

# Ferrari

Clare Dunn

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