Central Cee, Entrapreneur

Do you know what?
The trap still running, it's never turnin' off
Different product, same hustle mentality
The only difference is you pay taxes on it and feds can't kick off your door
(We put the trap in entrepreneur)

We was flyin' up O with white
We was buildin' lines, now it's clothing lines
I sell tees and my darg sell T's as well, but his ain't got no design
One-one-eighty for the tracksuit, go somewhere else if it's overpriced
New generation don't know how to trap 'cause they all getting high off their own supply
Trap-trap house in the woods where the bando's haunted, it's supernatural, poltergeist
Witnessed things that I wish that I didn't, like crackheads overdose then die
Bad B's curvin' the kid back then when I weren't so lit, I was broke them times
Bitch-bitch, would you ride on the back of a bus?
What about on the front of a stolen bike?
Soho pitchin' coke to the gay men, I'll serve anyone, I got open mind
No complaints when it comes to the customer service, I pick up the phone polite
See man fall in love with the white, Billie Eilish, 'cause they got ocean eyes
Set up a shop, then it's open twenty-four hours, we don't have a closin' time

(We put the) We put the trap in the entrepreneur
(All) All of the time we spent in the field, woulda thought I got me a Ballon d'Or
I'm stackin', not droppin' a bag in Dior
(Went from a) Went from a Toyota Yaris to Urus, I still got the same work rate as before (Work rate
Two years that I ain't been home, seven-hundred and thirty days on tour

It was Nokia ringtones, pickin' up phones
No private calls, now it's microphones
I think that I got bipolar disorder, the way I'm going through highs and lows
In-Insta' full up with IG models and back in the day, I would Skype these hoes
My girl try hack my iCloud, when I logged in, gotta hide my code
Tryna get in through face recognition when I was asleep and my eyes were closed, huh
If she ain't got nothin' to hide, might make her my wife, yeah, I might propose
How-how many lies got told?
Don't believe in the hype, it's false
Bro died, he was still in his teens
The chances are slim of me dyin' old
I won't lie, it's me or them (Or them)
Slime shit, I'ma wipe his nose
Unbankin' packs and touches feces, I was OT, you would find it gross
Now it's five-star hotels, Michelin-star dinin', I might rise a toast
New generation would die for clout
They'll do anything for a viral post

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