

Rack City

Wale

Who that on the pole? Is she that on the pole?
Who that on the pole? Is she that on the pole? Who that on the pole? Is she that on the pole?
If you ain't gettin' dough shawty, you don't get to go
And yeah we up in stadiums, quarterbacking hoes
My money for fourth and long, but you do not get to throw
Rack, Rack City shit
Penny for your thoughts, and a twenty for your titties
And a hundred for your smile, I'mma be here for a while
I'mma be up with them ounces, I'll see you when you out
Stuntin' for the fuck of it, I ain't with the sucka' shit
All the bad strippers gotta greet me with the government
Fuck whoever judge ya', and trick whoever love ya'
But don't expect a ring if you committed to the hustle
Yeah, Rack, Rack City shit
She ain't right like them old rap city skits
I got many chicks, blue and black Penny kicks
Strippers at 30 tellin' niggas that they 26
Rack city bitch Rack Rack city bitch Ten ten ten twenties and them fifties bitch Silver Emblem, 2 black Rs
Who's that in the nice black car?
Autopsy came back, results are?
Cause of death...bars
Gotta killa fo, for the llama
Gotta killa hoe, half Columbian
Half Dominicana, Poke her from Behind-a
Work out a little bit, get the rest from her mama
Black city Bitch, Black outta '03
California king kush, black out from OG
You made ya death bed, now lay in it
The end is here, start sayin it
I'm in my other car, bout to get my other car
You like to talk to him, young, it's a seminar
12 carats, man that's all ears
1 through 6, man, it's all gears
Got my other broad talking with my other broad
All them in the back talking to my other broad
OK, look like we got a foursome
3 bitches in my bed, bout 4 something
Yeah see I let my nigga hit that
He ain't nuttin, so I let my nigga split that

Suit game, bag it, she might know something
But if she wanna roll wit me she gotta blow something
Yeah you know what that mean, you tonight girl
But if your bullshit, I'll leave ya wit a white girl
It's all we doing nigga, ass n' tits
A-town nigga, yeah, trap city Rack city bitch Rack Rack city bitch Ten, ten, ten twenties and them fifties
bitch Black 4s, red drop head doors
Got ya whore doing shit that's uncalled for
I see these bitches callin...I just hit ignore
James bond, Tom Ford, Jaeger LaCoutre,
Ain't got 'em? Erry blood goin stop 'em
120 in the ghost take the bitch shoppin
Niggas will open it up, cuz they ain't poppin
Ain't got nuttin to comment with niggas wit no commas
Red headorama, Rack City Junk yarding
I be ahead of these nigga Last King, Guillotine
YMCMB Nigga take defeat
Pack a bad bitch then pass it to my nigga MeekMeek Milly, Racked up Racked out
And I'll be countin money till I pass out
Hundred racks of hundreds in the Stash house
And I'll be sayin something when I mash out
In the Lambo lookin like a fly
I shine like somethin in the sky
These haters hope I hurry up and die
Cuz my bitch look like she said hurry up and bye Me and three females in the CL
Pink toe nails, tail like a beached whale
Tell 'em all betta keep it on the DL
Diamonds in the chain, none in the rear
Fall the King of Diamonds, bitch you ate shit
Pocket racked up, all big faces
At the party crib, full of broads all naked
RosÃ© cases, We pop daily
We stay faded, need no occasion
Latins and Asians, Black, Caucasian
All go crazy for days in amazement Rack city bitch Rack Rack city bitch Ten, ten, ten twenties and them fifties
bitch

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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