

## Racks

## Future

What you got?  
Racks on racks on racks  
He got racks on racks on racks  
We got racks on racks on racks  
I got racks on racks on racks  
She got racks on racks on racks  
They got racks on racks on racks

Got a campaign going so strong  
Getting brain while I'm talking on the phone  
Spend money when your money's long  
Real street niggas ain't no clone  
We at the top where we belong  
Drank lean, Rosé, Patrón  
Smoking on a thousand dollas worth of strong  
When the club bout to hear this song  
Got racks on racks on racks  
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Got racks on racks on racks  
Racks on racks on racks  
Racks on racks on racks  
Niggas I ain't even tryna hold back

Gotta car lot in my garage  
Got a condo down near the stars  
I'm geeked up off them bars  
Got a car I ain't even gotta park  
No key push button to start  
She ain't a dime I won't get hard  
Got ho's that need a green card  
Say I'm a dog but I don't even bark  
Got em biting his swag like sharks  
When I hit it I'mma knock it out the park  
Drop beat so goddamn hard  
Got kush, got lean, got barre  
That Re-Rock hard to scale  
Got bricks don't need no scale  
I'm plugged in with the mail  
I'm part of the cartel  
That re-rock ain't no clean  
6-2 hundred for a neen  
Said fuck it all up on jeans  
I'm a True Religion fiend  
Got bands in the pockets of my jeans  
Need a kickstand way I lean  
Promethazine fiend  
Styrofoam, Sprite and lean

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Nigga I ain't even tryna hold back

No choice by force I was forced, to go and cop sum ice  
Designer on my mojo, I live in the spotlight  
Real street nigga, ain't no flaw  
Young Future gotta keep that raw  
I swear I gotta get at you niggas  
I'mma need me a round of applause  
Bravo, bravo, bravo  
Bravo, bravo, bravo, bravo  
Got a hundred thousand dollars worth of clothes  
I'm froze, I'm froze, I'm cold  
I keep me a big bank roll  
I ain't trickin' off on these ho's  
These ho's bringin' me they soul  
I will never sell my soul  
Cash out on all these cars  
These foreign-foreign broads  
Got a nigga livin' in the stars  
I'm on my way to Mars  
Got Keyshia, Pam, and Nicki  
They all wanna do a Minaj  
A1, FreeBandz-FreeBandz  
We ain't never got to goddamn flodge

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Niggas hate me fall back

Gotta know I keep them racks  
I stay counting them stacks  
Them girls won't leave me alone  
One fuck now she attached  
Flow hot don't need no match  
Sell work don't pay no tax  
I'm turned up to the max  
Don't even know how to relax  
I drink so much damn lean  
Had to wake up on a bean  
Got racks off in my jeans  
They busting out the seams  
Got kush all in my lungs

Get high like Cheech and Chong  
Eight hundred a zone  
Ain't blowing it unless it's strong  
She hate on my iPhone  
Catch mine and then I'm gone  
This girl want leave me alone  
I can not take her home  
I'm gone off them bars  
Bitch I'm not a star  
I'm driving foreign cars  
Strapped up no bodyguard

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