

Drake, Uuugly

Aye, yeah

CC, they want me to break it down
CC, they need me to break it down
Then we gon' break it down
We should just take the things I say as truth
There's not a measuring tape long enough that could measure the distance that I went for you
Please don't make me
Please don't make me
Don't make me pull out these credit card statements and show you the proof
It'll get ugly, ugly
This heart was broken a long time ago
My blood, it pumps from my hungover liver then straight to my bones
Taught you everything you know
Just for your new link to think you a pro
What does he know?
What does he really know?
Two hands on your waist
One hand on my face
For someone so lost in life, you always manage to end up at my place
Trying me
Trying me
Trying me
Trying me, trying me