

## Waka Flocka Flame "Racks On Racks"

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YC!

(What you got?) Racks on racks on racks  
(He got) Racks on racks on racks  
(We got) Racks on racks on racks  
(Leggo)  
(Hey) We got racks on racks on racks  
(She got) Racks on racks on racks  
(They got) Racks on racks on racks

Got campaign goin' so strong  
Gettin' brain when I'm talkin' on the phone  
Spendin' money when your money is long  
Real street niggas, ain't no clone  
We at the top where we belong  
Drink lean, rose, Patron  
Smokin' on a thousand dollars worth strong  
When the club 'bout to hear this song

We got racks on racks on racks (Racks)  
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Got racks on racks on racks

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Racks on racks on racks (Racks)  
Racks on racks on racks  
Nigga, I ain't even tryna hold back

YC

Still fresh, yeah, and in my Trues  
Iced out, okay, cool  
Trapped up, know I keep that tool  
That racks on racks so ma'fuckin' fool  
All around the globe, bein' on TV  
Everywhere you look, you see YC  
Hatin'-ass niggas just wishin' they were me  
YC, YC, YC  
Way too big for my ma'fuckin' jeans  
I'm so fly I don't even got wings  
Eyes real low, just blame it on the green

Girl cut up, got lean on lean  
That shoebox shit, over with  
She put it on the rack, won't notice it  
My bank 'count, commas all over it  
Racks on racks on racks

Young Jeezy

Young, if it's convertible, then how is it a hardtop?  
Bitch, I hit one button, my roof open like a hard spot  
Make me throw my diamonds up, bitch, my life was  
hard knock  
Had so much kush and Ciroc, bitch, I think my heart  
stop  
Every night's a weekend, every day's a Friday night  
You ain't seen nothin' yet, bitch, this just my Friday ice  
'87, brick fare, yeah, I'm talkin' thirty racks  
All I sold is hundos, where the fuck my twenties at?

Wiz Khalifa

Racks on, racks off, see that blonde stripper, my hat's  
off  
Lookin' at my Rollie, 'bout thirty grand what that cost  
Smoke like I'm in Cali, fuck takin' flight, I blast off  
Niggas talkin' tattoos, we should have a tat-off  
Got racks on racks on racks, naps on naps on naps  
Just made a mill, count another mill, so put that on top  
of that  
Way back in 2004, I told 'em it was a wrap  
Now my life ain't my life no more, I told you, nigga, it's  
a wrap  
Oooh, you claim you a dog, my nigga, I'm the vet  
We can't even talk 'less you got the check,  
I guess that's why all of these niggas get bent  
They said "Fuck a young nigga, fuck a young nigga"  
I know it's some girls in the crowd right now who wanna  
fuck a young nigga  
I roll one and roll another one bigger  
Niggas thinkin' they sick, well, I'm sicker  
I'ma smoke my weed and I'ma drink my liquor  
Better make sure you fuck your girl right 'fore I dick her  
Down

Waka Flocka Flame

(Flocka!)  
I got racks on top of racks (Uh!), stacks on top of stacks  
(Uh!)  
Bands on top of bands (Uh!)  
, got me fuckin' her (Uh!) and her friends (Flocka!)

Bad boys don't do papers (Flex!)  
, that was just for (Flex!) my haters (Clap!)  
(Clap, clap, go, go, go, go, go, go, Flocka!) Clap two times  
if you druuuunk  
Got a bad bitch from the U.K. (Okay!)  
She do everything I say (Okay!)  
Go crazy when she hear music (Grove Street!)  
She got "Grove St." on replay (Flocka!)  
Got racks you don't understand (Uh-huh)  
Money long from here to Japan (Uh-huh)  
Know it good when she go no hands  
Girl, you got me in a trance

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Cyhi The Prynce

Got racks on racks on racks, y'all rap so wack on wax  
Purple by the pound, that's that Flacco, haaaa  
I make big plays, I got big chips  
Blue money like six Crips  
Switch gears like stick shifts  
Fresh as hell, no Big Kipp  
We buy cars, y'all flip whips  
Catch us smokin' that quick trip  
Pitch piff, that's a handspring  
I like to call that a quick flip  
Pull triggers like hamstrings  
Boy, I'm doin' my damn thing  
Baby blood with them bricks, pimp  
Get off a key like I can't sing  
Got the seven on me like big jersey  
Ridin' round, and this bitch dirty  
I'm the best, hands down

They nicknamed me 6:30  
I'm wit' Young Dose and YC  
Readell Road, that's my street  
Ask around on the Eastside  
I'm the s-h-i-t

Bun B

Bun B, I'm underground king  
In the candy-painted car on swang  
With the top on drop and the trunk on pop  
Boy, you can't tell me a damn thang  
Fifth wheel on the back just hang  
Hit corners, hit licks, hit stains  
With the grill in the front, wood wheel in the blunts  
You're on neon lights in my bank  
Yeah, I rep that P-A-T  
One hundred, yeah, that's me  
If you don't recognize, you gon' see  
I'm a straight-up trill OG  
In a black-on-black-on-black  
Cadillac, like a Mack on clacks  
Try to jack and I will attack  
It's a fact that I ain't givin' up my stacks like that

B.o.B

Call me Bobby Ray, but it's not two names  
Flyin' through the city, all-black, Bruce Wayne  
No, not bombs over Baghdad  
But on the track, you can call me Hussein  
That's why they nervous, hmmm, like I'm flyin' on the  
plane with a turban  
But I'm fly, y'all just turbulence, exit row, emergency  
(Mayday!)

As a kid, I was struck by lightning, it's no wonder I'm  
electrifying  
Fuck a brainstorm, I'll fuck around and cause a power  
outage  
And it ain't no rivals, if it was, it'd be no survivors  
Just gimme a hour, I'll light it up like an Eiffel Tower

Yo Gotti

Got bills on top of bills, scales on top of scales  
I'm Mr. All White, got yell' on top of yell'  
Got pills all on my phone, these niggas know I'm wrong  
Said 50 for a song, and they won't leave me 'lone  
Gotta front me a brick, that ain't nothin' to you  
Just ran through a ticket, there ain't nothin' to do  
Yeah, I love these streets like I love the booth

Mr. Cocaine Music, I'm 100 proof  
Got white on white on white, ice on ice on ice  
And when I'm in the club it look like lights on lights on  
lights

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Wale

Racks on racks on racks, I'm tryna smash and not call  
back  
My name Wale, you so silly, wet my willie, might call  
you a cab  
Yeah, ridin' around wit' that reefer scent,  
ridin' around with Ms. Reece and them  
When I'm in the groove, I can freak a tune, I'm  
smoother than alopecia skin  
I shows out, like dope when I put that flow down  
Like soap when I put my clothes on, I'm jokin', but I be  
Foamed out  
And all she want is more bags, but all I want is more 1s  
I told her "Bring that money back" like all them racks is  
Nordstrom's

Cory Gunz

The tracks on snack off raps, see stacks from back of  
my slacks  
From the X to the MACs in the Ac,  
if I ain't strapped, then the gats on scat  
Then he black on 'em like Tae Bo, then he clap on 'em  
like bravo  
Throw sacks on 'em like y'all hoes, got racks on 'em

like tight hoes  
Young Money, Cash Money so strong, keep scorin',  
I'ma bring it on home  
Those Xans and the lean cause zones, somethin' tan  
with a mean jawbone  
Worldwide, but I got fourth ways, one hat carry like four  
blades  
Petey Pop Off, RIP, free Lou, been lootin' money since  
like fourth grade  
I'm the shit nowadays, so they wave, no whips, no  
chains, I'm a slave  
Let you niggas know Milita my gang, MCN if you was  
thinkin' it's a game  
See me with the twin, buck a shimmy with the gauge  
Wasn't bustin' Jimmy, I'd be busy gettin' paid  
Goin' for the grips every day 'til the grave  
I be worried about chips, you be worried about the  
Lay's  
Bitch

Dose

Got Activist in my Sprite, Benjamins in my Robins  
Frank Muller wit' flooded ice, but I still got my  
brightness  
In the fast lane, gettin' slow brain in a 2012 Maserati  
I'm kickin', pimpin', like Liu Kang, my coupe smokin'  
like Friday  
Puffin' on that garlic, sick off all the Marley  
Inked up on my hands and arms, got them jams in my  
pocket  
Shout out to Sha Money, signed me in a hurry  
Daddy was a kingpin, a couple milli buried  
Nigga, you ain't talkin' nothin', all in Flight Corps  
stuntin'  
These exclusive 7s, pay 400 for the Jordans  
No, you can't afford 'em, sharper than a swordsman  
Racks on racks, our campaign strong, and YC like my  
brother

Cory Mo

Catch me in the city with the trunk on crack  
Top dropped down, black on black  
Fistful of wood, twisted for the good  
Check my bank account, got racks on racks  
Look around, fool, got a wall full of plaques  
Platinum and gold, you gots to love that  
Posted up just like a thumbtack  
Better hide ya ho, 'cause she bound to get snatched  
H-Town, Texas to ATL

She got a fat ass, she prolly know me well  
Keep it on the low, never kiss and tell  
True player, Cory Mo cold as hell  
Shows to do, got records to sell  
Got a whole lotta BMI checks in the mail  
If ballin' was a crime, I'd be in jail  
Locked up for double life like "What the hell?"

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Nelly

Yeah, they call me Country Grammar, my brother out  
the slammer  
I'm crimson color painted, you can call that Alabama  
I'm not from Alabama, but check out how I roll tide  
He might have the same whip, but check out how I roll  
mine  
Y'all niggas ain't no stars, y'all only in it for the cars  
The sky is your limit, mayne, and mine somewhere  
'bout Mars  
I ride wit' them boys in the middle of the map  
St. Louis, Detroit, Chi-town, Nap  
Down to the Dirty, back up through the trap  
But the money don't stack, man, money overlap  
Yeah, y'all better watch it, mayne, right here we lock  
and load  
Two things is for certain, mayne, and one thing is fa  
sho'  
Got a house on hundred acres, I've never seen my  
neighbors  
A chick in ATL and from Buckhead to Decatur  
Now y'all better leave me alone, got license for my  
chrome

Don't lease or your mama phone talkin' 'bout "Yo' baby gone!"  
Tell the truth, I ain't gon' lie, I got so many rides  
Don't know which one I'ma drive, fuck it, I'm just gon' fly

#### Twista

Everybody wanna hate because I'm on, blowin' head back, bottles by the zone  
Twista finna get up on the track and spit it the way I do simp-a-ly because I like this song  
When I step up out the Maserati car, gotta pull it, pull it, pull it, pull it from the jar  
Then I blow, I'ma close out the par', wit' some killers and everybody know who we are  
Get Money Gang steppin' through the do', Chi-cago, cago, cago  
Anybody wanna get into it, come on and do it, for security, we gon' make 'em pull the flo'  
Might as well get it off yo' chest, while everybody got ammunition on deck  
I don't see them T-Dum-izzle as a threat, 'cause I got racks on racks on racks  
Oh, Twista, I see your future, finna shoot ya, I salute you if you could get at the general in my military  
Racks and racks and tracks and stacks and gats, I could destroy an entire village when I kill and bury  
'Cause I manipulate your molecular structure, other words, fill 'em up wit' holes  
If you try to give it to me at the door, I just thought I had to let you know

#### Big Sean

(I bet your bitch call me Big)  
I got single bitches tryin', married bitches lyin'  
I take 'em to the crib and leave our future in a condom  
I wake up fresher than these motherfuckers as is  
Look inside my closet, that shit look like it's Raks Fifth Man, that's racks on racks on racks on top of packs on top of pounds  
My chains is pow on pow on pow, I'm off them trees, no eye, no ow  
I'm at the altar sayin' my vows to this Benjamin Franklin power  
You buy her a house, I won't buy her a vowel, you fell in love, and I fell in her mouth  
They called her Dickface, she called her connect



(Called her connect) You call her collect  
I call to collect, no need for a pet  
If I throw this paper, yo' bitch gon' fetch  
(Do it!) B-i-g  
And the track gon' be aight as long as we got me  
(I do it)

Trae

I'm the hood if you wondered where I'm at (Where I'm  
at)  
In the back of a Chevy that's all black (All black)  
Racks on racks, I don't know how to act (Act)  
Track and field with the birds, I'm runnin' 'em like track  
(Track)  
Free throws of money, bet you can't blind (Blind)  
King of the club, I bet you can't top (Top)  
Bitch niggas hate the fact I get guap (Guap)  
Or the fact when the money go up, it won't stop (Boy!)  
I'm in the club, tryna show 'em how to stunt (Stunt)  
Tryna pick up what I'm throw, it prolly take about a  
month (Month)  
The club underwater, have 'em runnin' out the front  
While I'm somewhere in the back, gettin' blowed like a  
blunt (Blunt)  
No need to trip, you can tell 'em that I'm cool as hell  
(Cool as hell)  
'Cause it's the case I know the pack of pumas well  
(Pumas well)  
I'm a blood motherfucker, that dude'll tell (Dude'll tell)  
Got 47 'neath the old-school as well (School as well)  
I got lights on my wrist that'll flash like cop (Cops)  
Couple of foreign cars that I ride no top (Tops)  
Couple of whi-whips that I ride like yachts (Yachts)  
A couple of haters lookin', I'm knowin' them niggas hot  
(Hot)  
And tell 'em that I don't give a damn  
Hard as a motherfucker, tell 'em I was HAM  
Call it what you want, I'ma do it for the fam  
Yeah, that's the type of nigga that I am

Ace Hood

Okay, I'm back off into this bitch (This bitch!)  
Wit' a cup, and it's full of that liq' (Hot!)  
Got racks, ain't talkin' tits (Ew-way!)  
Big stacks, no Lego bricks (Woo!)  
Hit a trick and a fiendin' nigga got it  
I keep that hottie, just look at her body (Hey!)  
Blew twenty bands in that King of Diamonds  
Sorry, that's just part of my hobby (Swoop!)

And I hear 'em feelin' my Florida swagger,  
so dope, shit, I sold y'all copies  
That ice be onto my neck and wrist, now anybody  
wanna play some hockey  
I'm that nigga in fact (In fact), paper tall as Shaq (Oh,  
boy!)  
Blood, Sweat, and Tears, it'll be on your local Walmart  
rack  
Soon

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