

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