

# Organic Racks

Larry June

Shit  
Goddamn  
Sock it to me  
Groovy  
Yeah  
Good job Daniel  
You're doing good  
Groovy

I'm just warming up  
Good job, Dan  
I'm just rollin' up  
Only flame  
Bitch, I do my thang  
Look at the chain  
Look at the pink  
Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye

I can't trust no more  
I lost that (You broke my heart)  
Thought she was my felly, why you pull that joint  
I'm tripping hard  
I'm sleepin' with it  
I don't fuck with niggas  
Fuck niggas

Goin' hard, I ain't never ghost start  
Dirty cashin' got me livin' like a boss  
If I can make a million, I can make it out  
I'm dealin' with some shit I'm never talkin' 'bout  
Thinkin' bigger, I ain't take the quicker route  
Dark days, ain't no water in the house  
Killll take with the thirties bustin' out  
Kill a nig in the 'Vette, countin' thousands  
Never keep my real money in the house  
Weigh it up, I can still send it out  
G pulled up, panty in the drawer  
Hoes wanna boyfriend, that's how  
Dick in the mouth just for the clout  
Rich bitch just wanna cash out  
Daddy hellla rich, momma caked out  
Yellow, I sell when I'm indecisive  
Killin' shit, niggas wonderin' when I'm stoppin'  
Coolin' kid on my brand new ride  
Too legit, fuck a bitch, I'm out  
I'm not Mark but I keep a black tie  
Beet juice in the morning with a salad  
New socks in my drawer say Calvin  
Picnic with the bitch, I'm in Maui  
Cartier, plane, drank six thousand

Know the game  
Play by the rules  
Player's move  
You would never lose

Bitch, racks in my pocket, I don't give a fuck

Yeah, racks in my pocket, I don't give a fuck  
Aye aye, racks in my pocket, I don't give a fuck  
Bitch, racks in my pocket, I don't give a fuck

Aye, pull up in it  
Aye, that ain't tinted  
Aye, that ain't rented  
Aye, full kitted  
Down sliding on 'em  
Shit, you ain't with it  
Bitch, keep that juice  
Yeah, orange juice  
Uh, grape juice  
Huh, beet juice  
Uh, be cool  
Oh just be cool

I'm in ceremonies  
Get me sloppy talkin'  
I got court tomorrow  
Bitch, I want it all  
Bitch, you sloppy drop  
I can't fuck at all  
I told that bitch give me a stack then I blew it all

I like Louie  
I'm a customer  
But I'm a hustler  
So don't get it fucked it up  
This a one take joint  
I ain't write this mane  
Got a bitch named Hailey  
Got a bitch, name is Sarah  
Got a bitch named Katie  
Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck you Kirby  
I been coming through a whole lot lately  
Pulled up in the coupe looking famous

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Yeah, racks in my pocket, I don't give a fuck  
Aye aye, racks in my pocket, I don't give a fuck  
Bitch, racks in my pocket, I don't give a fuck  
Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye

I got more than a bitch ass nigga  
You already know how I'm coming nigga  
Wake up hella early, go to an expensive ass grocery store  
And get my motherfucking multivitamins, somethin' slight  
Very motherfucking peaceful nigga  
Everything I do is A1, bitch step it up  
Sock it too me  
Bitch, you're too near me not to hear me, nigga  
My orange juice cost twelve dollars, bitch  
You know what I'm sayin'  
That's with tax and shit  
You know what I'm saying, 'cause I pay my taxes  
Off the motherfucking dribble, nigga  
I'm coming through, I'm sliding

Corvette and shit, nigga  
I might pull out the Bay, I might pull out the Prius, bitch  
You just never know  
Everything I do is gold, nigga, you know what I'm saying  
Off the motherfucking back board, nigga  
Old bitch ass nigga, step it up  
Good job nigga, Frisco shit, nigga  
Bay area shit, nigga  
Taking over the world with this shit, nigga  
Off the top, very peaceful you bitch ass nigga  
Sock it to me