

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'