

Jack Harlow, Stop Giving Me Advice (feat. Dave)

Bom, bom, bom, bom
Huh

Have you ever raised the value of everyone around you?
Have you ever been so high they got to down you?
Think pieces gettin' written about you
Have you ever been to Italy and eaten Italian?
Have you ever signed a deal that came with a medallion?
Have you ever booked the club and came with a battalion?
Have you been to Montana and seen the mountains?
Have you ever looked around and felt the profound sense of pride?
Have you ever had to hide where exactly you reside?
Have you been to the Waffle House on Northside?
Have you ever made a popstar wanna be your bride?
Have you hugged someone and they cried?
Have you had your heroes sit you down and give you the guide?
Have you ever spoken somethin' into existence
Or do you just talk about other people's lives?

Stop givin' me advice (Bom, bom, bom, bom)
Stop givin' me—, tsch
Stop givin' me advice
Stop

All this unsolicited advice from the guys gettin' booked for a quarter of my price
All this red carpet shit, brand partnerships, I must've let y'all forget that boy nice
No Sprite, but life givin' me lemons with the limelight (Bom, bom, bom, bom)
It's fine, victory's mine
I lost the desire for bein' intimate at the end of my nights
I can do that at the end of my life
You know the phrase is "Business before pleasure"
'Cause I'm bankin' on it bringin' me more pleasure
The pressure makes diamonds, and diamonds make more pressure
And so on and so forth, okay, I'll give your four more measures
And more records with more effort than ever before
I'm the youngin' on the team that's got a veteran court
They know the formula, just give him space and let him record
And just remember what he said on the chorus

Stop givin' me advice (Bom, bom, bom, bom)
Stop givin' me—, tsch
Stop givin' me advice
Stop
Stop givin' me advice (Yeah)
Stop givin' me—, tsch (Yeah)
Stop givin' me advice (Yeah)
Stop

I know you feel love, feel shame, feel pride, I can see it in your eyes
I met a fan at work, he told me it's his job on the side
As if I'm unimpressed by his every day life
Niggas die every day, need us every day life
The women that you idolise can never play wife to me
When you done as many flights as me, long nights as me
Took as many left turns to make right as me
I'm in the middle of the Vale like a bride to be, that's why I like to— (Bom, bom, bom, bom)
Yeah, you left somebody that you love at the bottom of a mountain
'Cah they afraid to climb it, have you changed your climate?
Had her Insta' and made her change to private?
Had her fly economy and make her change to private?
Seen your nigga get nicked, and then go and catch a case just like him?
Brought her to the game and she ain't excited
Probably 'cah my mum sat courtside 'fore I did
Am I sick if I say I like women with mileage and trips to Knightsbridge?

Oh Jemima, trips in the park with my oldest rider
To test out the .9 like I loaned a striker
I'm a lone survivor, and the way I spell lone is A-L-O-A-N
I don't ever wanna spend on a ho again
But I'm a fuckin' feminist, so I go again
I'm on the road again, yeah (Bom, bom, bom, bom)
You can't control what the heart feels
You soon go broke, I see you blowin' it far still
Death row, you niggas down to your last meal
You ever signed a seven-figure deal and the birds quill?
Can't even call it breakfast, 'cah it wasn't your first mill'
Forgotten birthdays, but remember your verse still, yeah
You ever fucked a super model and it sounds like skeletons dancin'?
You feel numb to the praise and the memories passin'?
You ever robbed someone and it sounds like askin'?
Didn't have no food, so you'd disguise it as fastin'
Had drugs, abuse perfumes tryna mask it (Bom, bom, bom, bom)
You ever lived the life of an artist, escapin' darkness?
Fines and you're payin' for parkin'
You can tell how she fucked by the way that she glancing
Your communication's bad, but you're rich, so she givin' you chances
And pretty women givin' you dances
I come with a pole, but she more Olivier than France is
You ever been—

Stop givin' me advice (Bom, bom, bom, bom)
Stop givin' me—, tsch
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Stop
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Stop