

Can't Call It

Jack Harlow

Can't call it
I don't know what to say about this night we been having
She throwing that ass, like it's a javelin
I'm down for the challenge
I'm out for the summer
Come and see me while I'm accessible
Don't get mad 'cause I had to check the pulse
Paid it for her, I ain't checkin' for the boy, yeah
Low fuel, I'ma pump it up to full, yeah

First impression, I already got you full, yeah
I got more in store, I don't read no horoscopes, yeah
Hibachi in the afternoon, I pull up 'fore it's closed, yeah
Wake up early, listening to Norah Jones, yeah
Don't know why y'all throwing that shade
I don't know why y'all wanna be backstage so bad
And your shit cracking
Reese Witherspoon with me, told her get back in

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Quit talking
I don't want to hear about all the opinions that y'all been keeping
I got me a couple I like to see on the weekends
I keep it casual but they like to be on deep end sometimes
Handle that case by case
Know they want me make the same face, oh
Without a trace, eh
Without a trace, eh
Without a...

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