

# Racks

Lil Gotit

Ice rose red, on my fist, diamonds dance  
I've got the watch, kid  
No time, my Rolex  
And Imma die by that  
Go till I get respect  
Two hundred racks  
Ballen, my life full of racks

They talkin shit, they get they lip split  
Cause we goin buy that, my shooters never call off  
Baby girl, take them panties off, she say she goin tie the not  
I got racks by four, walkin like a pay lot  
I got racks in the whole lane, I can never wife a thot  
I got bad bitches, she suck me, no ass play  
But I heard they actin, a young nigga stay cappin  
I'm fresh off a spread boat, hundreds, I'm countin them back then  
I'm makin her deap throat, bitch, I break that back in  
Used to ride round with that tech, now my neck cold  
Told young Gunna we rich, we link with Huncho

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I'm so high, I feel like Amy Winehouse  
Pussy so deep, I had to climb out  
You not FBG, baby  
You get Slimed out  
We spent so much paper, she cryed out  
Shit don't make no sense, used the racks more than cents  
I did what I did, now this money pilin  
She a fool with the head, cause I got milage  
I admit I can buy it, all these fuckin hundreds

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Racks, a whole lotta  
Bands, like I won the lotto  
Big dog, stick out  
Suck it, then she went for my partner  
Jetlag, we in the first room  
Pull out the chopper, go to your mama room  
Never goin let up, yep, it sunny  
I took a lick up, racks in my jeans, filled up  
Sippin on Lean, hickup  
I'm with the gang, lift up  
Spinnin round, lil mama fucked my links up

I fuck her right in the Brinx truck  
She hit up Slime, she goin fuck

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