

# Tightrope

Jack Harlow

Tightrope

All of this shit, off the top rope  
Praying we land, I got high hopes  
Know where we going, just drive slow  
Knew she the one, she brought 5 more  
We heading right to the condo  
Speeding, just look at the console  
Ending the night like it's bravo

Got me, got me

I need options

Pizza vert

No toppings

Follow me, follow me

I'm on island

I got fantasy

Need therapy

Probably

I need better things

Recipe

Currency

Don't mean much, guess we'll see

Fairy tale making ends meet

Find the time as I dig deep

Got that shit out my system

All this shit, off my ribs feel

This episode need a re-run

How you feel, how you feel

YSL you can tell

If she ain't naked, I don't care

Late night in her feels

I be back I don't care

Blow it all that's a risk

How you feel, how you feel

Could give a fuck about the shit

My bitch sidekick

Steering wheel vice grip

Good brain ideas

All I wrote type shit

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Momma called  
Asked me if it's worth it to me  
I'll be honest, not at all  
This ain't what I thought it was  
I guess don't get me wrong, I know I'm blessed  
Sometimes I'm tempted just to hit that fucking ganja for the stress, but  
I make that pussy my getaway vehicle  
She give it up, but she wish I was dateable  
I don't say much when I notice the pain on her face  
It reminds me of kids I would see in school  
Empathy coming in waves  
Then it just tends to be something that fades  
Me, I been searching for something that lasts  
Don't want no remedy numbing the pain  
Told me her wrist is in love with the blade  
Damn, I wish there was something I could say  
I know this life doesn't come with a key  
I know the kitchen don't come with a maid  
I got the hits they be wanting to play  
Fuck with the vision is what they gon' say  
Whether it's positive or that shits negative  
Bet they go mention my mothafuckin' name  
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