

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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