

# Jack Harlow, Poison (feat. Lil Wayne)

Can you decide?  
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Oh  
New music

Listen to 'em, but you never trust 'em  
Entertain 'em, but you never fuck 'em  
You went and got that wife for nothin'  
Enjoyin' the attention, but don't need a husband  
But maybe someone  
It's been too many nights since you had a fun one  
You got a comfort zone you tryna run from  
They call you quiet, but they don't know where you come from  
Ooh, ooh, ooh, you got so much poise  
In a room full of people makin' so much noise  
I wanna bring you 'round my boys, I wanna listen to your voice  
I wanna treat you to some things that you'd enjoy  
Don't be anxious, I got you  
Yeah, they fine, but they not you  
You a catch and I caught you  
I wanna pull up and flaunt you and take some pics for Getty Images  
I like all your beauty marks and blemishes

Girl, you're poison, poison, poison, poison  
But the good kind  
It's crazy how you're on my mind  
Kind of crazy how you're on my mind  
Girl, you're poison, poison, poison, poison  
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That girl is poison, poisonous, cyanide, arsenic  
Shawty sick, shawty on fire, I'm the arsonist  
I might have to jack your bitch 'cause I be on my Harlow shit  
Styrofoam cup, stackin' 'em, inside, I put the poison in  
Poison, feel like I been poisoned  
I'm still on my shit, but that lil' dude you with a toilet  
Tunechi bitch, I'm gnarly  
Girl, you could pick your poison like fruit up in the garden  
I'm Ewing in the Garden, that girl is poison  
Po-po-po-po-po-  
Ass clappin' like blooka-blooka-blooka-blooka-blook  
Yeah, I eat so much shrimp, I got iodine poisoning  
She eat so much dick, she say, "Slime, I'm starvin'"  
I'm a feast, dessert, and dinner  
Told her I'ma make her skeet and squirt that venom  
Got some Scarlett Johansson, whip it to a black widow  
Lil Tune', I been immune to these hoes  
I'm vaxxed, nigga, stop playin'

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You can hardly fit them denims  
Back pockets gon' bust open if you put somethin' in 'em  
Older women see that body and that shit offend 'em  
Ice in my veins, but you just added some venom

What's the point of slowin' down? We got momentum  
You had a man that had a plan, but he ain't have it in him  
My homie said he fucks with your big sis, I'm tryna twin 'em  
The opps want an olive branch, but we don't extend 'em  
Now we ain't got shit to give 'em, okay, I found my rhythm  
They be like, "Jack go get 'em," okay, I'm 'bout to get 'em  
My haters keep on talkin', but these lyrics gon' outlive 'em  
I need MTV Cribs back  
Gotta bring 'em to my city just to show 'em how I'm livin'  
And you the type of girl I wanna bring to Thanksgiving  
But that's a given, that's a given