

WHATS POPPIN

Jack Harlow

What's poppin'
Brand new whip just hopped in
I got options
I could pass that b**ch like Stockton
Just joshin'
I'ma spend this holiday locked in
My body got rid of them toxins
SportsCenter, top ten I could put the ball in the end zone
Put a bad b**ch in the friendzone, ooh
This s**t sound like an intro
Jetson, give me that tempo, ooh
Told Pooh he a fool with this s**t
Told her don't let her friend know
In the 'ville and I move like a Don
Eating fettuccine at Vincenzo's
Me and my 'migos got that free smoke
In the West Coast, yeah
I'm talking 'bout pre-rolls
Dark haired b**ch and she look like she go
Hometown hero feeling myself
Can't murder my ego
She heard of my deep stroke
She said, babe, does it hurt when I deep throat
Certified freak, ho
Hang around us and she learnin' my lingo
Back then wasn't worried 'bout me though
In the gym tryna work on my free throw
Goddamn
Spending money at the club like Sam's
Yes ma'am, she a lil' freak on cam
But she don't put this on the 'Gram
Lil' boys tryna diss on the 'Gram
I can't switch on the fam
S**t's hot hit the switch on the fan
This where my head is I feel resentment from every direction
Even some homies be wearing expressions
I be discouraged from sharing my blessings
We used to share a connection
Now it just feels like it's wearing and stretching
I'm getting real sick of taking advice
From people that never could stare at reflections
Somewhere in there is a lesson

Y'all ain't evolvin' it's very depressing
I'm at the club with the basketball team
Me and the Cardinals are sharing a section Gotta cherish the present
I'm drinking water and wearing protection
Got a career and I'm very invested
Some people call it a scary obsession
I like to call it a passion I can't be sitting relaxin'
PG we getting some traction
I'm at the venue it's packed in
I'm digging her accent I got a B.B. Simon belt on me
And she tryna get it unfastened
That's my type of distraction
That's my type and she Latin
Got my own flow and I'm 'bout to get a patent
Brand new sheets for the bed they satin
Y'all wasn't tuned in back then
My swag they keep jackin'
I ain't doin' no verse quit askin' What's poppin'
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I got options
I could pass that b**ch like Stockton
Just joshin'
I'ma spend this holiday locked in
My body got rid of them toxins
SportsCenter, top ten...

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>