

He ain't built for this life
I don't give a fuck about my life
Like I'm on the bullshit every night
You know my racks got height
Racks on me, so you know she gon' bite
That bitch wanna fuck, but she-but she not my type

If gettin' money was a race, I won
Drop the top to get close to the sun
Six bitches, I don't know which one I want
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Fuck it, nigga, I'ma fuck 'em all
Racks go up, they don't fall
My swag exclusive, he can't get this from the mall

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