

I'm Good

Jack Harlow

Wondering how the fuck this shit gon' pan out
All my life I been a sniper in the city I been camped out
They been searching for a hand-out
Prolly heard I was a man now
Like a sneaky pedophile that steady lurking with his pants down
They been fucking with the kid, yeah the youngin' is legit
Ace Pro up on production he be coming with the hits
Now she come in to the crib
Got your boyfriend sensing danger
Know my pull-out game is strong
Just tell him we were playing Jenga
Working on escaping my destiny in the cubicle
Recipe for success is just blessing, beats, and a studio
People are fucking twisted, can't never seem to get through to them
Tell me you want me dead but say Rest in Peace at my funeral
Damn, I wish I could call you
These are days I'm gon be looking back on with some nostalgia
But now it seems like you want someone different to call up
And kiss and just ball up and cuddle with
I miss you it's awful

Well I'm good, yeah I'm good
As the time goes by
But I wish I could tell you that I don't mind
If it's wrong, then it's wrong
I hope I know right
I've been searching for someone that I won't find
But I'm good, yeah I'm good
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I been searching for my mother's son
Only got one brother, so I'm talking bout the other one
Trying to keep it friendly with these people getting cumbersome
Y'all keep talking pressure like I'm really out here under some
I'm the future wave creator
Making music, making memories, 'ventually we making paper
Please don't ask your boy for shit
Just ride my dick and thank me later
I ain't got no tips to give you like I fucking hate my waiter
Let's take a trip, yeah
But I don't give a damn about the beach
I'm in Atlanta for the week and we got plans to fucking eat
I'm in the hotel with my brodies doing damage on these beats
I'm writing shit that got that bounce that make you stand up in your seat
Chicken and Waffles
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