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 skrillah 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 dump
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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