

Racks

Lil' Kim

New Lil' Kim freestyle, Racks...
Shout to the whole ATL, shout to the whole Dirty South
Black Friday man, Big Mike
Let's go

What'chu got? (Racks on racks on racks)
What they got? (Racks on racks on racks)
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What they got? (Racks on racks on racks)
What'chu got? (Racks on racks on racks)
It's cash season and we, comin, to collect
Got racks on racks on racks, just count about a hundred stacks
Just came from the bank, I'm goin right back
Headed to the mall, we gon' spend it all
The [?] always call, wood all in my palm
Like Blake Griffin I ball, like Chris Paul I ball
Like Carmelo I ball, should be playin in the all star
Cause I'm a rock star, international rock star
No matter where we are, we goin right to top
And they [?] by far, dancin on the bar
We shinin from afar like these rocks in my [?]
Stayin fresh to death VVS's on my neck
It's the IRS, and we all about the checks

YC... what'chu got? (Racks on racks on racks)
What'chu got? (Racks on racks on racks)
We got (Racks on racks on racks)
S.O.D. (Racks on racks on racks)
What'chu got? (Racks on racks on racks)
What they got? (Racks on racks on racks)
What'chu got? (Racks on racks on racks)
What they got? (Racks on racks on racks)
What'chu got? (Racks on racks on racks)
What'chu got? (Racks on racks on racks)
What they got? (Racks on racks on racks)
What'chu got? (Racks on racks on racks)

New [?] team, Mafia's the King
I'm ridin through the A, bumpin that YC
Racks on racks on racks, money stand tall like Shaq
Still gotta work for the block, still gettin money from the trap
It's the IRS and you know we don't play
If you spittin candy bars then it's fuckin (Payday)
Quarter brick, half a brick, whole brick, AY!
20 bricks apiece set the whole clique straight
It's more in the oven, we let them pies bake
And this is my party so we all eatin cake
A Rolly apple red now [?] in my drank
Like Cheddar Boy rapped, I keep a trap boy