

# Ungrateful

Nessly

I don't thank God enough, I'm so ungrateful  
That's my fault, for treating all these hoes like angels  
That's my fault, this life ain't come with a manual  
The love of your life will kill you faster than cancer  
My scars, make me a star  
All my scars, make me a star  
Yeah, yeah

Ayy mama I fucked that check up  
Count a mil and tat my whole neck up, yeah  
Overconfident in my brand, confident when I spend  
Know I'ma see it again, this shit ain't new, CNN  
Ooh, Cipriani soon as I land  
Ooh, heard they might assassinate Trump  
I'm countin' dead presidents, my bitch do runway and print  
Have sex in the Model X, dropped her off on Broadway and Prince, yeah, ayy  
Trunk in the front, it's an elephant, yeah, ayy  
Now she want cuff but I can't commit, yeah, ayy  
Three sixty-five days, I made her three sixty-six  
They call me Nessly, you should know we gotta make this quick

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All of these bitches they lookin' at me like a meal ticket (hey)  
Fat as my pocket 'cause I keep some motherfuckin' bills in it  
I told her she can pull up to the crib to fuck but she can't chill in it  
Two hundred thousand on Instagram but her bank account look real different  
All you little ass bitches wanna come out to my hideout  
Business closing at the top, that means I'm really tied up  
Put it on her face and it look sunny side up  
You ain't gang just 'cause you spent your whole paycheck at the barber  
I come with rules, terms, and conditions  
One thing, my heart only beat for them digits  
I stretch my legs in the Maybach, used to squeeze in the Civic  
Couldn't be more specific  
Paid the meter but the police still left the Porsche a ticket

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