

# Raining Racks

Lil Tracy

Okay

Let's go, Let's go

These hoes is for everyone

Don't make a mistake tryna' marry one (Tryna marry one)

Too much water, I escape from the aquarium (Let's go, let's go)

Yeah, he bleed, just like I bleed, so I ain't scared of him

I be rockin' Dior when I take out the trash (Take out the trash)

I just walked out of Louis Vuitton, I be up carrying all of these bags

Okay!

I'ma let you know the forecast

It's my motherfucking season and it's raining racks

And niggas wanna be friends now

Back in the day try to carry me (Yeah)

Coolin' with than a bad bitch now

She throwing it back on the balcony (Woah!)

Big money, with a big house

Until you got that don't be @ing' me

Boy, you living at your bitch house

Depending on her, that's a tragedy

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

I'm smokin' this dope, I'm zooted (I'm zooted, I'm zooted)

She walking around in my crib with no clothes

Starting to think she a nuisance

Feel like Juice WRLD, all of my dreams are lucid

Push to start, yeah, the keys are useless

When I jump on the beat I go stupid (Yeah)

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

And I'm just tryna' put on for my city

If it was my choice all of my dead friends would be with me

Gotta keep my head on straight (My head straight)

And I created my own wave

Hold up, I'ma let the beat talk

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Tatted on my body like a cholo (Yeah)

Six hundred for my shoes and yeah they Yohji Yamamoto (Yeah)

She hop on the dick, and then she stumble in it slow-mo (Yeah)

My life is a movie and your life is photo

Why this little nigga jocking swag

I'm not tryna stay in the mix, I'm tryna stay inside my bag (Yeah)

All that shit you talking need to stay inside your ass

Put some shooters on his noggin

Leave him stained up like some glass

It's raining racks  
Woah, woah, woah, woah  
It's raining racks  
Yeah, yeah  
It's raining racks  
Woah, It's raining racks  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
It's raining racks