

Ungrateful

Central Cee

I don't wanna seem ungrateful God
But I don't wanna be here
I got some things to get off my chest
But maybe it's best I keep it a secret
31st December the 1st of Jan
Same shit, I don't care bout the new year
New house somewhere that ain't poverty driven
It's mad in the place that I grew in

Served a pregnant lady it fucked with my head
Couple things I regret tryna earn a wage
48 laws one book that I read
So if I repent can I turn the page
Gotta get rid of bad vibes
Anti-clockwise gotta burn the sage
I'll say with it chest but I know some things locked in
I prefer not to say

I fucked up, I'm admitting it
I got no ego, I got no shame
I swallow my pride and say that I'm missing it
Creep in the changing room at school
And thief from the kids that are privileged
Stolen clothes with a rip in it
Also a stolen phone no sim in it
Now I got pees I give a lot back

No charity work tryna write off tax
Feds got me on a driving ban
In the passenger seat till my license back
Ghost and fly off the map
Try get my mind off rap
I get some sort of survivors guilt

When I see YM still supplying crock
This life don't come with retiring plans

It'll come to an end in unfortunate ways
No such thing as positive thinking
When you're locked in, it feel like a maze
Often lose faith and forget to pray
You don't wanna land on the wing with the guys
Why, cause they might melt your face
Cause got hit with a 8, why?
Why would he care bout some extra days?

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I ain't been home in some weeks
I seek when a man's in need

I got a family tree to feed
I see dead people in my sleep
I see broke people on the feed
Talk is cheap freedom of speech, I guess
But they ain't even got no ps
Got free Wi-Fi they ain't got 4G

I wouldn't be able to do what I do
If it weren't for the man before me
I show respect where it's due