

100It Racks

DJ ESCO

Summer 16! Yeah!
Freebandz, OVO
DJ Esco
Talkin' duffle talk, yeah

Hunnit racks bustin' out the wrapper
Got a hunnit racks bustin' out the wrapper
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And I, I got a...
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Hunnit racks bustin' out the wrapper
All y'all niggas don't matter
I hit threes off balance
I switch hands like Allen
I'm just blessed, full of talent
For the whole 6 I'm wylin'
You think she your baby girl
She text us like Dallas
Oh shit, guess it don't matter
Talk down on me, I'm flattered
Whole Freebandz on Xanax
Y'all can't do no damage
Wrong cup, guess it don't matter
This one tastes like candy
This one must be Hendrix's
Fuck y'all boys, y'all finished
You're dead
I don't talk to hoes about business
Diamond in my tooth from the dentist
Put a nigga name in the Guinness
Remember when my phone was on minutes
I ain't dead yet like I'm Bruce Willis
I ain't really worried 'bout an image
Y'all still treat it like a scrimmage

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Yeah! Why not? Okay, okay, okay
Truuu! 2 Chainz!
Hundred thousand bustin' out the wrapper
Count it up 'til I get a callous
I don't really talk to y'all rappers
Put codeine in a Snapple
Put codeine on a salad
Guess I'm on a codeine diet
Put another hundred in the rifle
Everybody better be quiet
Everybody put your hands higher
Then I chop the top like, "Hiyah"
All of my 16s fire
All of my bitches buyers
They buyin' extra clothes, I mean
They bisexual, I mean
Versace sectional, I mean
Roll up the Texaco, I mean
This is the crazy flow
I got a straightjacket in the booth
I smoke a joint durin' an interview
Got the Rolex playin' peek-a-boo
All of you niggas that took the swag
I'ma have to get residuals
I'm a different individual
Got my hand on my genitals

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We ain't gotta use no scale
It's all there, you ain't gotta count it
Crocodile Hermes bag
Stuffed all down my pockets
Hundred racks sittin' in the plastic
I ain't even gon' fuckin' touch it
You can go ask L.A
I don't go to work on budgets
You can go check these stones
Everything on me flooded
And I gotta work three phones
Name another nigga gettin' cloned
Put a hoe nigga on a shirt

Got a new bank account alert
Whole Freebandz on mud
Taliban gang on percs
I ain't gonna take no shorts
Turn my dog to a boss
We ain't gon' take no losses
Know you tryna steal that sauce
Hundreds on hundreds on hundreds
I done ran up me a bag
We got a tour this summer
I'm 'bout to run up a bag
Hundred thousand dollars for a walkthrough
I 'ma need mine in cash
Got a whole city on my back
I ain't 'bout to go outside
Whole Freebandz on coke

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