

Central Cee, Bumpy Johnson

Put on your belt, it's a bumpy road
But I'm feelin' like Bumpy Johnson
Good, die young, I'm a wrongen
Long live Drift, he's never forgotten (You're now listening to Young Chencs)

If my man cross me, then, I'm cuttin' his fingers off, so fingers crossed
My finger prints will all over the rock
It's hot, no other choice but to rinse the spot
I'm selective with who I get with
Gyal on my phone try see who I'm fuckin'
Lil' bro got his hand in his pocket
Come any closer and see if he's bluffin'
Six-man in the yard, O.T. was the last to sleep and I woke up first
Bad Bs, they curved the kid back then when I weren't so lit, now, the roles reversed
Soon as you get some Ps, these hoes occur, hoes appear
Nowhere near, had nowhere to live, had to sofa surf (Uh)
At the time, it was bad, it was all in my mind
'Cause in hindsight, it could've been worse
Ex ting givin' me red eye and spoilin' my new one, it could've been her
"Don't dwell in the past," I'm tellin' my darg, "If it happened, then bro, there's a reason"
I ain't beefin' bro 'bout nothin', we act like men and we come to agreements
The cell got hit, but I bit too late, so, I gave him one for the inconvenience
Rookie, young but I ain't no rookie, your place got took 'cause you're inexperienced
I don't think that them man there serious
In the trap, had a plan like that
Same way man pull up my pants and take off my hat and change my 'ppearance
A lot of pain I'm used to endurin', I see my crew and I'm throwin' my, "Ls" up
Dagger on bro like Zelda, ain't Nintendo, this is the ghetto
We trap like The Wire, they act like Elba
Don't have a Scooby, I stay with dookie
I got my darg, it's somethin' like Shaggy
I got a good girl like Velma
Was young, goin' school to let out the anger I had that was built inside
You get a weird mix of emotion when you feel both guilt and pride
Long day and I need upliftin', switch up the sound to a feel-good vibe
These songs are all self-snitchin', if I did do a drill, I'd deny it
Tryna dodge [?], bake off in the bando, hold my nose, it's a horrid smell
Ba— Bad one comin' from quay, so, I'm travellin' West from Tottenham Hale
Some man think that 'cause they met man once they know me well
Man, I done what I've done in the ends
But nobody's done what I've done on a global scale
Young and fresh, they ain't no threat, they old and frail (Haha)
Popped my address, just dropped my name in a song and they hope it sells (Huh)
Sit back and watch them embarrass themselves
Made a French connection, see mans blueprint workin', now they go Paris aswell

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One call and my bro get the job done
Fuck everyone, I ain't feelin' monogamous
Stayin' anonymous isn't a problem
Good, die young, I'm a wrongen
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A real trap boy stay juggin'
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