

Backstage passes-EST Gee Lyrics

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“Backstage passes”

[Intro]

(Pooh, you a fool for this one)

[Verse 1: Jack Harlow]

I became what you fantasized about becomin'
Had to quit sendin' music out, 'cause somebody fucked around, leaked
somethin'

Every girl that I mess with know what's up, but they keep comin'
Pretty sure, at this point, they don't wanna know the secrets I keep from
'em

Put your phone down and be somethin', 25 and you broke (Broke)
Talkin' 'bout me on the internet, but you dapped me up when we spoke
(Fake)

I don't know if I'm genius, but I definitely had a few strokes (Uh)
Real rap, not jokes (Mmm), dress like I'm at Oakes (Ayy)
Seer suckin' my coat (Coat), daycare in her throat (Yeah)
Hit songs in my notes (Ooh), hit notes like, "Don't" (Don't)
I just got in my zone (Zone), had to let it be known (Known)
Brought her out, she got flown (Boom), unspoken, we bone
Fell in love with my tone, airplane on my phone
Floatin' off the Patrón, in the club and I'm stoned
Used to curve me in the tenth grade, now things changed, I'm grown
I ain't gettin' dethroned, hit the gas and I'm gone
(Hit the gas and I'm gone, gone), I'm the one that put the city on

[Chorus: EST Gee & Jack Harlow]

Yeah, I'm the one that got the city known off of turkey bags and I'm in it for
'em

I'm the one that gave us big records, I done fucked around and got my
Guinness on

Yeah, in the city I be buildin' hoes, put butt shots and her titties on
Me though, I like natural, fifty bands in the satchel

Yeah, me and just Jerry actually, and she saved my number under Daddy

Used to do field trips up to Gatti's, used to do road trips to the natty
And don't take no pics and don't at me, I take you to the show to meet
Jackie (To the show to meet Jackie)

These girls'll do anythin' for some backstage passes (Yeah, yeah)

[Verse 2: EST Gee]

Yeah, lights, camera, action (Lights, camera, action)

Don't stop, keep goin', its relaxin' (Stop, keep goin')

You ain't comin' on tour, how you actin'? (Comin' on tour)

She seen my Con', got to ask me (She seen my Con')

Yeah, this Aventador, not a 'Vette

I ain't went platinum, I go jet

But I'm still livin' life, no sweat

Came in the coupe, the Rolls truck next

Another quarter million on the list (Quarter million on the—)

He got upsheer, no text

Pretty sure he know what's next (He know what's—)

I told her "More spit, baby, more lick" (Spit, baby, more)

You ain't know I leave 'cause I'm born sexy

If you didn't know, now you know (Didn't know, now you—)

Move with a young hood nigga, hope

One-fifty for a local show (Fifty for a show)

I'm the fox, they just took the smoke (I'm the fox, nigga)

We all know who hate me the most (Y'all know who hate me the—)

All the lame niggas that's broke (All the lame niggas that's—)

From the black sheep to the G.O.A.T. (From the black sheep to the—)

I was just microwavin' my dope (I was just microwavin' my dope)

Since the white Rollie' and the Rolls (White Rollie and the—)
Like my food with a sad Coke (Food with a sad—)
I ain't gotta say much, y'all know (Say much, y'all—)

[Chorus: EST Gee & Jack Harlow]

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