

All These Racks On Me

Young Thug

So you know my crew? We the most dangerous clique
And we got a lot of money bags, call us the ROC
You looking for us?

We on Peachtree, eating at Slice, no pizza
Racks on me, no Visa
And if one of you cats play you get a bunch of red spots like a SuWoo cheeta
h
My ho like Thug you hot, and I'm like pshh stop, bitch I'm a freezer
My whole crew ball like eagles
I hate that fuck nigga from cheaters
My left pockets on Monique
My ho sittin' round watchin' Murray
Right pockets on Rhikishi
Back pocket, two fat kid from the Murphies
I used to be broke now worth it
Tony rolled a kush blunt perfect
Get down with us, we workin'
Your phone ain't ringing, I'm urgent
And if they in the buildin' bitch, we contractors
She flexin' and I nutted on her call her, cum actor
Old white men in my pocket partyin', bachelors
She threw the pussy at me and I hit it, batter

All these racks on me, so many racks on me
All these hoes on me, nothin' but some rats tryna get my cheese

Chris be broke that's coupon
Hand in the air like two ones
Okay let's say you dumb, but if I'm twice that means I'm too dumb
Right pocket on precious and my left pocket on Norbit
Back pocket on Ricki Lake and the other pocket on Forbes list
I stretch the work, no Bow-Flex
Watchin' me no Rolex
Me and Thug ball like Joel heaad
And they can't stand it like broke legs
Fuck around and make me hurt your ass like hemorrhoids
They broke and I know they hurtin' cause they pain talkin' like lip sores
Shawty raw like a dick with no rubber
I'm sleepin' on the top, I hope Heaven sellin' covers
I tell a bitch anything but never say I love her
I'm stunt like my daddy cause slice a motherfucker

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So many racks, that's roger them
Aim for the back, no gun with them
Swag to a tee, no playin' with him
One eye open, he aim with him
Screaming out loud keep range on them
The money all here [?]
We in the club but it's rainin' here
And they drippin' wet, no rain in here
Stunner life, go get it
And they sleep [?]
My front right pocket on ocean

My back left pocket on imma blow the shit
The other pocket on [?]
So the last pocket gone show it
I front work [?]
Ice on me, cool breeze
These niggas smoochin' for the top, call 'em ass kissers
Ask your ho bout us, she state the last niggas
Rob who? Take what? No mask, nigga
And at the end of that story, I am the last nigga, yeah

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