

Tyga, Rack City

Rack rack city bitch [repeat]
Mugga on the beat

Rack city bitch Rack Rack city bitch
Ten ten ten twenties on ya titties bitch
100 deep V.I.P. no guest list
T-Raw you don't know who you fucking wit?
Got my other bitch fucking wit my other bitch
Fucking all night nigga we ain't celibate
Make it sound too dope I ain't selling it
Bar fresher than a motherfucking peppermint
Gold leather man last king killing shit
Young money young money yeah we getting rich
Get ya grandma on my dick (ha ha)
Girl you know what it is

Rack city bitch Rack Rack city bitch [x3]
Ten ten ten twenties and them fifties bitch

I'mma motherfucking star (star)
Look at the paint on the car (car)
Too much rim make the ride too hard
Tell that bitch hop out, walk the boulevard
I need my money pronto
Get it in the morning like Alonzo
Rondo, Green got cheese like a nacho
If you ain't got no ass bitch wear a poncho
Head hancha got my seat back
Nigga staring at me don't get bapped
Got my shirt off the club too packed
It's too turned going up like gas
God damn pulled out my racks
Mike Mike Jackson nigga yeah I'm bad
Rat T-T-T-Tatted up on my back
All the hoes love me you know what it is

Rack city bitch Rack Rack city bitch [x3]
Ten ten ten twenties and them fifties bitch

Throwing hunnids hunnids
Hunnids hunnids
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Rack city bitch rack rack city bitch.
Hunnids hunnids
Throwing hunndids hunnids.
Hunnids hunnids
Rack city bitch rack rack city bitch.