

# Central Cee, Terminal 5

You are now listening to Young Chencs

I just hit up the gang like  
Pack up your bags and meet me at terminal 5  
When I came in the game  
I've never seen so much man get shoved to the side

When we had nothin', we still made suttin  
Send the crackhead in the store and they came out running  
I bought that shit for the third of the price  
You know I don't promote violence  
But the young bulls wanna earn their stripes  
She came to The West, no Kanye  
Rihanna ting when I tell her to turn out the lights

She wan- she wanna act all nice  
She wouldn't be here if it weren't for the hype  
No word of a lie, he talking my name in a song  
And I ain't even heard of the guy  
I just hit up the gang like  
Pack all your bags and meet me at Terminal 5  
You see my 'Gram, you don't know what I'm like  
'Cause I don't post about personal life

What they don't want you to see  
They do right in front of your eyes  
She fucked ten man tryna find my vibe  
But darling, I'm one of a kind  
When I came in the game  
I've ever seen so much man get shoved to the side  
Been on the move, I'm missing my bros  
I ain't seen my mum in a while (Yeah)

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