

Sundown

Jack Harlow

I'm off a tab of that synthetic
Sundown, forty-five minutes 'til this shit set in (Whoop!)
Checking for the kid, I had to chin check him
Big mood, and we teach 'em big lessons over here (Over here!)
2fo coming heavy like we bench pressing
And I'm gon' deliver every time just like a sent message (Yuh!)
In the south and I'm feeling like a pimp
You a simp, I don't feel bad for you, I ain't sympathetic (Hey!)
)

I just hit the peak, got the kids sweatin'
Out of town chick, tryin' tell her what a Big Red is
I'm a Kentucky boy 'til the death
Go and get it through your head until it's motherfuckin' embeded (Hey!)
She said that I'm full of myself
Go ahead and bust it open I'ma show you what a big head is (Oh yeah!)
Half of us ain't even got a whip and we tryin' grip grain
First step is go and get breaded
Hit you with the words of wisdom (Ooh!)
New Balance on me while I'm searching for sum'
Trying to touch me out in public 'cause they heard I'm the one
I peel off like my skin when it get burned in the sun (Skrt!)
Self conscious, face blush with ease
Levis put a taper on my dungarees
But I'm still on the block when its a-hundred-three
And humid in the city, but I'm sitting comfortably, yeah (Hey!)

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