

## Rack City/Love Scars 2

Trippie Redd

Ooh, aye  
14, 14, 14, babe yeah

In rack city counting up a four  
I was trapping, getting it by my 'lone  
Rocket got them pints for the low  
Chris got the rocket, he gon' blow  
Murder what she wrote  
We came through and took her soul  
She want that dick then she get boned  
Rack city blowing dope, bitch  
She off the molly and the coke, bitch  
You wan' touch then you get poked, bitch  
Run my hood like the pope pope, bitch

They thought I was dead but I'm still alive  
I just needed time to relax bitch  
I just needed time, now I'm back bitch  
The money coming faster than it ever did  
Please play this at my funeral  
If I die tomorrow tell my mama that I'm sorry for the life I chose  
But this the life I chose

Mama I'm sorry  
This is the life for me  
Nobody loves me but me  
Nobody loves me but me  
I fucked my girl last week  
Told her get on her knees  
Then she sucked on my D  
Then that bitch hit the streets, she ain't fuckin' with me

No more, no more, no more, no more  
No more, no more, no more, no more

I see more tombstones than the undertaker  
And if we fuck now we can't cuddle later  
The chopper make roaches scatter, fuck a huddle breaker  
This MAC, I aim it at your face, I cannot make up  
Brrat, I got the pounds and that ain't from Jamaica  
Smoke, this thing I'm shooting fuck up god's creation  
Ah, you the best, who am I replacing  
Woah, oh that's a vest? well it's your mind I'm aimed at  
Scars of love from warfare with automatics  
Bullets burn like lava, chopper spitting volcanic  
Codeine and percocets, spend a kidney and a liver  
Stupid bitch fuck me over, I get it, I still miss her woah

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