

Racks (Remix)

YC Feat. Waka Flocka Flame, Yo Gotti, Wale, B.o.B

[Chorus]

Got campaign going so strong
Getting brain while I'm talking on the phone
Spend money when ya moneys this long
Real street niggas ain't no clone
We at the top where we belong
Spread lean rozay patrone
Smoking on thousand dollar worth of strong
When the club outta here its onGot Racks on racks on racks
Racks on racks on racks
Racks on racks on racks
Got Racks on racks on racks
Got Racks on racks on racks
Racks on racks on racks
Racks on racks on racks
Nigga hating me ain't even tryna hold backGot a crawl outta my garage
Got a condo down in the stars
I'm geaked up off them bars
Got a car I don't even gotta park
No keys push button start
She ain't a dime I won't get hard
Got hoes that need a green card
Say I'ma dawg but I don't even gotta bark
Got swag that bite like sharks
One hit I'ma knock it out the park
Trap beating so goddamn hard
Got Kush, Got Lean, Got barre
got remix hard as scale
Got bricks don't need no scale
I'm plugged in with the mail
I'm part of the cartel
Got rerock ain't no cling
6 two hundred for a nin
Then fuck it all up on jeans
I'ma true religion fiend'
Got bands in the pockets of my jeans
Need a kickstand way I lean
Promethazine fiend
Stamped on sprite and lean[Chorus](Wiz Khalifa)Racks on, racks off

See that blonde strip when my hats off
Looking at my rollie, bout 30 grams what that cost,
Smoke like I'm in Cali, f-ck, take a flight, i'll blast off,
Niggas talkin tattoos, 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 them it was a wrap
Now my life aint my life no more I told you niggas its a wrap, eww
You claim you a dog, my nigga, I'm the vet
We can't even talk unless you cut the check,
I guess thats why all these niggas get mad
They say f-ck a young nigga, f-ck a young nigga,
I know theres some girls in the crowd right now who wanna f-ck a young nigga, ya
I roll one and roll another one bigger, niggas thinking they sick well I'm sicker,
ima smoke my weed, and ima drink my liquor
Better make sure you f-ck your girl right before I dick her.... down,[Chorus]Y'all know I keep them racks
I stay counting them stacks
Ya girl won't leave me lone
Wanna f-ck now she attached
Flow hot don't need no match
Sell work don't pay no tax
I'm turnt up to the max
Don't even know how to relax
I drank so much that lean
Had to wake up on a bean
Got racks all in my jeans
Man busting out the seams
Got kush all in my lungs
Get High like cheech and chong
800 a zone I ain't blowin unless it strong
Catch hell on my iphone
Catch mine and then I'm gone
The girl won't leave
I can not take her home
I'm gone on them bars
bitch I'm not a star
I'm driving foreign cars
Strapped up no bodyguards

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