

Racks

Lil Loaded

I need the racks in the middle
I need the racks in the middle
Ayy, I need the racks, ayy
Ayy, ayy, ayy

I need them racks in the middle, I hit ten bands off an iPhone
Racks in the middle, you need ten bands calling my phone
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Labels wanna bug me, starting to get ugly
Thinking this ain't for me, been grinding since a shorty
Ain't no stoppin' now, tell me, "Youngin', keep on comin'"
Running back, I'm rushing, them Woods, them niggas love me
In the hood, them niggas love me, they sparkin' and I'm dumpin'
No runnin', bitch, I'm dumpin', they turnt a nigga up and I got
shooters at the back
But I got shooters at the front
I'm a different type of breed, I'm a shooter, I don't clutch 'em

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Now I got some racks and some niggas wanna try me
I come from the trenches, I'll take another body
I put you out the car, you don't even plan on slidin'
Eliminate my targets, I won't ever think 'bout dying
And I don't fuck with niggas, watch 'em more, these niggas homo
Catch a bullet off that.9 so you can call me Tony Romo
If I call him my lil' brother, he gon' come and take the spot
Catch a bullet out that.40, call him dead, Prescott

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