

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