

# Back It Up

NAV

ATL Jacob  
Ra-ra-racks (Huh)  
Young Freebandz  
XO FBG

Stackin' up my cheddar (Cheddar), I'ma blow it all (All)  
Nothin' lasts forever (Ever), I can't go in the mall (Uh)  
Without a Beretta ('Retta), stack my money tall (Trr)  
I never felt better (nope), I done seen it all (All)  
Don't make me have to put you on my hit list (Hit list)  
I gave my shooter a tip, ain't leave no witness  
I mix my Rick Owens with Givenchy ('Yenchy)  
Bitch, I'm from the jungle like Jumanji (Rrr)  
I can't drive a Honda, want a fast car (Skrt, skrt)  
Pop a stormtrooper, I'm in space like NASA (Woo, woo)  
At Coachella, had a threesome with a pornstar (Smash, smash)  
I want a 'Bach, I want a Bentley, might buy both cars (Skrt skrt)

Told them Magic City girls to back it up (Back it up)  
Threw like twenty-thousand ones like rack it up (Ra-ra-rack)  
They always see me out in traffic, I can't be touched (Woo)  
They don't wanna see me get my rackies up  
Told them Magic City girls to back it up (Ba-ba-back)  
Threw like twenty-thousand ones like rack it up (Ra-ra-rack)  
They always see me out in traffic, I can't be touched  
I hated bein' broke, now I got my rackies up

Watch me blow it fast, mmm, and stack it up (Mmm)  
I love countin' cash, mmm, I feel a rush (Mmm)  
Spend it, make it back, mmm, now I'm back up (Mmm)  
Spend it, make it back, mmm, now I'm back up (Mmm)

I put all the racks, mmm, in the duff'  
I hit it from the back, mmm, that's enough (That's enough)  
I got them rack rack racks, mmm, throw it up (Throw it up)  
And, yeah, I'm in the club, mmm, with it tucked (With it tucked)  
I just put a thot down on the rug (Woo)  
Young Freebandz want all the smoke like a mug (Let's go)  
That stayed down, went up a road on all these doves (Brrr)  
Now I'm buyin' all this shit, just because (Just because)  
I jumped out that Porsche, a nigga had to risk it  
I'm twenty-one, now a nigga gettin' riches (Ri-ri-rich)  
Them niggas wasn't really wit' me, they want it, it (No cap)  
We fuckin' up Magic City, got it lit, lit (Now we lit, lit)  
I like phone home, turn them racks on (Turn the racks on)  
These niggas didn't know I had the Ricky racks on (Ricky racks)  
Just got a show for 50k on my trap phone  
She put her ass up in the air, turn them birds on (Brrr) (No cap)

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Ra-ra-racks