

Racks Up

Cuban Doll

All these bitches
Mad I got my sack up
You ain't go do nun lil bitch you can back up
All these bitches thinking they can fuck with me
What is good? Bitch I need some company
One deep and you little bitches under me
Hair done, nails done, bitch that's everyday
Everyday I'm getting this cake
You broke I can't relate
I tried to put you bitches on
But it's a little too late
You was talking hella shit
That chopper in your face
Bitch you know your place
You can not fuck with me
Have that nigga on my line
Then he stuck with me
Big b's, big bands, bitch I'm bubbling
Fuck a friend
My Glock it be lovely
Just left my show and you hoes ain't touching me
Always talking on the net don't never do none
First the hundred, brazy bitch it gon bruise some
Call Molly Brazy, bitch she gon shoot some
Got the gang with me
Bitch we gon rule some
Got my racks up, bitch you see them hundreds stuffed
Bad bitches in the back they getting drunk as fuck
Thick hoes, shaking ass bitch fuck it up
Better watch your step cause you touch me you gon get touched
Now it don't take much to get a bitch gone
Five bands on your head send you home
Late nights and we creeping til' the morn'
Cuban baby, yeah I'm sitting on my throne

(Now it don't take much to get a bitch gone
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