

Same Routine

Jack Harlow

Uh
Yo

I woke up this morning feeling relatively tired
And my head falling flatter than some hella empty tires
But she tellin' me I'm flyer, I'm the element of fire
And it's helpin' me to feel myself, as self esteem gets higher, uh
Poundin' the drum, Algebra 1
Never in my life heard the sound of a gun
But I'm out on a hunt, still out on a run
Pound of the sun weighin' down on my lungs
86 in June, and I hate that I'm in school
One more day until I boost, got some things I gotta do, uh
Good luck tryna find a boy hot as this
'Cause I'm tryna be the key, Stoyanovich
Go and drop a hit so they jockin' it
Then try to tell me you not convinced
In my room for hours straight
Got me feelin' out of date
Class room feel like outer space
Every day's about the same

Got the same routine every day this week
Good chance it'll be the same next week
All I'm really tryna do is stay asleep
Livin' this life but it ain't for me
Everything the same now, every single day now
All I'm really tryna do is figure everything out
Stand up, lay down, same bed, same house
Chained up life style, know I'm 'bout to break out
Right now I'm waking up at 6 in the morn'
Mom gets pissed and she kicks in the door
Home from school watching clips of the porn
Doin' homework, I don't get what it's for
Everything the same now, every single day now
All I'm really tryna do is figure everything out
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Let's take a look at what's on the agenda for today
I procrastinate on some homework instead of gettin' it out the way
Uh, boy got heat for the masses
'Cause my voice sound be so attractive
Y'all enjoy T.V. while I practice
Y'all can't join my league with this rappin', uh
Piss so clear I can see my reflection
Pray to god she don't see my erection
Lately spent my free time flexin'
On the mic 'til they see my direction
Know what's up when I'm rollin' up and you livin' life to its emptiest
Envious 'cause my pen be sick
Chicken scratch is my penmanship
Eat a plate of them Zebra® Cakes
Ain't seein' straight but I'm feelin' great
I can see the day that my dreams is made
I got a method, man, I'm 'bout to bring the pain
Yes indeed but it's my destiny

But these teachers are still testin' me
Can't work in no cubicle so this flow I spit's a necessity

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