

## Chris Young

### "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 Raaaaaacks)

(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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(Racks On Racks On Racks)  
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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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(Racks On Racks On Racks)

(Niggas Hate Me FaalllBaaacckk)

[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  
Strooong  
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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