

## Racks

88GLAM

(That be Maaly Raw)

You the girl, your pussy work for those racks  
Yeah, then she brings them back to Dad  
Need me a bitch that pussy work for those racks  
Yeah, then she brings them to back to Daddy

Fashionable killer, ice out the winter, I'm putitn' you under arrest (Ooh)  
Coughin' all winter, cuff it and win her, prince, the cut diamonds the best (Best)  
I'ma remember, give you the world, you my Jasmine, Aladdin, no cap  
Trap with a MAC, we just be flowin' and she brings it back to daddy (Yeah)  
Shirt costs a rack, name on your tag, first call, she pull out the 'Lacs (Wo o)  
I can't go back, brick in my bag, now I come clean like a bath, uh  
She wanna dance, meringue my pendant, pussy, no, go watchin' my hands (Ha)  
Vegas, I'm doin' the damage, 500 C-notes that's stacked in my bag (Oh)  
Coolin' my jets, ain't Snapchattin' pics to look cool on a jet (Yee)  
Uber arrived, boy, you pull to the 'jects (Yee)  
Rick Owen on, I'm not new to this stress (Yee), super my flex  
Flew to the west, XO the gang, ain't no foolin' the set (Ah)  
Upgraded house, got a pool and I'll flex (Brr)  
Shooter beside me, they cool with the ref, blue in the TEC (Ah)

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Yeah, sip some syrup, then relax  
I got birds in the trap, yeah, it got curtains in the back, yeah  
(Curtains in the back) Put the whole city on my back  
Quarter milli in my bag, I'm goin' shoppin' when I land, uh  
I fill a Backwood up with weed, I got a few hoes overseas, uh  
Turned to the car, ride the B, uh (Skr), Turbo can't stay off the keys, uh  
Hop out the Porsche to a Jeep, uh (Skr), bitch dress it up like a diva  
See me count up me some Gs, uh, all my stuff covered with Gs, uh  
Cut me a check, the only ones talkin' I know ain't a threat  
I'm a big boss I can double the bed, she mad 'cause I keep ignorin' her text s (Yeah)  
YSLXO for me 'til we dead (Oh), I fell asleep with two hoes in my bed  
Get what you want and you don't gotta beg, he had me geeked, so I poured up some red

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I rock Chanel when I flex at bank, it should be a crawler, I creep through y our ends (Oh)  
Can't trust these bitches and no more new friends, feel like Sid Vicious, I hop out the Benz (Oh)  
I got a car and I came from the 'jects, I feel like Mozart, I play with thos e keys (Oh)  
She say, "Te amo", I don't speak no Spanish, I rock Chanel when I flex at ba nquet (Oh)

Young nigga slime, very sticky like twink, drown in my drip, man, I swear I  
can't sink  
Fuck at the office off one or two drinks, dippin' my pain, in this cup, I ne  
ed ink

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