

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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