

# Jack Harlow, I Got A Shot

I got a shot, it's not a pistol  
Number one spot, I'm too official  
Name ringin' bells like school dismissal  
She think I'm cold, I seen her nipples (Seen 'em)  
I got a shot, it's off the dribble  
She brought a friend, I'm in the middle  
This one right here ain't sentimental  
But I know you remember, I know you remember

'Cause now I'm somebody you used to know  
Hang at the places I used to go  
Drivin' G-Wagen with Louis V bags  
Mm, you must be used to those  
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I'm from the city where they might put one in your temple  
It's really that simple  
Twenty-four karat the gold on the dental  
That's just how they get down, it's just what they into  
I'm eatin' wagyu with wooden utensils  
I made a livin' off these instrumentals  
She know me well and she know I ain't gentle  
Show me that smile, I like them lil' dimples, yeah (Uh-huh, uh-huh)  
Tell you what I can do, yeah, I ain't just tryna befriend you, no, no  
I get in your mental, yeah, touch you with spiritual Hindu, yeah (I'm touchin' you)  
And I know you wanna be with me, baby, I miss you, yeah  
And you know I wanna be with you, baby, I miss you, yeah

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I know you see me 'cause everyone does  
I kept it light on my last shit, okay, let's see what a heavy one does  
Know they don't love me unless we in touch, that coulda been us  
I was gon' take you up outta that lil' bitty town, but you just wasn't ready enough  
And I'm gettin' fetti on fetti on fetti on fetti on fetti, what's up?  
She got a mani' and pedi', but still bein' petty, like, "How did I fuck this one up?"  
Came a long way from Confetti, my pen a machete  
The book bag is Louis, it used to be Eddie  
I whip it, Andretti, I'm G-in' like Seddy  
I look in they eyes and I know they ain't ready

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