

Central Cee, The Bag

You wanna know where the ladies at
I wanna know where the laag at
You wanna know where the bitches at
I wanna know where the bag at
They all got chat on the net
Real-life, I bet they'll backtrack
On the net they chat
In the flesh they don't
They won't say nada

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At your big age
You're still on the roads tryna get man to add your snap
I told her to leave, she told me to act my age
B, add your stack
Get on to man, oh fam, you're mad
No way will the gang dispatch
Stuck in a dusty trap
With crack, laag in a elastic bands
Can't get away, then the whip decamp
How you relying on man, you tramp
When I think bout dat it get man amped
She wanna come to my flat
Tryna get me jacked
Or am I just prang
I'm the reason the party tun
When the party the done
They'll call for Xans
I'm the reason the party tun
When the party the done

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Big man with drip
But you look in the fridge and you ain't got nutn to show
How you buying gyal dem creps
But you ain't done shit for mum? Oh no

Told my young boy pull up your trousers
Step in town, stop riding low
Hoopty full of packs what's that
Ah man, I'm hearing the sirens go
Gotta stay composed so I'm driving slow
Feds wanna stop my paper plans
She talking Hakkasan, chill
She lucky if I take her Sam's
Train up, oh, my ticket return, I'm hoping I make it back
Stand firm on the words that I say
It come out my month, won't take it back

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