

# Racks in the Middle

Nipsey Hussle

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Yeah, I was rounding 'round in the V-12 with the racks in the middle

I was rounding 'round in the V-12 with the racks in the middle

I was riding 'round in the V-12 with the racks in the middle

Had to pray to almighty God they let my dog out the kennel

When you get it straight up out the mud, you can't imagine this shit

I been pulling up in the drop tops with the baddest bitches

Young nigga been focused on my check (mhm)

Got a new coupe wrapped around my neck (mhm)

Tryan put the water on my Patek (mhm)

I got killers to the left of me (mhm)

We was lurking on 'em, ain't show no mercy on 'em

We was going back to back, we put a curfew on 'em

It was dark clouds on us, but that was perfect for us

Know you always crash and burn, but it wa working for us

Limo tint the V-12, double check the details

Gotta cross my T's and dot my I's or I can't sleep well

Millions off of retail

Once again, I prevail

Knew that shit was over from the day I dropped by presale

Hold up, let the beat build

See me in the streets still

I been fighting battles up a steep hill

They gave my road dog twelve, it was a sweet deal

And I been riding solo tryna rebuild

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Look, under no condition would you ever catch me slipping

Motorcaded shooters plus the Maybach shofer driven

If they catch me with it, gone send me off to prison

Judge and sypathising, court don't show forgiveness

Isn't in the Lambo drowning out the music

Sip Dior with the flowers, five gold cubans

Champaigne while I shop, hope I splurge foolish

I was in Escrow twice this month, both commercial units

Damn, I wish my nigga Fatts was here

How you die thirty something after banging all them years

GRAMMY nominated, in the sign of shedding tears

All this money pile fame and I can't make you reappear

But I don't wipe 'em though

We just ebrace the only life we know

If it was me, I would tell you "nigga, live your life and grow"

I'd tell you "finish what we started, reach them heights, you know?"

And gas the V-12 until the pipe is smoke"

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Another million dollar bail, that's just some regular shit  
See my granny on a jet, some shit I'll never forget  
Next day we flew to Vegas, with my Puma connects  
We break bread, we ain't new to success  
Bleed music, invest, enterprise, take lucrative steps  
Cold game, but I knew it was Chess  
As a youth in the set  
Learn the game, you a student at best  
But it's a couple things you can expect  
Look, just like money know money, nigga, shooters respect  
Other shooters we was both, don't want my crew on your neck  
I'm on the freeway in a drop, it got me losing my breath  
I do the dash with the blues on the deck