

# Central Cee, Gangbiz

Gangbiz, gangbiz, I got suburban children using our language  
Judging the way that we're living outlandish  
They wanna ban it, they don't understand it  
Slander my name, it's affecting my branding  
I'm on the phone with the head of Atlantic  
Sat in the bando, came up with a plan  
Finally here, I came up from a gram

(My mum) My mum don't like how I'm covered in tats  
She done it alone when she dumped my dad  
Three little boys, we was struggling bad  
Start juggling crack for the stuff we didn't have  
I remind my mum of my dad, it's sad  
I was down and mad, now I'm up and glad  
Wa-was young when I up and left  
Was broke, no gwop, had to bump that cab

Mum brung a brand new man to the house and I said I can't trust this man  
Hot-headed, I just don't get it, I punched the wall and I buss my hand  
Try turn my mother against me and tell my lil bros I'm tapped  
(In here I) In here I don't feel welcome so I just packed my bags

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Things don't tend to go my way  
I made some bands but the pain stayed  
It's show biz mate, the game's fake  
I got friends from day that don't embrace  
It's a shame that they hate  
Guess it come with the fame, that's a weird trait  
What can I say, what can I say?  
Ten bands even on my off day

I got unconditional love for you mum, my love won't fade away  
You're my first love, the love of the life, without you I don't feel safe  
Sometimes it feels like I'm miles away, I'm only a call away  
I know I get selfish, I can't help it when things don't go my way

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