

Meek Mill "Racked Up Shawty"

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Chorus:

It's a lifestyle nigger
Racked up shawty, racked up shawty
All these bitches call me racked up shawty
Racked up shawty, racked up shawty
All these bitches call me racked up shawty

Racks all over my wrist, racks all over my neck
I spend racks all over my bitch
Look at these racks all over my check
Nigger, I'm racked up, and I'm racked out
Fuck a bitch, she tap out
Fuck a bitch, now pass out
My pockets... don't stack house
Cause I ball out, I'm twanged out
All black may vex out
You all niggers just... shit
And I let a shit that I rap about
These racks came from my crack house
Dirty money like diddy
Damn, these niggers ain't nothing saint
Got thirty of that fifty!
Tell them hoes that I'm busy
Tell them hoes that I'm bowling
... why is all keep calling?
You all niggers be frowning
Acting like you got it
... that's racks off my pocket

Chorus:

Racked up shawty, racked up shawty
All these bitches call me racked up shawty
Racked up shawty, racked up shawty
All these bitches call me racked up shawty

My shoes cost me a ride, my outfit off the...
My present into roly, I'm calling up the... shit
Damn, I'm in the rap shit, two maserati
Won't kiss me in that... that's worth a...
That's worth a...
Rest in peace to the...
Kill niggers for acting, rest in peace that are legends

Catch me in that ass...
I'm what's up for asking
They talk behind my bitch back, they must have seen
her ass...
From... town like the...
Pop pills, no aspirin, like a sky slope in aspen
It's going down, going down
I broke my sky racks...

Chorus:

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All these bitches call me racked up shawty
Racked up shawty, racked up shawty
All these bitches call me racked up shawty

You're racked up, I'm racked down
Black ferrari blacked out
Black friday, black now
Pop the space, black jack
Bitch, I'm hot than...
Made you fifty this week
Hottest bitch all in,
Bowling bitch, sports in!
... tore her over mix-tape.
Backed up shawty, chain...
Came here with one bitch, left out with forty.
Show my homie... show my homie...
Load the crib a couple mil, and I ain't trying to break...
Cold boy that maybach, that bad boy, that stay strap
Here it goes, fuck that maybach...

Chorus:

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Racked up shawty, racked up shawty
All these bitches call me racked up shawty

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