

Chapo

So the racks they just came in  
The K hit you and your mans  
I was in the O, nigga, yeah, off of the Xan's  
Yeah, I got some niggas that kill for them bands  
New pack in, nigga, came from Iran  
On the PJ, nigga, yeah, finna land  
Play with the Slay, it's a rack on your head, ha

Play with the gang, boy, I swear that you dead  
Racks coming in, shit way too fed  
I pour a 8 up, Kobe, ha  
That nigga act like he know me, ha  
Wrist too cold, shit's snowing  
And the Tec, nigga, I'ma keep pouring  
And this hoe, she on go, yeah, she going  
And the Glock make him dance like Lil Dorian  
I'm off the Oxy and it feel like I'm soaring  
Don't make the K get to roaring  
XD, it get it done  
I'ma keep counting these hunnid's  
Racks coming in, keep thumbing  
'Member when I used to have nothing  
Now I got whole lot of some  
Nigga turned nothing into sum'