

## Power Tools

Jack Harlow

Check this out

Bitch I'm from the 502 and I rep it to the fullest  
Feeling like it wouldn't hurt to step in front of bullets  
I'm the man now you the type to Instagram pictures  
With your hand up on the trigger but you never want to pull it  
But yo, I'm not gettin' mixed up in that racket  
It's intimidating, I'm just trying to pick apart the madness  
I'm just wondering where you kids are getting semi-automatics  
Do your parents buy them for you just to give to ya'll as presents  
I'm just curious, but Ima get back to this rappin'  
And talk about the fact I'm doing shit you can't imagine  
Ask your Mom about me homie  
She been giving me that action  
Had a thing ever since she used to pick me up from practice  
But I'm done with asking questions  
I'm usually pretty cautious but tonight I'm acting reckless  
And I know the clock is ticking on my youth and adolescence  
I feel like if I just blink it could be gone in half a second  
So I, take advantage of these moments 'fore I lose them  
And the mood to be rebellious even I know it's stupid  
I don't know what's on my mind right now  
I'm hoping I don't lose it  
Just came up in this bitch to go and show you how I do it  
H-A-R-L-O-W  
If I want it then I got it what the Hell you gonna do  
She told me that I'm handsome and I'm hella fucking cute  
Know these fellas can't believe it, but I'm telling y'all the truth  
Take her so quick they gon' call that shit burglary  
And I'm so finally handsome thought I got plastic surgery  
Tell them take a pool of bleach  
And have a shot glass of mercury  
You wanna see me quit  
You prolly gonna have to murder me but  
Please don't, I like living all this  
Rhyme spinning gotta fellas mind spinning  
Got ya girl up in my whip she wanna take a ride in it  
Couple hours go by she asking, "What time is it?"  
Uh, she said I'm nerdy but attractive and I'm charming  
Yeah she liked 'fore she heard I was a rapper  
This my life and I'm just living 'fore we turn to the next chapter  
Scheming like a stallion steady lurking in the patches  
Wishing that my first name coulda been Lorenzo  
Mixtape dropped but I'm still getting friendzoned  
Mixtape dropped but I still haven't hit though  
At this point I'm praying for some neck no lymph-nodes  
Spit flow, get dough  
That is the career path  
Told them I'm a rapper, but they ain't tryna hear that  
Clear path to the destination I've been dreaming 'bout  
If you got directions for me go ahead and leave them out  
I'm trying to focus on what matters to me  
I understand the value of a Masters degree  
But that ain't for me  
Nah it just ain't cool and just like everybody else  
Man I hate school, this shit is wack  
Every single day is like Hell for me

Sitting there for seven hours waiting for a bell to ring  
Honestly it's not like I'm not trying to learn  
It's that the school system's killing my desire to learn  
But I ain't one to talk about taking action  
Cause if I really cared I would make it happen  
The less I fuck around then the more I know  
But I refuse to buckle down for a 4.0  
Cause I been looking but I haven't found me any patience for  
Anything that has to do with balancing equations or  
Stoichiometry, Pythagorean theorem  
I'm, looking at my teacher but don't actually hear them  
To be honest with you  
I've been feeling like a misfit  
I know my life passion and I really think I'm gifted  
I know my teacher thinks that I must really be dipshit  
I guess I got to show em what's really realistic

Really realistic  
Guess I got to show what's really realistic  
Bitch I'm from the 502  
Reppin' to the fullest  
H-A-R-L-O-W