

I'm like a cigarette
Burning down a Marlboro Red
Waiting on the curb for you
Hurry up, don't mess around
Lipstick on, I'm going now
I'm gonna do what I wanna do
Got my nails did, hair done
Headlights pulling up
Ooh baby, here I come

I don't care that it costs two grand
Cause I like how it handles in my hands
Stereo up, with the top laid back
And if you see me
I'm probably running way too fast, yeah
I don't care that there's holes in the floor
And all them dash lights don't work anymore
Even though it ain't, I ain't sorry
I'mma still drive it like, like it's a Ferrari
Oo Oo Oo Oo
Nah, I ain't sorry, I ain't sorry
Oo Oo Oo Oo
I'mma still drive it like, like it's a Ferrari

I come up barreling
Engine revved, round the bend
Acting like I'm queen of the night
Everybody round me shining
And that person in their diamonds
I'm just working hard for a dime
Cause it's that real steel, strong feel
Knowing that it's mine
Gets me off every time

Ferrari
Yeah, yeah
Oh nah, nah
I ain't sorry, oh yeah
And it may not look like a million bucks
But under that hood
I keep it souped up good

I ain't sorry
Oo Oo Oo Oo
Cause I'mma still drive it like, like it's a Ferrari