

## Racks

H.E.R.

Money help me get by  
It don't matter if I  
Cop myself expensive things  
Buy myself a diamond ring  
Married to the mullah  
Still ain't got no lover  
Looking, all I see is green  
Wonder can you buy me these

It's hard to trust the things that we lust  
No falling in love, we so outta touch  
When no one's around, who's holdin' you down?  
It seems like the only thing we know is

All of your racks and things (Racks)  
All of your racks and things (All your racks)  
They don't relax your pain, yeah, yeah, yeah  
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They don't understand  
They don't know how to get the stacks up  
If I drop a hundred bands  
I'ma get it right back up  
And if I fall it don't matter  
I'ma a ball, get the bag, yeah  
Spend it all when I'm sad, yeah, yeah, yeah

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Now you know a young nigga got them racks up on me  
I can introduce you to my rapper homies  
But I ain't gonna take you to the matrimony  
Prolly gonna leave you down, sad and lonely

My infatuation with these bags and faces  
Got a couple dollars so congratulations  
Tryna find love so I'm navigatin'  
Shower you with gifts over saturation  
But I can't seem to find love without the ratchet shit  
This little dream of mine, why am I attached to this?  
But happiness is when you glad and bliss  
And the cash and shit, is a catalyst  
To cover up the pain, it's hazardous  
The trouble, lust, the fame, it's attacking quick, my God

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