

TURN HEEL

Jesse Rutherford

(Rockstar)

(Ma-mama-ma)

Mama said my first word was Iggy, that's silly
Somehow I'm really
A self-made rock and roll star like Ziggy
No biggie, how'd I get this jiggy?
Ever since my first ciggie got litty, no kidding
Been smokin' like Jimmy
Friends with celebrities, no really
I just got a text from Billie Eilish

Watch me pave the way, got mileage
Didn't hear it coming, moving silent
Recoup the contract, now I'm feeling Irish
Independence Day, like the Fourth of July
Cue the sirens, now it's my time, no sidekick, I win
Do it on my own, no stylist
Timing couldn't be better, I'm smiling
Now my vision's clearer, like a diamond, look into my iris
You can see my truth, got nothing to prove
I already got a hit or two, ooh, I can't lose
Switch my style, but I keep my point of view
And I'm cute, wink, smooch
Turn to camera, little smile, point and shoot (Ah-ah)
This shit feels like I'm 'bout to turn heel
Now my bank account is looking surreal
Jesse James back on the run
Hit the fadeaway and one
(Jesse James back on the run)
(Hit the fadeaway and one)

(Ma-mama-ma)

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(It's Jesse, baby)