

Jack Harlow, State Fair

My pet peeve is a camera in my face
Have you ever heard of personal space?
I walk around town in a hoodie and some shades
But now they startin' to recognize the shades
Even if you hate me, you would trade
You would live this life too 'cause I got it made
I like my bed made, soon enough, I'll have a maid
When I buy a house, every surface gon' be sued
But for now, I got a concierge downstairs
All my neighbors are gray-haired
They don't recognize me and I don't think they care
But my Postmates can't believe that I stay here (Fuck)
I wanna go back to Kentucky and shut down the state fair
Visit my old teachers and tell 'em to take care
I might take a whip instead of payin' the plane fare
I still remember the way there
Ain't a girl in my hometown I can't have now
Buy a building in cash, ain't puttin' half down
The hate used to get to me, I just laugh now
Yeah, they fuckin' with Jack now
Look how they act now
Look how they act now
Look how they act now
Look how they act now
They fuckin' with Jack now, they fuckin' with-

Mmm, pshh

Baby, I'm comin' home, I know the kids miss me
I need some time with my friends to sip whiskey
I spent the last twelve months locked in
But tonight, I'm content with existing
2015, we was on that Pen Griffey
I wanted what he had, but the shoes didn't fit me
Now the city with me and I got the kids listening
And I'm a smooth operator by instinct
Word to Sade, walkin' 'round broad day
Like hey, with the windows down, I'm on Broadway
And it was just a day ago, I was in Daygo like the damn Padres
Now I'm at my grandparents' lettin' my grandpa say
What he wants to say
'Cause nowadays, I'm in the paper once a day
And it ain't always positive, it's a bunch of things
But fuck it, man, I done graduated from younger days
And if I ain't runnin' things, soon, I'll be runnin' things
I'm an artist, man, you just make fun of things
I'm the hardest, man, y'all don't know what to say
This album's a museum, so please don't touch a thing
It's okay to give me props, don't make it such a pain
It's okay to give me top, don't make it such a thing
Don't get offended if we met and I say, "What's your name?"
I been flyin' 'round the country for three hundred days
But I ain't 'bout to justify how I adjust to fame
Fuck the fame, from the jump, we ain't been cut the same
I got so much, but I still think about what's unobtained
Never been the type for wantin' things
I want power (I want power)
I want my life to speed up a couple miles per hour
I want my dogs to know that this shit is ours
I want respect, I don't want flowers
I know they gon' quote this
The flow don't make no sense, the pocket is potent
It used to be potential, but now it's some grown shit
Damn, that boy floatin', he treat them beats like they oceans

All these people wanna greet like we old friends
I ain't holdin' back, tell the media, "Hold this"
I know I said I miss you, but I secretly don't miss
I got stories and I'm bringin' 'em home with me

(Gangsta)