

## Rack Racin

## Project Pat

Rack racin, I'm sack chasin' for the guallo  
And you ain't talkin' shit if you ain't talkin' 'bout a dollar  
My money never foldin', rubba band holdin'  
Everything together got my pockets on swollen

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Cash rules everything around me  
I got old money so they cannot help but crown me  
I been getting bread since jerry curls and niggas wearing beepers  
Money is everything, wanna learn I'ma teach ya  
Old school Chevy with the peanut butter seats  
Blood diamonds on my neck, brand new Jordan's on my feet  
And I keep that thing clocked just in case you got some static  
Need some beef in your diet, I'ma let you niggas have it  
I'm so focused on that sack from this rabbit or this crack  
More commas for them dollar signs, tunnel vision racks  
Where I'm from being broke you get lost in the sauce  
Flougin niggas get exposed out here wanna be a boss  
And motherf\*ck a friend, only friend is Ben  
He can buy me what I want, I protect him with the twins  
Extendo loaded clips, tryna rob you get killed  
I got acrobatic dough like a pancake make it flip bitch

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Anytime I do it mane they know its a movie  
Loud and ciroc, bad bitches in Jacuzzi's  
Your only living once so I ball out like Kemo  
You fishes out here lost, tryna find you Nemo  
Diamonds on my wrist shine like a Vegas Strip  
If you ain't from my hood, pull up on you make you dip  
See the way I was built, money first and p\*ssy last  
If a nigga ever cross, cut him off ain't no pass  
Ain't no givin', ain't no leeway, real nigga shit  
All you rattin' ass niggas, y'all can catch a full clip  
All these p\*ssy niggas hatin' cause the money that I get  
Rim size 26, taking selfies with your bitch  
Every nigga with my clique, he is playing with a brick  
She say money make her cum, presidential suites and flicks  
Only thing she want is dick, always swallow never spit  
Counting bread, getting head, I'm addicted to this shit mane

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