

Nail Tech - Jack Harlow Lyrics

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"Nail Tech"

Mm-mm, mm, mm-mm

Tss

My nail tech knows how to keep a lil' secret

I don't wish for my success, I speak it

I caught a buzz, and you did too, but you tweakin'

I look like I been gettin' money, I reek it

You smell me, that's LV

Walkin' 'round with my chest out and my skin smooth, I'm healthy

I'm in the mix and I'm handshakin', but most of y'all can't help me (nah)

Most of y'all ain't wealthy (nope), most of y'all just dress like it

I caught the vibe that y'all givin' off and I'm tryna make myself less like it

This chick got a lil' Porsche body, I might let the bro test-drive it

It's hard for me to get excited, I love music and stress 'bout it

My city haulin', I'm cosignin' this wave, comin' up next out it

Ridin' 'round in the shotgun in her Tesla

Hangin' both of my legs out it, like "What's up?" (What's up?)

I got stakes and they too high now, I can't fuck up (can't fuck up)

I like girls that's down to earth, so don't be stuck up (stuck up)

I don't take L's, I give 'em out and I chuck 'em up

First listen they hearin' this shit, like, "What the fuck?"

Ten toes, that's my MO

Fam over 'Gram, that's my MO (on my mama)

Fuck a close friends, I got friends that I keep close

And they let it go while I reload

Like baow, baow, baow

TSA just opened my book bag up

And my chain hittin' like

Baow, baow, baow, baow

The king's back in his hometown

When them wheels hit and I touch down they

Baow, baow, baow, baow

She down low, three point stance

I'm back there doin' Jack dance like

Baow, baow, baow, baow

And I'm not no fashionista, but I'm fly though (but I'm fly)

And I know I gave up drinkin', but I'm high though (but I'm high)

I told her, "I don't cum from head, but you can try though" (you can try)

I'm not on top of this shit yet, but I'm that guy though

I take a look 'round at my comp and it's just, uh (ooh)

Wide open, big whippin', it slide open (mm-mm)
I notice they treat me like I'm chosen (I'm chosen)
Eyes open, heart clean and my mind focused
This shit just keeps goin' how I wrote it
How the hell could you doubt us?
I mean, back then, it made sense, but it's like, now what?
Now they down to come 'round just to be 'round us
You ain't one of my dawgs, why do you hound us?
It's very few of you I like
But it's a whole lot of y'all I don't trust
'Cause ten toes, that's my MO
Fam over 'Gram, that's my MO
Fuck a close friends, I got friends that I keep close
And they let it go while I reload
Like baow, baow, baow
TSA just opened my book bag up
And my chain hittin' like
Baow, baow, baow, baow
The king's back in his hometown
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