

## Rackae, Pt. 2

Rob Vicious

Hold on, wait  
Sacks, packs, caps, crack, tracks  
Make a nigga lot of racks, stack racks, that's facts  
I'ma push it to the max, max, max, max, max, max, max  
Ho, relax, 'lax, 'lax, 'lax, 'lax, 'lax, 'lax (Hold on)  
Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy  
Hold on, wait

Sacks, packs, caps, crack, tracks  
Make a nigga lot of racks, stack racks, that's facts  
I'ma push it to the max, max, max, max, max, max, max  
Ho, relax, 'lax, 'lax, 'lax, 'lax, 'lax, 'lax, 'lax  
Sacks, packs, caps, crack, tracks  
Make a nigga lot of racks, stack racks, that's facts  
Ayy, ayy

Ayy, think that I'm wakin' up  
Swear you can miss me with your fake bio, I know you made it up  
Ayy, I gotta see it just to believe it  
I want some money, but I do not need it  
Is you gon' starve the gang or feed it?  
You just want part the fame  
You hot beause you're cap, cap, cap, cap, cap, cap  
You on drugs, no, you don't trap, trap, trap, trap, trap, trap  
All that gangster talk on wax, wax, wax, wax, wax, wax  
Get you sprayed up like some Axe, Axe, Axe, Axe, Axe, Axe  
Don't even flex, you should relax  
He seen a text, start runnin' laps  
If we ain't cool, can't give you dap  
I took this shit, can't give it back  
You say this shit I'm sayin', I flex  
Don't wanna fight with guns, relax  
I jack the plug, not buyin' packs  
So high, I missed my flight at LAX

I'ma push it to the max, max, max, max, max, max, max  
Ho, relax, 'lax, 'lax, 'lax, 'lax, 'lax, 'lax, 'lax  
Sacks, sacks, packs, caps, crack, tracks  
Make a nigga lot of racks, stack racks, that's facts (Damn, ayy)

Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy  
Lil' bitch

If I want it, I gotta have it, I got a habit  
And it's trappin', trappin' trappin', trappin' trappin'  
Gotta get it, complete my mission, nigga, get them digits  
Fuck sittin', waitin', get up and get it, get up and get it  
Nigga, don't make me up that K for it  
No, I ain't rushin', but I can't wait for it  
They ain't stop makin' pistols when they made yours  
If I ain't got it, then I'ma take yours

Wait, hold on (Hold on)  
Cookin' up, got money on the phone on hold  
LA hot as fuck, boy, how your heart so cold? (Cold, ayy)  
You know your stack ain't big enough if it still fold, ayy  
Get it in and get 'em gone, get that shit sold, ayy

Still makin' moves on the road, ayy  
More than one strap in this load, ayy  
Boy, it's a case in this car (Damn)  
With choppers, it's not a guitar  
Rob, where you been? Nigga, I been gone  
Used to make plays on my Obama Phone  
In the money mind zone, change up timezone  
Now I'm so damn fly that a nigga fly home

That ho you fuckin', I know you paid for it  
Your car go fast, but that bitch ain't foreign  
Why you flexin' straps? We know that ain't yours  
Kill a nigga for some stacks, but I won't change for it

If I want it, I gotta have it, I got a habit  
And it's trappin', trappin' trappin', trappin' trappin'  
I gotta get it, complete my mission, nigga, get them digits  
Fuck sittin', waitin', get up and get it, get up and get it, ayy  
Ayy, nigga, don't make me up that K for it  
No, I ain't rushin', but I can't wait for it  
They ain't stop makin' pistols when they made yours  
If I ain't got it, then I'm gon' take yours  
Ayy, nigga, don't make me up that K for it  
No, I ain't rushin', but I can't wait for it  
They ain't stop makin' pistols when they made yours  
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(Bitch, I'm Rob Vicious)