

Jack Harlow, Poison (feat. Lil Wayne)

Can you decide?
Can you decide?
Oh
New music

Listen to 'em, but you never trust 'em
Entertain 'em, but you never fuck 'em
You went and got that wife for nothin'
Enjoyin' the attention, but don't need a husband
But maybe someone
It's been too many nights since you had a fun one
You got a comfort zone you tryna run from
They call you quiet, but they don't know where you come from
Ooh, ooh, ooh, you got so much poise
In a room full of people makin' so much noise
I wanna bring you 'round my boys, I wanna listen to your voice
I wanna treat you to some things that you'd enjoy
Don't be anxious, I got you
Yeah, they fine, but they not you
You a catch and I caught you
I wanna pull up and flaunt you and take some pics for Getty Images
I like all your beauty marks and blemishes

Girl, you're poison, poison, poison, poison
But the good kind
It's crazy how you're on my mind
Kind of crazy how you're on my mind
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That girl is poison, poisonous, cyanide, arsenic
Shawty sick, shawty on fire, I'm the arsonist
I might have to jack your bitch 'cause I be on my Harlow shit
Styrofoam cup, stackin' 'em, inside, I put the poison in
Poison, feel like I been poisoned
I'm still on my shit, but that lil' dude you with a toilet
Tunechi bitch, I'm gnarly
Girl, you could pick your poison like fruit up in the garden
I'm Ewing in the Garden, that girl is poison
Po-po-po-po-po-
Ass clappin' like blooka-blooka-blooka-blooka-blook
Yeah, I eat so much shrimp, I got iodine poisoning
She eat so much dick, she say, "Slime, I'm starvin"
I'm a feast, dessert, and dinner
Told her I'ma make her skeet and squirt that venom
Got some Scarlett Johansson, whip it to a black widow
Lil Tune', I been immune to these hoes
I'm vaxxed, nigga, stop playin'

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You can hardly fit them denims
Back pockets gon' bust open if you put somethin' in 'em
Older women see that body and that shit offend 'em
Ice in my veins, but you just added some venom

What's the point of slowin' down? We got momentum
You had a man that had a plan, but he ain't have it in him
My homie said he fucks with your big sis, I'm tryna twin 'em
The opps want an olive branch, but we don't extend 'em
Now we ain't got shit to give 'em, okay, I found my rhythm
They be like, "Jack go get 'em," okay, I'm 'bout to get 'em
My haters keep on talkin', but these lyrics gon' outlive 'em
I need MTV Cribs back
Gotta bring 'em to my city just to show 'em how I'm livin'
And you the type of girl I wanna bring to Thanksgiving
But that's a given, that's a given