

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
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
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
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

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

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
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
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
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

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

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
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
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
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