

Routine

Jack Harlow

I was pillow talking with my ex, she said you not how I remember you
Lost inside the sexting, I forgot who I was ventin' to
My homie's favorite rapper Kanye West since we was little
So I knew that boy a motherfuckin' dropout 'fore he went to school
My shit too clean, turned this to a routine
Yeah, I turned this to a routine
Boy, my shit too clean, turned this to a routine
Yeah I turned this to a routine

Take me out of this coma
Tell me now who this person is
Take back my diploma
Lord knows I ain't earn that shit
In the field with them cobras
In the field like it's first and ten
Momma catch my aroma, know my company on that herbal shit
Ain't been home in two weeks
Turn this beat to looseleaf
Going through the mood swings when you care more
She don't make time when she got time we just facetime
But she beautiful, like real talk though
She come right after that 8-9 so I'm stuck on her
I'm so gone off her
Might lay in bed with some other girl and talk about her after I bust on her
Like, what you think I should do?

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Might hit your girl on my daily schedule
Hit the gas, I'm gon' break the pedal
Don't hit my phone 'cause I'm changing levels
Just because we talk and I ain't made a move to get up in your pants don't make you special
I got the pistol though, shit can fit ya throat, just in case you wanna taste the metal
You ain't have to say all that
Damn it, I been on my shit
Since about 11 years old I been setting these goals and I handle them like it ain't shit
My mom introduced me to Outkast and I done examined Aquemini since
I'm in the pocket, they sending the blitz
Know I'm gon' scramble and head for the fence
I done ran through about every option
Don't ask about me, I'm very modest
When I'm in that thing, know I'm cherry poppin'
When I'm in my bag, that's Marry Poppins
Blue and black 1600s, need the blue stacks that's gon' keep coming
I put that on my damn city 'fore I move back and then refund it

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