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 suede 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 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)