

Rack Racin

Project Pat

Rack racin, I'm sack chasin' for the guallo
And you ain't talkin' shit if you ain't talkin' 'bout a dollar
My money never foldin', rubba band holdin'
Everything together got my pockets on swollen

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Cash rules everything around me
I got old money so they cannot help but crown me
I been getting bread since jerry curls and niggas wearing beepers
Money is everything, wanna learn I'ma teach ya
Old school Chevy with the peanut butter seats
Blood diamonds on my neck, brand new Jordan's on my feet
And I keep that thing clocked just in case you got some static
Need some beef in your diet, I'ma let you niggas have it
I'm so focused on that sack from this rabbit or this crack
More commas for them dollar signs, tunnel vision racks
Where I'm from being broke you get lost in the sauce
Flougin niggas get exposed out here wanna be a boss
And motherf*ck a friend, only friend is Ben
He can buy me what I want, I protect him with the twins
Extendo loaded clips, tryna rob you get killed
I got acrobatic dough like a pancake make it flip bitch

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Anytime I do it mane they know its a movie
Loud and ciroc, bad bitches in Jacuzzi's
Your only living once so I ball out like Kemo
You fishes out here lost, tryna find you Nemo
Diamonds on my wrist shine like a Vegas Strip
If you ain't from my hood, pull up on you make you dip
See the way I was built, money first and p*ssy last
If a nigga ever cross, cut him off ain't no pass
Ain't no givin', ain't no leeway, real nigga shit
All you rattin' ass niggas, y'all can catch a full clip
All these p*ssy niggas hatin' cause the money that I get
Rim size 26, taking selfies with your bitch
Every nigga with my clique, he is playing with a brick
She say money make her cum, presidential suites and flicks
Only thing she want is dick, always swallow never spit
Counting bread, getting head, I'm addicted to this shit mane

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