

Young Chris "Racks"

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[Intro - YC:]

What U Got (Racks On Racks On Racks)
He Got (Racks On Racks On Racks)
We Got (Racks On Racks On Raaaaacks) Leh Go
I Got (I Got Racks On Racks On Racks)
She Got (Racks On Racks On Racks)
They Got (Racks On Racks On Racks)

[Chorus:]

Got Campaigne Going So Strong
Getting Brain While Im Talking On Da Phone
Spend Money When Ya Money's Long
Real Street Niggas Aint No Clone
We At Da Top Where We Belong
Drank Lean, Rose', Patron
Smoking On 1000 Dollas Worth Of Strong
When Da Club Bout To Hear Dis Sooonngg

(Got Racks On Racks On Racks)(Racks On Racks On
Racks)(Racks On Racks On Racks)
(Got Racks On Racks On Raaaaacks)

(Got Racks On Racks On Racks)(Racks On Racks On
Racks)(Racks On Racks On Racks)
(Niggas Hate Me FaalllBaaacckk)

[Verse 1 - YC:]

Gotta Car Lot In My Garage, Gotta Condo Down Near
The Stars
Im Geeked Up Off Dem Bars, Gotta Car I Aint Even
Gotta Park
No Key Push Button To Start, She Aint A Dime I Won't
Get Hard
Got Hoe's Dat Need A Green Card, Say Ima Dogg But I
Dnt Even Bark
Got Em Biting His Swag Like Sharks, When I Hit It Ima
Knock It Out The Park
Trap Beat So Got Damn Hard, Got Kush Got Lean Got
Bar
That RE RE Hard To Scale, Got Bricks Dnt Need No
Scale
Im Plugged In With The Mail, Im Part Of The Cartel

That ReRock Aint No Clean, 62 Hundred For A Neen
Said Fuck It All Up On Jeans, Ima True Religion Phein
Got Bands In The Pockets Of My Jeans, Need A
Kickstand Way I Lean
Promethazine Phein, Styrofoam, Sprite And Lean

[Chorus:]

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[Verse 2 - Future:]

No Choice Boy I Forced Out Sports, To Go And Cop Sum
Ice
Designer On My Mojo, I Live In The Spotlight
Real Street Nigga Aint No Flaw, Yung Future Gotta Keep
Dat Raw
My Swag I Gave To You Niggas, Ima Need Me A Round
Of Applause
Bravo (Bravo) Bravo (Bravo) Bravo/ BRAVO BRAVO
Gotta 100,000 Dollars Worth Of Clothes, Im Froze (Im
Froze) Im Cold

I Keep Me A Big Bank Roll, I Aint Tricking Off On These
Hoes
These Hoes Bringing Me They Soul, I Wil Never Sell My
Soul
Cash Out On All These Cars, These Foreign (Foreign)
Broads
Gotta Nigga Living In The Stars, Im On My Way To Mars
Got Keyshia, Pam And Nicki, They All Wanna Do A Minaj
A.1., Free Band, Free Vans, We Aint Never Gotta Got
Dam Flarge

[Chorus:]

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[Verse 3 - YC:]

Gotta Know I Keep Dem Racks, I Stay Counting Them
Stacks
Dem Girls Want Leave Me Lone, One Fuck Now She
Attaaaatched
Flow Hot Don't Need No Match, Sell Work Dnt Pay No
Tax
Im Turned Up To The Maxx, Don't Even Know How To
Relaaaax
I Drink So Much Damn Lean, Had To Wake Up On A
Bean
Got Racks Off In My Jeans, Man Busting Out The
Sceeeene
Got Kush All In My Lungs, Get High Like Ching-Ching
Chong
Eight-Hundred A Zone, Ain't Blowing It Less It's
Stroong
She Hate On My iPhone, Catch Mine And Then Im Gone
This Girl Want Leave Me Lone, I Can Not Take Her
Hooome
Im Gone Off Them Bars, Bitch Im Not A Star
Im Driving Foreign Cars, Strapped Up No
Bodyguuaaaard

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