

## State Fair

Jack Harlow

My pet peeve is a camera in my face  
Have you ever heard of personal space?  
I walk around town in a hoodie and some shades  
But now they startin' to recognize the shades  
Even if you hate me, you would trade  
You would live this life too 'cause I got it made  
I like my bed made, soon enough, I'll have a maid  
When I buy a house, every surface gon' be sued  
But for now, I got a concierge downstairs  
All my neighbors are gray-haired  
They don't recognize me and I don't think they care  
But my Postmates can't believe that I stay here (Fuck)  
I wanna go back to Kentucky and shut down the state fair  
Visit my old teachers and tell 'em to take care  
I might take a whip instead of payin' the plane fare  
I still remember the way there  
Ain't a girl in my hometown I can't have now  
Buy a building in cash, ain't puttin' half down  
The hate used to get to me, I just laugh now  
Yeah, they fuckin' with Jack now  
Look how they act now  
Look how they act now  
Look how they act now  
Look how they act now  
They fuckin' with Jack now, they fuckin' with-

Mmm, pshh

Baby, I'm comin' home, I know the kids miss me  
I need some time with my friends to sip whiskey  
I spent the last twelve months locked in  
But tonight, I'm content with existing  
2015, we was on that Pen Griffey  
I wanted what he had, but the shoes didn't fit me  
Now the city with me and I got the kids listening  
And I'm a smooth operator by instinct  
Word to Sade, walkin' 'round broad day  
Like hey, with the windows down, I'm on Broadway  
And it was just a day ago, I was in Daygo like the damn Padres  
Now I'm at my grandparents' lettin' my grandpa say  
What he wants to say  
'Cause nowadays, I'm in the paper once a day  
And it ain't always positive, it's a bunch of things  
But fuck it, man, I done graduated from younger days  
And if I ain't runnin' things, soon, I'll be runnin' things  
I'm an artist, man, you just make fun of things  
I'm the hardest, man, y'all don't know what to say  
This album's a museum, so please don't touch a thing  
It's okay to give me props, don't make it such a pain  
It's okay to give me top, don't make it such a thing  
Don't get offended if we met and I say, "What's your name?"  
I been flyin' 'round the country for three hundred days  
But I ain't 'bout to justify how I adjust to fame  
Fuck the fame, from the jump, we ain't been cut the same  
I got so much, but I still think about what's unobtained  
Never been the type for wantin' things  
I want power (I want power)

I want my life to speed up a couple miles per hour  
I want my dogs to know that this shit is ours  
I want respect, I don't want flowers  
I know they gon' quote this  
The flow don't make no sense, the pocket is potent  
It used to be potential, but now it's some grown shit  
Damn, that boy floatin', he treat them beats like they oceans  
All these people wanna greet like we old friends  
I ain't holdin' back, tell the media, "Hold this"  
I know I said I miss you, but I secretly don't miss  
I got stories and I'm bringin' 'em home with me

(Gangsta)