

# Jack Harlow, Nail Tech

My nail tech knows how to keep a lil' secret  
I don't wish for my success, I speak it  
I caught a buzz, and you did too, but you tweakin'  
I look like I been gettin' money, how I reek it  
You smell me, that's LV  
Walkin' 'round with my chest out, and my skin smooth, I'm healthy  
I'm in the mix and I'm handshakin', but most of y'all can't help me  
Most of y'all ain't wealthy (Nope), most of y'all just dress like it  
I caught the vibe that y'all givin' off, and I'm tryna make myself less like it  
This chick got a lil' Porsche body, I might let the bro test drive it  
It's hard for me to get excited, I love music and stress 'bout it  
My city hall and I'm cosigning this wave, comin' up next out it  
Ridin' 'round and shotgun in her Tesla  
Hangin' both of my legs out of it, like "What's up?" (What's up?)  
I got stakes and they too high now, I can't fuck up (Can't fuck up)  
I like girls that's down to Earth, so don't be stuck up (Stuck up)  
I don't take Ls, I give 'em out and I chuck 'em up  
First listen they hearin' this shit, like "What the fuck?"

Ten toes, that's my MO  
Fam' over gram, that's my MO  
On my momma  
Fuck a close friends, I got friends that I keep close  
And they let it go while I reload

Like bow, bow, bow  
TSA just opened my bookbag up  
And my chain hittin' like bow, bow, bow, bow  
The king's back in his hometown, when them wheels hit  
And I touchdown they bow, bow, bow, bow  
She down low, three point stance  
I'm back there doin' Jack Dan's like bow, bow, bow, bow

And I'm not no fashionista, but I'm fly though (But I'm fly)  
And I know I gave up drinkin', but I'm high though (But I'm high)  
I told her, "I don't come from here, but you can try though" (You can try)  
I'm not on top of this shit yet, but I'm that guy though  
I take a look 'round and my comp and it's just, uh (Ooh)  
Wide open, big whippin', it slide open (Mm-mm)  
I notice they treat me like I'm chosen (I'm chosen)  
Eyes open, heart clean and my mind focused  
This shit just keeps goin' how I wrote it  
How the hell could you doubt us?  
I mean, back then it made sense, but it's like, now what?  
Now they down to come 'round just to be 'round us  
You ain't one of my dawgs, why do you hound us?  
It's very few of you I like, but it's a whole lot of y'all I don't trust  
'Cause

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