

# Central Cee, Trojan Horse

I'm feelin' villainous  
I couldn't afford them kicks, I had one pair, and I cleaned 'em rigorous  
Squeeze in junior, I feel like Vinícius young Gs stupid, but they ain't idiots  
It's scary, trap insidious  
How you expect us to know how to love? You know  
I can't teach no one how to hustle, some man just got it  
Back then I got chased by feds, I ran out of breath and I wanted to vomit  
I hit that freak, she put me in cuffs, it trigger my trauma, I tell her to stop it  
She wanna know if I'm really ballin' that girl wanna weigh my wallet

We ain't doin' irrational get backs, creep up clean when they least expect it  
Hygiene's poor, look at the floor, there's insects crawlin', I could've got sepsis  
Nasty, still try to fuck on my step-sis (Huh)  
Ran through 'nough of these famous girls, but I still got some on my checklist  
Bare gunman on my guestlist  
I took bro, bro out of the trenches  
Jump out the Volvo, jump out the Lexus, active  
He ain't got no preference, slapped it  
But, when I retrospected, I could've been calm and collected  
Avoided a problem and fled the scene  
Too vocal, don't need no beat  
I go old-school like Evesu Jeans  
Who's that with the cargos and Cortiez?  
The back poke out and the waist petite  
Got flown out all the way to Greece  
She got great physique

Two A.M., I'm callin' Clint, like, "Yo, who's that girl in a vest?"  
I'll send a delivery text, I know that it's wrong, it is what it is  
Broski locked, I'm visitin' him  
Brought eaters to the prison for him  
Vision for him, and it's bigger than him  
Disrespect, I'm sizzlin' him  
That girl look like SZA to me  
How you upset that I cut you off when you basically handed the scissors to me?  
Two-man step, diligently (Grrah)  
Watch my back vigilantly  
My young boy do man differently  
She wanna show them girl she know me, call my government name  
I never tuck my shirt in school, so why would I grow up and tuck my chain?  
Hide my face like, "Fuck the fame"  
Trustin' different, but love's the same

I don't trust anyone lately, this lifestyle sendin' me crazy  
Who's to say that they'll never betray me? Rusty one from the 1980s  
But the new plate, a millennium baby  
She deserve a standin' ovation the way that she got on her knees and ate me  
Two hands, Lord Jesus, save me  
We all know the industry's fake, the streets fake as well  
Stand up for my rights like Santan Dave, them man stand up like Dave Chappelle  
You can lock the lock, but the trap don't stop  
Half of the block get paid in jail  
That was a risky text before  
And, now it's no danger, I'm on a major scale

That was a risky text before, if I send that now, there ain't no danger  
The way that the light bounce of off these GIAs make gyal act stranger  
Got love for all of the young Gs bookin' a flight, and I'm headed to Asia  
Four and a baby goin' away, times were hard, I slept in a manger  
Give her the Trojan, give her the Trojan Horse, I felt like Troy  
Had a revolver, decomposin' hid in the woods, I feel like Roy  
She give me a whine, blood rushed to my genitals  
Lucky for me, she could feel my  
Is it right? Won't say that it is

Shame that it is and it is what it is

Oi, Dave, I don't even wanna release (Why?)

I don't even wanna be mentioned in the same sentence as none of these creeps

I don't wanna come to your session, I don't wanna jump on none of your beats

You could talk 'bout direct debit, my monthly payment a hundred Gs

Taxman on me, I keep receipts

My biggest paigons HMRC (Huh)

Bro got it in masjid, he got a mad ting under his kamis

Bad one watchin' her calories, long ting, 'cause, I wanna go out to eat

Hella petite like Bella Hadid, so I handle it delicately, she kinda surprised I got elegant speech

I got a ting from DC, Harley Quinn, feel like the Joker

Back then, I had my bank in Dallas, Texas holdin', me and my poker

Antisocial, I'm a loner

He got done up in mid-November and didn't recover 'til late October

You'll need more than sling on a shoulder

Young black Brit in Italian kit, I feel like Tammy in Roma

I had the Range with extra seats, so I squeeze that bitch in the back of the Rover

Cliffs of Dover, white on C

Who's that there on a C to see?

She want a man with decent P

And her ex is a factor, me should be

Let's not talk 'bout makin' a mill', this year, I average one in a month

Had a vision of runnin' it up, and it's workin' well like rum in a punch

In DLT I ain't come for a brunch

Who's that brownin' sat in a passy

I has plans of a cash and carry, my legs was dry, and my elbows

Ashy

Ayy, speakin' of ash, I beg you man 'low it, just smoke and go

Please, man, burnin' Tobacco in the booth

Tryna fuckin' record