Racksonracksonracks (feat. Lil Xan)

Prose

[intro]
You are now listening to a Bobby Johnson beat

[hook]
Got racks on racks donâ€™t mean no shit/
Got racks on racks donâ€™t mean no shit/
Got racks on racks on racks on racks on racks but it donâ€™t mean no shit/
(X2)

[verse]
Racks on racks don't mean no shit/
Don't start none won't be no shit/
Used to know some niggas from the south side of VA that'll pull up and empty the whole clip/
My shit hotter than Creole shit/
I ont play games I ain't Beemo bitch/
I just keep it a hunnid like a c-note bitch/
can't see straight, I feel like debo bitch/
This ain't finding nemo bitch/
ain't no clown you probly smell like fish/
Gold Tommy watch propel my wrist/
Hoes love me I don't need your bitch/
Fasho homie you should free your bitch/
Throw some cheese then she nacho chick/
emailed me a kiss and CC'd my dick/
Whole team done fucked on that since/

[hook]

[verse]
Pop a small pill, I call it lil xan/
Straight to the bars fuck a middleman/
Ballin on em since a little man/
Calvin Cambridge on em you just bittleman/
Break, break, break it down for you brittle Man/
No filter, not a BRITA man/
I need my advance in advanced/
I already made plans in advanced/
Aye
I'm out here straight finessing hoes, who are you/
I got the green I eat my vegetables, surely do/

I know I did some shit that's questionable/
But mama said do what I want so I'm gon do what she told/

Lyrics Submitted by Isaac

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