

# L.A. Leakers #149 - Central Cee lyrics

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## “L.A. Leakers #149”

They think I'm the one that can bridge the gap, huh  
I came to L.A to work, but first, where the bitches at?  
They're tellin' me tao or the highlight room  
If you wanna go through, you gotta bring the strap  
No way could I trust these hoes, I'm taking their phone if we bring  
them back  
I don't wanna get done like, nah  
They don't understand, I'm giving them U.K slang  
My brudda, my fam', my akh  
You say "The feds just done a sweep", we say "The boy dem run in  
my gaf"  
You say "On God, no cap", we say "Swear on your life, don't gass"  
You say "Spin the block", we say "Jump out and slide and crash"  
You call it "Machine", we call it a "Mash"  
Strip club and they're shakin' ass  
But in my words, they're shakin' nyash  
We don't trap in abandoned buildings  
Shots get hit out of vacant flats  
In other words, "Apartments", hidden compartments get detached  
Free all the members that got bagged  
You say, "What's up? ", we say, "Wagwan"  
Got shotgun from a farm  
We don't eat pork, we say "It's haram"  
You call her "Shawty", we call her "Jawn"  
Sexy gyal and we call them "Leng"  
Back then we would call them "Peng"  
Bare words that we got for guns  
Like "Waps", and "Skengs"

**You call them "J's", we call them "Cats"  
There's not much crystal meth  
My hoods got junkies hooked on crack  
Flick knives, we call them "Nanks"  
Zombie killers, we call them "ZK's"  
Rambo knives by the name of "Rams"  
We say "Cash, Ps, Racks, Gs", we don't really them bands  
In L.A, it's Escalade's, in the ends, it's Mercedes Vans  
Watch my back, I'm paranoid  
That's what I mean when I say that I'm prang  
Clench my fist and I fist bump man  
Anti-social, I don't shake much hands, huh  
Well it depends, you say "The trenches", we say "The ends"  
You say "Y'all", we say "You lot"  
You say "Restroom", we say "Toilet"  
We do have guns but they might be  
So man pull it apart and oil it  
If a man violate, say a man boyed it  
Live Yours ain't a gang, can't join it  
We both whip crack the same, we fill up the Pyrex pot and boil it  
In London, I'm verified, in N.Y, I'm valid  
Twelve hours away, I'm M.I.A  
I can pull up on DJ Khaled  
It's only an hour away from the ends, that's why I spend time in  
Paris  
If I pull up on Saturday Night, I ain't come here to talk, this ain't  
Jimmy Fallon  
I just pulled up with a chick, bro said that he hit, I'm a bit  
embarrassed, huh  
All she's gettin' is dick and Chick-Fil-A, we ain't eatin' Salmon  
I might hit one time and vanish, I got unlimited funds on the Amex  
One day I'm on the block in London, next day, I'm chillin' in the sun  
on a hammock, huh  
Controversy sells, I said "How can I be \*\*\*\*, my \*\*\*\* is \*\*\*\*"  
And it flew off the shelf  
Thinkin' should I go with a label, I say independent and do it myself  
Sat down with the boss and said I ain't signed, but bro I ain't new to  
deals, uh**

**Stood outside of the night club, try make the trap line kick like a  
flight club  
All of my drip from Rodeo Drive, ain't none of this shit from China,  
huh  
I don't want Nobu, I need me a yard food, so I'm in Inglewood  
Darg dem—  
My darg dem serve like Wimbledon  
My darg dem smart like Beethoven  
I'm from where the Jack Boys active  
Fam, don't sleep with your window open  
Hoes gon' line man up and get a commission  
Back shot give a gyal whip lash  
Hit that, impact like a collision  
I don't care if I'm givin' the lo, tell Rubi Rose that I'm in the Edition**

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