

2STYLISH

Jack Harlow

Too stylish

She too fly

Make me lose balance

Back it up, like we taking over for the '99

And the 2000's

The city that's mine

I need a new challenge

I can't tell if you 'bout it

I doubt it

Baddies at the club and they got ya boy surrounded

She want me to pound it

Said she want my kids but they grounded

I been staying focused, got me celibate

I could be selling dick

Now I'm in my element

Y'all boys irrelevant

Me and Jenius we got hella hits

I don't know what jealous is

Cause I ain't never felt the shit

Feeling like myself again

Feeling like the man

I got some stories I can tell my kids
You got some stories you can tell your friends
About my grace and my elegance

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She on that Smirnoff Ice
Get right to it we don't turn off lights
She done got some money now she wear Off White
Off of the white, got her turnt all night
All right (All right)
Them boys said on sight It's all lies
Big dog to these small fries
10s with me, you got all 5s
I might be the greatest all time

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