

Central Cee, Terminal 5

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I just hit up the gang like
Pack up your bags and meet me at terminal 5
When I came in the game
I've never seen so much man get shoved to the side

When we had nothin', we still made suttin
Send the crackhead in the store and they came out running
I bought that shit for the third of the price
You know I don't promote violence
But the young bulls wanna earn their stripes
She came to The West, no Kanye
Rihanna ting when I tell her to turn out the lights

She wan- she wanna act all nice
She wouldn't be here if it weren't for the hype
No word of a lie, he talking my name in a song
And I ain't even heard of the guy
I just hit up the gang like
Pack all your bags and meet me at Terminal 5
You see my 'Gram, you don't know what I'm like
'Cause I don't post about personal life

What they don't want you to see
They do right in front of your eyes
She fucked ten man tryna find my vibe
But darling, I'm one of a kind
When I came in the game
I've ever seen so much man get shoved to the side
Been on the move, I'm missing my bros
I ain't seen my mum in a while (Yeah)

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