

# Central Cee, Our 25th Birthday (Dave)

Maybe I'm cynical  
Maybe you feel it all too  
Love is conditional  
Love could go missin' on you  
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Look

We elevated, we don't have to trap harder  
Now my back garden same size as Battersea Park  
I ain't puttin' no suit and tie on, I turned down the Met Gala  
Mum kicked me out, to be fair, I was beefin' my step father  
I put her on first class, would've thought I was Jack Harlow  
Look, I was eatin' beans out the tin, now it's avocados  
I'm in Cape Town, roof down, playin' Amapiano  
Dave got nine in the Sprinter, I'm tryna pack the Viano  
I park wherever I want, like fuck a ticket inspector  
I'm your typical rapper, fuckin' bitches, my pleasure  
Money, hoes and the clothes, I got plenty kicks in my dresser  
My akhs still in the trap on the 25th of December  
That girl is a ho, but I won't judge, 'cause I'm a slag as well  
Spend a couple bills on Aperol Spritz up in Bagatelle  
Put food on the scale and hit the strip if the rappin' fails  
I was OT, I was bashin' over brazzers  
Think I'm bougie, I ain't pressin' girls in Fashion Nova dresses  
Arguin' my ex, goin' back and forth over texts  
Baby, I won't lie, if you're mine, I'm over-possesive  
Bro, smokin' until the roach, I was stressin'  
Collect my tears, you can fill a pool, I'm breaststrokin' it  
I started gettin' used to the mice, I just stepped over them  
At the BFA, I knew they'd hate the dress code I'm in  
Two kilogram chain and it's makin' my neck swole a bit  
My youngin got caught with the crack, he's tapped 'cause he swallowed it  
Keep the shoes intact, had to give 'em back 'cause I borrowed them  
Made it out the hood, I might go enroll to a college  
And get a uni degree, just to show my mum that I'm sorry  
For all the times she was settin' them rules I never obeyed  
New crib come with a chef and a maid  
Get hit at a close range, that's if you're over the gate  
Retire now, be rich the rest of my days

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Yeah

Elevation, forever patient  
I've been on my Seven Nation Army ting, Ferrari with the white stripes  
No lullabies inna' my life  
This turbulence rock a nigga to sleep in my night flights  
My life's like I'm doin' the most  
But I still feel like I ain't doin' enough, I don't know who I can trust  
If I'm buyin' Chanel bags for these women that I don't like  
Then just imagine what I'm doin' for the women I love  
Red Cheeks whenever I'm with strippers, that shit just look like a clown face  
I tell a nigga cut to the clout chase  
Bein' broke, I can feel that, mummy had to squeeze into the flats

Like she was borrowin' some shoes and her heels snapped  
I gotta put dollars on pages, no religion in the trap  
It's Creed III, feel like I'm Jonathan Majors  
Before I got it on stages, I got it in stages  
I'm Ivan Toney the way they watchin' my wages  
You fat fucker, made five K, it's just me and my black cutter  
These chains two kilos, should be workin' with black butter  
Festivals, I'm makin' five mill' on a bad summer  
My summer's are good, never mind  
Women doin' CRB checks on a search engine, I can't catch no breaks  
So many ways to die, you think we're goin' off old age?  
I ain't goin' off a women addiction  
I got body dysmorphia, a figure addiction, uh  
Our bread different, don't lie on my name  
My tax seven-eight-seven like I'm flyin' a nigga  
Don't even worry, I done dropped tears  
Took a loss, had to drop tiers, made it all back and hit the top tier  
For eight years, Good Mornin' Britain, I had to change peers  
Rocky Balboa, different fights and the same stares  
Cars like drinks, don't leave them unattended in Mayfair  
For times I couldn't cover the train fare  
It's Oysters, the Oyster Perpetual, the women incredible  
The work's seminal, had to change my number on a low, I'm too accessible  
Hah, I could've fucked a flight attendant but she just too professional  
Are you a virgin, or you work for them?  
A lot of niggas chase clout, but I guess it's what works for them  
We're twenty-five, livin' like this was our second life  
I see the pressure rise, everybody lookin' to us when it's time to get it right  
And we can't even get to write  
It's time I get a life, it's time I get a wife  
Shot caller, robbed niggas and ended up in hot water  
But you take what you can get when it was cold showers, no powers  
Had to give myself my own flowers  
Sittin' at the top and niggas so sour  
You know?  
Yeah

Ooh-oo-hoo-oo-hoo (Ooh-oo-hoo)  
Ooh-oo-hoo-oo-hoo (Ooh-oo-hoo)