

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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