

# Lil Baby, Rac Racing

I want a thousand pounds of weed  
I want a thousand bricks of weed  
I'm tryna count four thousand hundreds  
Put a thousand hundreds on your head  
Pull up, let Benji sweep your street, yeah  
Lately I been rack racing  
Lately I been rack, lately I been rack racing  
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Lately I been rack racing, been dying to get this money up  
Wrap the truck, mount it up, had to paint the Hellcat  
12 been on my ass, they tryna say I run a gang  
Every time a body drop they go to throwin' up my name  
I'm like I don't even trap no more  
I been makin' these K's out the studio  
I ain't even been around to serve my folks  
I ain't touched a brick in so long  
I'm like look don't call my phone, I barely know what's goin' on  
It be like damn that's your bro, I seen that nigga at your show  
I ain't been it, I ain't in it  
I been tryna chase these millions  
I been fucking all these bitches  
Now my ho won't leave me 'lone  
Talkin' 'bout I did her wrong  
I'm like fuck that shit, I'm gone  
I'm goin' back to the hood  
Put all my lil niggas on

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I did a thousand pounds a week  
Them suckers know I run the streets  
I put a hundred on his head  
Baby bro make sure he dead  
I told Lil make sure the bag right  
That young nigga living the fast life  
Told my bitch put up a half a million  
Gotta make sure that that stash right  
Lately I been rack racing then stacking all this damn paper  
My niggas say they need me and they know that I'ma feed 'em  
If it's pressure then we squeeze 'em  
Red dot, I don't like you if you Cleveland  
Got a couple crips ridin' with me and I ain't from Four Seasons  
I told Lil Baby that I'm with it  
Any nigga playin' they get they issue

I sent a hundred fuckin' missiles  
He said fuck it, handle business  
I told him clear the fucking block  
Get out the way, let's set up shop  
I sent a hundred fuckin' blocks  
Took over the street nigga, we rock

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