Big Ol Racks

Key Glock

Yo
I ran out of ice
You know what I'm saying?
I'm sick of these fuck niggas talking 'bout they doing this and doing that
You know what I'm saying?
I'm getting— You know what I'm saying? (Let the BandPlay)
I'm getting the

Big ol' racks (Racks)
Young nigga really getting big ol' stacks (Stacks)
And them big ol' facts (Facts)
You other niggas lame, y'all big ol' cap (Cap)
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Big ol' racks (Racks)
Young nigga really getting big ol' stacks (Stacks)
And them big ol' facts (Facts)
You other niggas lame, y'all big ol' cap (Yep)

Big ol' racks (Big ol')
I'm really getting money and them big ol' facts (Facts)
And I got big old straps (Straps)
Run up on me, get your shit pushed back (Pushed back)
Uh, then back to the cash (The cash)
I gotta go get it 'cause I want the bag (The bag)
That other shit irrelevant, why is you telling me? Nigga be going out sad
I know a lot of rapping-ass niggas, real trapping-ass niggas, get-you-whacked-ass niggas, got-your-back-ass niggas
I got nothing to prove (Nothing to prove)
I can hold my own (Hold my own)
Smelling like some new kush is my cologne (Gas)
I'm so in my zone
I can't do nothing wrong (Uh-uh)
Niggas telling on they fam, what type of shit you on? (Pussy)
This that can't be cloned, this that, bitch, I'm grown
This that fucking with the wrong nigga, don't you see the throne?
Best you leave me 'lone
Feeling like Al Capone
That was set in the stone
I might set the tone
Two phones, money long
Three traps, that's the type of shit we on (Booming)
Get it in, get it gone (Get it gone)
Shoot your shot, I'm playing zone (Zone)
Niggas hate 'cause I'm on ('Cause I'm on)
And I ain't even dropped a song (Dropped a song)
But I got a bag, though (Bag, though)
Been trapping out them bandos (Bandos)
Serving out the backdoor (Backdoors)
Serving all your kinfolk (Your kinfolks)
That got me

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Ayy, big ol' racks
Big ol' Franklin, Grants, and Jacks
Yeah, big ol' stacks
Big ol' straps, they go, "Blatt-blatt"
Yeah, big ol' checks
Big ol' check that I just cashed
Yeah, big baguettes
Big boy baguettes around my neck, yeah
Smoke a lot of dope like Craig (Dope)
I might put a brick on your head, yeah (Oh, yeah, yeah)
Bitch, I get a whole lot of bread (Bitch)
Balling hard, but I ain't break a sweat, yeah (Uh-uh, yeah)
Sipping on a whole lotta red (Mud)
Got a whole lot of hoes in the bed, yeah
Damn, I need a new set of legs, yeah
'Cause I've been running, running up them

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