

# Racks (remix)

Yung Chris

[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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