

Show Me Your Rack

Brad Nailer

My first girlfriend was a cutie pie
Iâ€™m gonna tell you how she caught my eye
Weâ€™d go necking in the shed out back
Sheâ€™d lift up her shirt and show me her rack
Her rack
She showed me her rack

CHORUS

Show me your rack baby
Show me your rack darlin
Show me your rack now sugar booger
Show me your rack now sweet thang
Your rack, your rack, your rack, your rack

Lift up your shirt
Lift up your shirt
Lift up your shirt
And show me your rack

Iâ€™m no fan of silicone
I like my tomatoes homegrown
Just big enough to fill my mouth
Or fill my hand when I head south
Your rack
Show me your rack

Come on sit up on my lap
Letâ€™s undo your little bra strap
Brush your hair out of the way
And let those puppies come out and play
Your rack
Show me your rack

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