

# It Can't Be

Jack Harlow

Huh, huh, huh, huh, what's that?  
Huh, huh, what's that?  
Huh, huh, what's that?

It must be my skin  
I can't think of any other reason I'd win  
I can't think of an explanation  
It can't be the years of work I put in  
It can't be the way that I've stuck with the same friends  
It can't be the swag I got when I walk in  
It can't be

It can't be the way that I treat people  
Or how I make time to see people  
And make sure that they feel like we equals  
It can't be the smile  
It can't be the eye contact with these crowds  
It can't be my pen  
It can't be these verses that make people feel like I'm talking to them  
It can't be the homage I paid  
Nights when I coulda left the studio early but I stayed  
It can't be the tone of my voice  
It can't be the thought I put into every choice  
It can't be the Jeep instead of the Rolls Royce  
It can't be the Tribe, and the Biggie and the Nas  
The Outkast, and the Missy in my iPod  
It can't be the absence of any facade  
It can't be the nonstop hometown pride  
So I guess

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It can't be the way that I've stuck with the  
Same friends  
It can't be the swag I got when I walk in  
It can't be

It can't be some understanding of branding  
Or maybe that I'm outstanding  
Or all the South American fans that meet me at the airport upon landing  
It can't be my aunties and grannies and every other woman in my family that  
raised me to be  
Upstanding  
It can't be that I simply make ear Candy  
Especially when the industry could just plant me  
Especially when I didn't grow up on Brandy  
Especially when I'm having dinner in Frankfort with Andy  
It can't be a bit of good karma  
It can't be the way they all say that's he's a charmer  
It can't be the lack of chinks in my armor  
It can't be the poise when them boys try to harm us  
It can't be that we built something to be a part of  
It can't be the way that every beat gets barred up  
So I guess

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