

# Tranquility

Jack Harlow

2500 plus a couple utilities  
Fuck it, I'll pay it just to keep the tranquility  
Fuck it, I love you, I'll do anything for you  
Cept settle down with you  
I don't want nobody grilling me  
Y'all boys lame shit killing me  
Need to be reintroduced to humility  
I ain't lookin for no hip hop credibility  
Give a fuck who feelin me, I'm feelin me  
I'm really him, I'm really that remedy  
Himothy Chalamet, pretty girls salivate  
On the low, off the grid, in the cut, out the way  
My prime's in full swing like a Calaway  
I need a dime every dollar New Balance makes  
Ain't bout to let the world take my smile away  
People that betrayed me don't even fuckin know that I know  
It's something that I just file away  
Lost a few m's on the festival  
Okay, and I can't wait to do the second one  
All these little high heels sittin in the vestibule  
Woke up to her best friend sleeping on the sectional  
Fans still say they miss Jack with the spectacles  
Last project I was giving you conceptual  
Next project I'll be giving you exceptional  
Fuck everybody, got me on some pansexual  
Julie Greenwald askin if I'm on schedule  
Label ready for the next record, I'll let you know  
Bout to ask Ed Sheeran what they gave him  
Last time that he went to negotiate the decimals  
Every day I grow a little accessible  
Less of a people pleaser, less flexible  
More simplistic, soulful, less technical  
The world's my oyster  
I'm bout to get my dog a perpetual  
I don't know why some of y'all skeptical  
Maybe cause we got the same passion  
But you never went professional  
I just know it's something bout me that's detestable  
New G Wagon that bitch is electrical  
The hate got to me  
But I had to act straight, like I'm tryna seem hetero  
Used to kill locals, now the crime scene federal  
I'm proud of what we done, but I'm tryna be better though  
Cause I don't think I've really made nothing incredible  
Lot of hard verses and a couple regrettable  
As far as big records go  
Yeah I got a few of those  
But I ain't done nothing indisputable  
Maybe I'm delusional  
I just left the old me's funeral  
I would turn the camera on and give you more of me like I used to do  
But something about it don't seem suitable  
Something about selling myself feels so juvenile  
400 degrees out my knees out  
Walking round Louisville  
Life's beautiful when every impulse you have is quite doable  
I'mma keep telling the truth as per usual