

10 Racks!

Lil Tracy

Why you lying to yourself? You not a boss
You got a fuckin' 9 to 5, you got a boss
Designer draws, I used to get 'em from Ross
Boy, you a motherfuckin' nerd, get lost
Chanel pearls on my neck, I'm living great
My diamonds biting like piranhas in a lake
And I ain't stepping out for less than 10k
10 racks, ayy

I can't fuck with these lil bitches 'cause they stink
I swear to god, I'm getting racks every time I blink
I'm on my grind, I just get paid and then I skate
These niggas soft just like some titties and they fake
Yeah, me and Bill Clinton got the same doctor
I used to be slacking, had to fix my posture
Yeah, I'm playing with them bands like a punk rocker
She sucking on my neck like a vampire

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