Central Cee, Ungrateful

I don't wanna seem ungrateful God But I don't wanna be here I got some things to get off my chest But maybe it's best I keep it a secret 31st December the Ist of Jan Same shit, I don't care bout the new year New house somewhere that ain't poverty driven It's mad in the place that I grew in

Served a pregnant lady it fucked with my head Couple things I regret tryna earn a wage 48 laws one book that I read So if I repent can I turn the page Gotta get rid of bad vibes Anti-clockwise gotta burn the sage I'll say with it chest but I know some things locked in I prefer not to say

I fucked up, I'm admitting it I got no ego, I got no shame I swallow my pride and say that I'm missing it Creep in the changing room at school And thief from the kids that are privileged Stolen clothes with a rip in it Also a stolen phone no sim in it Now I got pees I give a lot back

No charity work tryna write off tax Feds got me on a driving ban In the passenger seat till my license back Ghost and fly off the map Try get my mind off rap I get some sort of survivors guilt

When I see YM still supplying crock This life don't come with retiring plans

It'll come to an end in unfortunate ways No such thing as positive thinking When you're locked in, it feel like a maze Often lose faith and forget to pray You don't wanna land on the wing with the guys Why, cause they might melt your face Cause got hit with a 8, why? Why would he care bout some extra days?

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I ain't been home in some weeks I seek when a man's in need I got a family tree to feed I see dead people in my sleep I see broke people on the feed Talk is cheap freedom of speech, I guess But they ain't even got no ps Got free Wi-Fi they ain't got 4G I wouldn't be able to do what I do If it weren't for the man before me I show respect where it's due