

YC, Racks (ft. Future)

What you got?

Racks on racks on racks

He got racks on racks on racks

We got racks on racks on racks

I got racks on racks on racks

She got racks on racks on racks

They got racks on racks on racks

Got a campaign going so strong

Getting brain while I'm talking on the phone

Spend money when your money's long

Real street niggas ain't no clone

We at the top where we belong

Drank lean, Rosé, Patrón

Smoking on a thousand dollas worth of strong

When the club bout to hear this song

Got racks on racks on racks

Racks on racks on racks

Racks on racks on racks

Got racks on racks on racks

Got racks on racks on racks

Racks on racks on racks

Racks on racks on racks

Niggas I ain't even tryna hold back

Gotta car lot in my garage

Got a condo down near the stars

I'm geeked up off them bars

Got a car I ain't even gotta park

No key push button to start

She ain't a dime I won't get hard

Got ho's that need a green card

Say I'm a dog but I don't even bark

Got em biting his swag like sharks

When I hit it I'mma knock it out the park

Drop beat so goddamn hard

Got kush, got lean, got barre

That Re-Rock hard to scale

Got bricks don't need no scale

I'm plugged in with the mail

I'm part of the cartel

That re-rock ain't no clean

6-2 hundred for a neen

Said fuck it all up on jeans

I'm a True Religion fiend

Got bands in the pockets of my jeans

Need a kickstand way I lean

Promethazine fiend

Styrofoam, Sprite and lean

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Nigga I ain't even tryna hold back

No choice by force I was forced, to go and cop sum ice
Designer on my mojo, I live in the spotlight
Real street nigga, ain't no flaw
Young Future gotta keep that raw
I swear I gotta get at you niggas
I'mma need me a round of applause
Bravo, bravo, bravo
Bravo, bravo, bravo, bravo
Got a hundred thousand dollars worth of clothes
I'm froze, I'm froze, I'm cold
I keep me a big bank roll
I ain't trickin' off on these ho's
These ho's bringin' me they soul
I will never sell my soul
Cash out on all these cars
These foreign-foreign broads
Got a nigga livin' in the stars
I'm on my way to Mars
Got Keyshia, Pam, and Nicki
They all wanna do a Minaj
A1, FreeBandz-FreeBandz
We ain't never got to goddamn flodge

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Niggas hate me fall back

Gotta know I keep them racks
I stay counting them stacks
Them girls won't leave me alone
One fuck now she attached
Flow hot don't need no match
Sell work don't pay no tax
I'm turned up to the max
Don't even know how to relax
I drink so much damn lean
Had to wake up on a bean
Got racks off in my jeans
They busting out the seams
Got kush all in my lungs
Get high like Cheech and Chong
Eight hundred a zone
Ain't blowing it unless it's strong
She hate on my iPhone
Catch mine and then I'm gone
This girl want leave me alone
I can not take her home
I'm gone off them bars
Bitch I'm not a star

I'm driving foreign cars
Strapped up no bodyguard

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