

## 9th Grade

Jack Harlow

I can't have no convos with you now  
I got confirmation numbers all across the fuckin' map, yeah  
Tell me why you talkin' out your neck  
You like to talk about your issues, I can't chalk it up to that

Chalk on the asphalt  
Ass with the tan lines  
I been wantin' you since 9th grade  
It's about damn time  
I don't wanna hear about your ex, keep it to yourself  
I know that he like to send you texts, hope you doin' well  
Pull up on me and you know the rest, tell me who you tell  
Tell me she got real dreams, this just what she do for now  
Bitch I'm feelin' juvenile  
Got me jumpin' out the gym  
I can't take it out the crib

Check the fridge, we out the skim  
I feel like they out to get me  
Heard you're tryin' see me six feet  
Baby I can tell you're intrigued  
Don't hide it, ain't no need for that  
You the type I spend a long time with  
Raw diamonds, wanna' get you raw diamonds  
Jean jacket that she got from consignment  
Novocaine, codependent with a coat of paint, oh yeah  
I got code names for the things I wanna do when we in the same space

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Hold your breathe and count to ten  
I don't want you pissed  
She said I don't know what this is  
I don't wanna dismiss that  
But we can trust the process  
I ain't with the nonsense  
I don't check the contents  
I got faith in humanity  
She got ass like a manatee  
That's a whole lot of ass if you askin' me  
She said you got some audacity  
Used to rap on Audacity

Don't let 'em back just 'cause they ask for me  
'Cause I ain't in the mood for no conversation with 'ya  
Said she had a great night but she forgot to take some pictures, ah damn  
What a shame that is  
Up right now, but we ain't changed a bit

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