Racks On Racks

Yc

YC!
(What you got?) Racks on racks on racks
(He got) Racks on racks on racks
(We got) Racks on racks on racks
(Leggo)
(Hey) We got racks on racks on racks
(She got) Racks on racks on racks
(They got) Racks on racks on racksGot campaign goin' so strong
Gettin' brain when I'm talkin' on the phone
Spendin' money when your money is long
Real street niggas, ain't no clone
We at the top where we belong
Drink lean, rose, Patron
Smokin' on a thousand dollars worth strong
When the club 'bout to hear this songWe got racks on racks on racks (Racks)
Racks on racks on racks (Racks)
Racks on racks on racks (Racks)
Got racks on racks on racksGot racks on racks on racks (Racks)
Racks on racks on racks (Racks)
Racks on racks on racks
Nigga, I ain't even tryna hold backYCStill fresh, yeah, and in my Trues
Iced out, okay, cool
Trapped up, know I keep that tool
That racks on racks so ma'fuckin' fool
All around the globe, bein' on TV
Everywhere you look, you see YC
Hatin'-ass niggas just wishin' they were me
YC, YC, YC
Way too big for my ma'fuckin' jeans
I'm so fly I don't even got wings
Eyes real low, just blame it on the green
Girl cut up, got lean on lean
That shoebox shit, over with
She put it on the rack, won't notice it
My bank 'count, commas all over it
Racks on racks on racksYoung JeezyYoung, if it's convertible, then how is it a hardtop?
Bitch, I hit one button, my roof open like a hard spot
Make me throw my diamonds up, bitch, my life was hard knock
Had so much kush and Ciroc, bitch, I think my heart stop

Every night's a weekend, every day's a Friday night
You ain't seen nothin' yet, bitch, this just my Friday ice
'87, brick fare, yeah, I'm talkin' thirty racks
All I sold is hundos, where the fuck my twenties at?Wiz KhalifaRacks on, racks off, see that blonde stripper, my hat's off
Lookin' at my Rollie, 'bout thirty grand what that cost
Smoke like I'm in Cali, fuck takin' flight, I blast off
Niggas talkin' tattooes, we should have a tat-off
Got racks on racks on racks, naps on naps on naps
Just made a mill, count another mill, so put that on top of that
Way back in 2004, I told 'em it was a wrap
Now my life ain't my life no more, I told you, nigga, it's a wrap
Oooh, you claim you a dog, my nigga, I'm the vet
We can't even talk 'less you got the check, I guess that's why all of these niggas get bent
They said "Fuck a young nigga, fuck a young nigga"
I know it's some girls in the crowd right now who wanna fuck a young nigga
I roll one and roll another one bigger
Niggas thinkin' they sick, well, I'm sicker
I'ma smoke my weed and I'ma drink my liquor
Better make sure you fuck your girl right 'fore I dick her
DownWaka Flocka Flame(Flocka!)
I got racks on top of racks (Uh!), stacks on top of stacks (Uh!)
Bands on top of bands (Uh!), got me fuckin' her (Uh!) and her friends (Flocka!)
Bad boys don't do papers (Flex!), that was just for (Flex!) my haters (Clap!)
(Clap, clap, go, go, go, go, go, Flocka!) Clap two times if you druuuunk
Got a bad bitch from the U.K. (Okay!)
She do everything I say (Okay!)
Go crazy when she hear music (Grove Street!)
She got "Grove St." on replay (Flocka!)
Got racks you don't understand (Uh-huh)
Money long from here to Japan (Uh-huh)
Know it good when she go no hands
Girl, you got me in a tranceGot campaign goin' so strong
Gettin' brain when I'm talkin' on the phone
Spendin' money when your money is long
Real street niggas, ain't no clone
We at the top where we belong
Drink lean, rose, Patron
Smokin' on a thousand dollars worth strong
When the club 'bout to hear this songWe got racks on racks on racks (Racks)
Racks on racks on racks (Racks)
Racks on racks on racks (Racks)
Got racks on racks on racksGot racks on racks on racks (Racks)
Racks on racks on racks (Racks)
Racks on racks on racks

Nigga, I ain't even tryna hold backCyhi The PrynceGot racks on racks on racks, y'all rap so wack on wax
Purple by the pound, that's that Flacco, haaaa
I make big plays, I got big chips
Blue money like six Crips
Switch gears like stick shifts
Fresh as hell, no Big Kipp
We buy cars, y'all flip whips
Catch us smokin' that quick trip
Pitch piff, that's a handspring
I like to call that a quick flip
Pull triggers like hamstrings
Boy, I'm doin' my damn thing
Baby blood with them bricks, pimp
Get off a key like I can't sing
Got the seven on me like big jersey
Ridin' round, and this bitch dirty
I'm the best, hands down
They nicknamed me 6:30
I'm wit' Young Dose and YC
Readell Road, that's my street
Ask around on the Eastside
I'm the s-h-i-tBun BBun B, I'm underground king
In the candy-painted car on swang
With the top on drop and the trunk on pop
Boy, you can't tell me a damn thang
Fifth wheel on the back just hang
Hit corners, hit licks, hit stains
With the grill in the front, wood wheel in the blunts
You're on neon lights in my bank
Yeah, I rep that P-A-T
One hundred, yeah, that's me
If you don't recognize, you gon' see
I'm a straight-up trill OG
In a black-on-black-on-black
Cadillac, like a Mack on clacks
Try to jack and I will attack
It's a fact that I ain't givin' up my stacks like thatB.o.BCall me Bobby Ray, but it's not two names
Flyin' through the city, all-black, Bruce Wayne
No, not bombs over Baghdad
But on the track, you can call me Hussein
That's why they nervous, hmmm, like I'm flyin' on the plane with a turban
But I'm fly, y'all just turbulence, exit row, emergency (Mayday!)
As a kid, I was struck by lightning, it's no wonder I'm electrifying
Fuck a brainstorm, I'll fuck around and cause a power outage
And it ain't no rivals, if it was, it'd be no survivors

Just gimme a hour, I'll light it up like an Eiffel TowerYo GottiGot bills on top of bills, scales on top of scales
I'm Mr. All White, got yell' on top of yell'
Got pills all on my phone, these niggas know I'm wrong
Said 50 for a song, and they won't leave me 'lone
Gotta front me a brick, that ain't nothin' to you
Just ran through a ticket, there ain't nothin' to do
Yeah, I love these streets like I love the booth
Mr. Cocaine Music, I'm 100 proof
Got white on white on white, ice on ice on ice
And when I'm in the club it look like lights on lights on lightsGot campaign goin' so strong
Gettin' brain when I'm talkin' on the phone
Spendin' money when your money is long
Real street niggas, ain't no clone
We at the top where we belong
Drink lean, rose, Patron
Smokin' on a thousand dollars worth strong
When the club 'bout to hear this songWe got racks on racks on racks (Racks)
Racks on racks on racks (Racks)
Racks on racks on racks (Racks)
Got racks on racks on racksGot racks on racks on racks (Racks)
Racks on racks on racks (Racks)
Racks on racks on racks
Nigga, I ain't even tryna hold backWaleRacks on racks on racks, I'm tryna smash and not call back
My name Wale, you so silly, wet my willie, might call you a cab
Yeah, ridin' around wit' that reefer scent, ridin' around with Ms. Reece and them
When I'm in the groove, I can freak a tune, I'm smoother than alopecia skin
I shows out, like dope when I put that flow down
Like soap when I put my clothes on, I'm jokin', but I be Foamed out
And all she want is more bags, but all I want is more 1s
I told her "Bring that money back" like all them racks is Nordstrom'sCory GunzThe tracks on snack off raps, see stacks from back of my slacks
From the X to the MACs in the Ac, if I ain't strapped, then the gats on scat
Then he black on 'em like Tae Bo, then he clap on 'em like bravo
Throw sacks on 'em like y'all hoes, got racks on 'em like tight hoes
Young Money, Cash Money so strong, keep scorin', I'ma bring it on home
Those Xans and the lean cause zones, somethin' tan with a mean jawbone
Worldwide, but I got fourth ways, one hat carry like four blades
Petey Pop Off, RIP, free Lou, been lootin' money since like fourth grade
I'm the shit nowadays, so they wave, no whips, no chains, I'm a slave
Let you niggas know Milita my gang, MCN if you was thinkin' it's a game
See me with the twin, buck a shimmy with the gauge
Wasn't bustin' Jimmy, I'd be busy gettin' paid
Goin' for the grips every day 'til the grave
I be worried about chips, you be worried about the Lay's
BitchDoseGot Activist in my Sprite, Benjamins in my Robins

Frank Muller wit' flooded ice, but I still got my brightness
In the fast lane, gettin' slow brain in a 2012 Maserati
I'm kickin', pimpin', like Liu Kang, my coupe smokin' like Friday
Puffin' on that garlic, sick off all the Marley
Inked up on my hands and arms, got them jams in my pocket
Shout out to Sha Money, signed me in a hurry
Daddy was a kingpin, a couple milli buried
Nigga, you ain't talkin' nothin', all in Flight Corps stuntin'
These exclusive 7s, pay 400 for the Jordans
No, you can't afford 'em, sharper than a swordsman
Racks on racks, our campaign strong, and YC like my brotherCory MoCatch me in the city with the trunk on crack
Top dropped down, black on black
Fistful of wood, twisted for the good
Check my bank account, got racks on racks
Look around, fool, got a wall full of plaques
Platinum and gold, you gots to love that
Posted up just like a thumbtack
Better hide ya ho, 'cause she bound to get snatched
H-Town, Texas to ATL
She got a fat ass, she prolly know me well
Keep it on the low, never kiss and tell
True player, Cory Mo cold as hell
Shows to do, got records to sell
Got a whole lotta BMI checks in the mail
If ballin' was a crime, I'd be in jail
Locked up for double life like "What the hell?"Got campaign goin' so strong
Gettin' brain when I'm talkin' on the phone
Spendin' money when your money is long
Real street niggas, ain't no clone
We at the top where we belong
Drink lean, rose, Patron
Smokin' on a thousand dollars worth strong
When the club 'bout to hear this songWe got racks on racks on racks (Racks)
Racks on racks on racks (Racks)
Racks on racks on racks (Racks)
Got racks on racks on racksGot racks on racks on racks (Racks)
Racks on racks on racks (Racks)
Racks on racks on racks
Nigga, I ain't even tryna hold backNellyYeah, they call me Country Grammar, my brother out the slammer
I'm crimson color painted, you can call that Alabama
I'm not from Alabama, but check out how I roll tide
He might have the same whip, but check out how I roll mine
Y'all niggas ain't no stars, y'all only in it for the cars
The sky is your limit, mayne, and mine somewhere 'bout Mars

I ride wit' them boys in the middle of the map
St. Louis, Detroit, Chi-town, Nap
Down to the Dirty, back up through the trap
But the money don't stack, man, money overlap
Yeah, y'all better watch it, mayne, right here we lock and load
Two things is for certain, mayne, and one thing is fa sho'
Got a house on hundred acres, I've never seen my neighbors
A chick in ATL and from Buckhead to Decatur
Now y'all better leave me alone, got license for my chrome
Don't lease or your mama phone talkin' 'bout "Yo' baby gone!"
Tell the truth, I ain't gon' lie, I got so many rides
Don't know which one I'ma drive, fuck it, I'm just gon' flyTwistaEverybody wanna hate because I'm on, blowin' head back, bottles by the zone
Twista finna get up on the track and spit it the way I do simp-a-ly because I like this song
When I step up out the Maserati car, gotta pull it, pull it, pull it, pull it from the jar
Then I blow, I'ma close out the par', wit' some killers and everybody know who we are
Get Money Gang steppin' through the do', Chi-cago, cago, cago
Anybody wanna get into it, come on and do it, for security, we gon' make 'em pull the flo'
Might as well get it off yo' chest, while everybody got ammunition on deck
I don't see them T-Dum-Izzle as a threat, 'cause I got racks on racks on racks
Oh, Twista, I see your future, finna shoot ya, I salute you if you could get at the general in my military
Racks and racks and tracks and stacks and gats, I could destroy an entire village when I kill and bury
'Cause I manipulate your molecular structure, other words, fill 'em up wit' holes
If you try to give it to me at the door, I just thought I had to let you knowBig Sean(I bet your bitch call me Big)
I got single bitches tryin', married bitches lyin'
I take 'em to the crib and leave our future in a condom
I wake up fresher than these motherfuckers as is
Look inside my closet, that shit look like it's Raks Fifth
Man, that's racks on racks on racks on top of packs on top of pounds
My chains is pow on pow on pow, I'm off them trees, no eye, no ow
I'm at the altar sayin' my vows to this Benjamin Franklin power
You buy her a house, I won't buy her a vowel, you fell in love, and I fell in her mouth
They called her Dickface, she called her connect
(Called her connect) You call her collect
I call to collect, no need for a pet
If I throw this paper, yo' bitch gon' fetch
(Do it!) B-i-g
And the track gon' be aight as long as we got me
(I do it)TraeI'm the hood if you wondered where I'm at (Where I'm at)
In the back of a Chevy that's all black (All black)
Racks on racks, I don't know how to act (Act)
Track and field with the birds, I'm runnin' 'em like track (Track)
Free throws of money, bet you can't blind (Blind)
King of the club, I bet you can't top (Top)
Bitch niggas hate the fact I get guap (Guap)

Or the fact when the money go up, it won't stop (Boy!)
I'm in the club, tryna show 'em how to stunt (Stunt)
Tryna pick up what I'm throw, it prolly take about a month (Month)
The club underwater, have 'em runnin' out the front
While I'm somewhere in the back, gettin' blowed like a blunt (Blunt)
No need to trip, you can tell 'em that I'm cool as hell (Cool as hell)
'Cause it's the case I know the pack of pumas well (Pumas well)
I'm a blood motherfucker, that dude'll tell (Dude'll tell)
Got 47 'neath the old-school as well (School as well)
I got lights on my wrist that'll flash like cop (Cops)
Couple of foreign cars that I ride no top (Tops)
Couple of whi-whips that I ride like yachts (Yachts)
A couple of haters lookin', I'm knowin' them niggas hot (Hot)
And tell 'em that I don't give a damn
Hard as a motherfucker, tell 'em I was HAM
Call it what you want, I'ma do it for the fam
Yeah, that's the type of nigga that I amAce HoodOkay, I'm back off into this bitch (This bitch!)
Wit' a cup, and it's full of that liq' (Hot!)
Got racks, ain't talkin' tits (Ew-way!)
Big stacks, no Lego bricks (Woo!)
Hit a trick and a fiendin' nigga got it
I keep that hottie, just look at her body (Hey!)
Blew twenty bands in that King of Diamonds
Sorry, that's just part of my hobby (Swoop!)
And I hear 'em feelin' my Florida swagger, so dope, shit, I sold y'all copies
That ice be onto my neck and wrist, now anybody wanna play some hockey
I'm that nigga in fact (In fact), paper tall as Shaq (Oh, boy!)
Blood, Sweat, and Tears, it'll be on your local Walmart rack
SoonGot campaign goin' so strong
Gettin' brain when I'm talkin' on the phone
Spendin' money when your money is long
Real street niggas, ain't no clone
We at the top where we belong
Drink lean, rose, Patron
Smokin' on a thousand dollars worth strong
When the club 'bout to hear this songWe got racks on racks on racks (Racks)
Racks on racks on racks (Racks)
Racks on racks on racks (Racks)
Got racks on racks on racksGot racks on racks on racks (Racks)
Racks on racks on racks (Racks)
Racks on racks on racks
Nigga, I ain't even tryna hold back

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/