

Lil Pump, Racks To The Ceiling (feat. Tory Lanez)

Ooh
Jetski, brr
Bitch
(Oh my God, Ronny)

Racks all the way to the ceiling
Racks all the way to the ceiling, ooh (Yeah)
Racks all the way to the ceiling
I give a fuck how you feelin', ooh (Brr)
Racks all the way to the ceiling
Racks all the way to the ceiling, ooh (Esskeetit)
Racks all the way to the ceiling
I give a fuck how you feelin', ooh (Ooh)

Watch how I blow through a million
Dive in the pussy, esskeetit, ooh (Yeah)
All of my whips came tinted
None of my cars ain't rented, ooh (Woah), uh
Balmain and Celine (Yeah), off a molly and a bean, yeah (Okay)
This not Fruit of the Loom, my boxers, they say Supreme (Supreme)
She said, "Tussie, not pussy" (Huh?), my diamonds, they wet like jacuzzi, yeah (Okay)
I put my thumb in her booty, ooh, it just went through her Ksubis, ooh (Ooh)
I got ten guns at my house, this shit look like Call of Duty (Baow, baow-baow)
Red diamonds on me, they ruby, suck on me, don't give me cooties, uh (Ooh, damn)
Go from the jets to the jet-ski, your baby mama wan' sex me, uh (Come here)
She eat me up like spaghetti, my diamonds splashin', Baguettes, uh (Uh, wet)
Step on my bitch in Giuseppes, I'm in Ukraine with a semi (Huh? Baow)
All my jewelry, no security, dare a nigga try to test me (Huh? I dare you, ooh)

Racks all the way to the ceiling
Racks all the way to the ceiling, ooh
Racks all the way to the ceiling (Yeah)
I give a fuck how you feelin', ooh (Brr)
Racks all the way to the ceiling
Racks all the way to the ceiling, ooh (Esskeetit)
Racks all the way to the ceiling
I give a fuck how you feelin' (Ooh)

She wanna fuck with Umbrella
But her friend ugly, I told her, "Hold up, lil' fella"
Windex scented, my cash extended
As soon as it's printed right fresh out the teller
I got a old check, whew, blowin' off dirt 'fore I take it out the cellar
Lil' bitch callin' me rude, hatin' all of my views
"Bitch, you fat as my pockets," you know I'ma tell her
I hit that bitch with a wink
Fuck her in the bathroom, washin' my dick in the sink
If it's a ting, it's a ting
Bobbin' and weavin' that pussy and doin' my thing in the ring
I'm goin' stupid on Cubans, it's link after link after link
I'm doin' sour in all of my relationships, I be lyin' 'bout fling after fling after fling after f-, hmm
Wearin' this Louis, inside of my closet look just like a warehouse
How many hundred-dollar bands and booby can I cut the rubber band off and tear out?
Touchin' way too much cash for me to care 'bout
Still'll come kill a nigga 'bout my payout
These niggas talkin' hot, I feel like A.I. with the shot
I let the AR come and air out, woo

Racks all the way to the ceiling (Tory)
Racks all the way to the ceiling, ooh (Lil' Tory)
Racks all the way to the ceiling
I give a fuck how you feelin', ooh (Ooh, brr)
Racks all the way to the ceiling
Racks all the way to the ceiling, ooh (Esskeetit)

Racks all the way to the ceiling
I give a fuck how you feelin' (Ooh)