

W.A.L.E. "Rack City"

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{Hook}

Who that on the pole? Is she that on the pole?

Who that on the pole? Is she that on the pole?

{Wale}

Who that on the pole? Is she that on the pole?

If you ain't gettin' dough shawty, you don't get to go

And yeah we up in Stadium, quarterbacking hoes

My money for folarin, but you do not get to throw

Rack, Rack City shit

Penny for your thoughts, and a twenty for your titties

And a hundred for your smile, I'mma be here for a

while

I'mma be out with them owls, i'll see you when you out

Stuntin' for the fuck of it, I ain't with the sucka' shit

All the bad strippers gotta greet me with the

government

Fuck whoever judge ya', and trick whoever love ya'

But don't expect a ring if you committed to the hustle

Yeah, Rack, Rack City shit

She ain't right like them old rap city skits

I got many chicks, blue and black Penny kicks

Strippers after 30 tellin' niggas that they 26

I'm being honest with em', yall being sloppy nigga

Try to be honest with em', why is you trippin' homie?

Small, but you talkin' big

Hollering out 'ballin, ballin' but you drive a honda civic

Haters is gettin' dimmer, pockets is gettin' bigger

If rapping is college I bet you niggas is master splinter

I got enough to peel out, I got alot to give out

Bitches don't clap with their hands, so I do not talk to

my hands

Ass-clappin', shawty bag out the wagon

It's hard to live out Atlanta with out makin' this a habit

A habit it sucks, it does to you if you ain't got it

She say this shit for college, I told her drop her a prada

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If you ain't gettin' dough shawty, you don't get to go

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{Black Cobain}

Live from the Lamont's Rose

Blowin' on some L-O
U-D, my 301 chick got new weave, uh
Black City bitch, Black Black City bitch
All black everthing on some jigga shit
Couple shows gave a nigga life
Couple broads wanna fuck, they should stay the night
Maine, Bay, The Burf baby I'mma book ya' flight
Married to this rap shit, tell em' throw the rice
Condoleezza, this is lyrical ether
Takin' over the scene, couple stacks for the feature
Jeremy Scotts, 3 stripes
And I'm on you rapper's ass like brake lights
Get ya' cake right, every chicken wanna slice
Every nigga prolly' hate, tell them niggas get a life
Magic City, everything kosher
All drinks on me like a fuckin' coaster
Any club we out we prolly' tearin' up the sofa
Fake asses everywhere say wassup to . . . (laughs)
L-m-a-o, been fly I know
This is all my flow
Pack all I smoke, pluck all I drink
This is b-o-a, next r-o-c
With my d-o-g's
Blowin' that long beach
And we gon' take it do max but I don't know screech
Ass-clappin' standing on applauding the effort
I'm takin' notes, Havana flow, I'm feelin' special
Rack City, Rack City she need a shovel
Take em' home, kick em out, we never met em'
{Hook}
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Who that on the pole? Is she that on the pole?

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