scene, I don't need no mop
Pull up your jeans, all I need is slops
Don't believe in greed, I don't need a lot
Let my Gs all lick off the cream on top
Remember the floor went peelin' off and damp all over the ceilin'
We trap for a positive reason
All 'cause the rap weren't bringin' no Ps in

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I stay tryna better my life, but I got pain that I can't get off my mind
I can't get rid of my demons, all of my feelings, I kept inside
I'd never sell my soul or switch on bro in desperate times
My angel there on my shoulder tellin' me "No"
I'm bipolar, no Jekyll and Hyde
I gotta think twice what come out my mouth these days 'cah I know I got a voice
I'm the head of my family, now I gotta get in my bag, I got no choice
I'm bait, I gotta roll safe, there's a few places that I'd rather avoid
I made it, I might have a baby, I don't mind a daughter, I'd rather a boy
Bro-bro could've went pro in the field, but he broke his Achilles heel
The other, the other day it was free K-Trap, not the one from Gipsy Hill
Fuck a eighty-twenty, I told them "Send me a fifty-fifty deal"
From Bush to Beverly Hills
I'm lookin' at bro like "Look at the shit we've built"
O-OT, I seen a man smoke crack on a Red Bull can

I'm throwin' my Ws up like Wu-Tang Clan, I'm a method man
Ask my mum what I'm like, she'll say that I'm selfless and I give back
If you ask my ex what I'm like, she'll say I'm a narcissist and a sociopath (Came a long way)
Came a long way, still got a very long way to go
Just a yute, I was confused when I saw my family takin' coke
'Cah I understand it now that I'm grown
Real trap boy, I don't play with my nose
Just the way that it goes
I can't judge them when it made me dough

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