

Racking Up

Colette Carr

Rackin Up

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(To the mother fuckin celing)

Tear the fuckin' roof off

Stacked to the fuckin ceiling

Filthy in this paper

Bitches hardly breathing

Suffocate the building

Bill em for the entry

Tell that val need to shut her mouth till the 40oz is empty

Why you gotta temp me always jockin on my ten piece?

Askin all these questions tell em Cherrytree don sent me

All the way turn it up Namaste don't give a fuck

40s blaze in the trunk, walls shake bump bump

Beach side ocean front, you know how I'm feeling

Got that paper stacking up (to the mother fucking celing)

Speaks bounce, beast track

O.E. dreeze mac

What the fuck you lookin' at?

Beep beep speed past

Lost inside these benny walls

I can't find my other man

Bricks on bricks racks on cash

Breaking all these rubber bands

Hot damn bitches shake

Clap clap cali cake

Mackin on that money keep it comin see that skrilla take

All the way turn it up Namaste don't give a fuck

14 blaze in the trunk, walls shake bump bump

Beach side ocean front, you know how I'm feeling

Got that paper stacking up to the mother fucking ceiling

Damn Hold up hold up what you tryna do to me

Damn Damn hold hold up what you tryna do to me

I say jump bitches go dumb
I say jump bitches go dumb
I say jump, bitches go dumb, go dumb get dumb
I say jump, jump, jump, jump (hold up)
I say jump bitches get dumb
I say jump, jump, jump, jump (to the mother fucking ceiling)

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