

Big Racks

Young Thug

Yeah

No I'm not Jordan but I am the GOAT

Diamonds they wet like a boat

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I got some big racks right on me

I keep them big racks right on me

I got them big racks right on me

I sat them big racks right on me

I got them big racks right on me

Big racks right on me, I keep them big racks right on me

Skinnies right on me, still got them big racks right on me

I got them big racks right on me, I got them big racks right on me

I got them big racks right on me, I got them big racks right on me

I keep some big racks right on me

I keep some gnats right on me

I keep that pack right up on me

I keep that gat right up on me

Pussy nigga back it up

Chi-raq shoot like me in court

Hit me one time in my stomach

Purple leaking out my gut

Fuck your bitch I don't give a fuck

We get stoned till we throw up

I'm living life like the Jefferson's

Bible scriptures on my chest and shit

My pockets swole Nutty Professor it

If it came 'cross my table, we dealt with it

I need me at least 2 like I'm stepping it

I'm so bool that these bitches are acceptin' it

I got bitches that been known the bando

I'll show niggas that's with it no blindfold

We the monsters, we slime, we not kind folk

We so cool with the dope, we want molto

I know reds I know blues but no popo

I want ice in my teeth but no Coco

When I fuck her I perform the yoko

I pull up with gang members not solo

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YSL Hercules, Hercules
I hide my dope and my coke in trees
Stickin' your bitch like a porcupine
I rock that white while she snort a G
Finger lickin' nigga, quarter key
Your money small I call it shortages
She up and down on it repeatedly
I fuck her hard, don't accept apologies
Baby gurgle, color purple
Dick need nursing, gotta burp her
40 pistols, niggas lurkin'
Top Shotta, kill my nigga
Never heard of, get to murkin'
Closed curtains, no outbursting
We real killers not no crowd bursters
Psyche, bitch I'm shootin' every person
Catalyst, catch the wrist
Rabbit shit, fuck your mix
I'm the shit, she the shit
40, 000 she's a Birkin bitch
Looking, smelling, talking, walking bricks
Acapella still I walk the shit
Moonrock come from Cali, coughing, shit
R.I.P to Paul Walker, shit

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