100 Racks

Quality Control

My first hunnit racks (Hunnits)
I blew it by the rack (Blew it)
Then I took off the hat (Hat)
Had to Dior the bag (Dior)
No books, this a mag
Shoot it up, fuck a bag
I was down to my last
I remember my past (Woo)
Put it up, got packs in the house
Get slapped with a stack in yo' mouth
These hoes get passed
Get slapped with the racks to the mouth

Wit' them racks you get slapped (Slapped)
And this bitch want my mans
'Bout to play with these bands (Play with them)
'Bout to play with these bands
You can come to the land
Got that bitch in my hand
That muh'fucka' gon' dance
That muh'fucka' gon' dance
We've been God sent
We've been God sent
We not kicking shit
No, we not friends

But I set these trends (Trends)
Put a bitch in the Benz
Dirty money got cleansed
Diamonds jumpin' out the gym
She invite her friends (Friends)
They my type, all tens
And my drip European (Drip)
I done put diamonds on my lense (Woo)

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Niggas don't want no money, mo' clout
Don't sit, there's a stick in the couch
Get a man, get 'em in, get 'em out
Now my grandma lookin' down proud
My kids not worried 'bout a drought
Baguettes in the teeth, down south
Richard Mille wrist, cost a house
Put the double R truck en route
I go straight out to Mars, valet my car

Trap guitar, straight out the Norf
Losing my mind, I can't think
Fye that bitch up, we gon' blank
I go three hard in the paint
We get high on the perc, 'bout to faint
Swimming with sharks in the tank
You best not drown, when I pop this paint
Blow it in the clouds

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