

Jack Harlow, Talk Of The Town

That's right
That's right, that's right, mmh
You know what I mean

A long way from Bardstown, I'm on the charts now
Used to have the same drive, you in park now
Whip got an upgrade, the tints dark now
The same ones that used to fade, I'm in they hearts now

Talk of the town, talk of the town
Now you gotta reach out to Chris to talk to me now
Irony, how? I'm who they miss, they target me now
Tryna be next to me, but I give 'em destiny's child
That's (No, no, no, no, no, no)
Am I the realest? (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)
Okay, I feel it

New levels, new devils, Dundee Way, I'm a rebel
Walkin' through my parent's house, forgot I had a Grammy medal
Old heads from the scene back then could tell that I was special
Young Jack, ain't no lookin' back, look where that could get you

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Irony, how? I'm who they miss, they target me now
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That's (No, no, no, no, no, no)
Am I the realest? (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)
Okay, I feel it