

Future, Whole Lotta Racks

First let me hit my cup, uh
Let me hold my tuss, uh, huh
(DY on the track)
Shit
Countin' up a whole lotta racks
Yeah, uh

Countin' up a whole lotta racks, uh
Countin' up a whole lotta racks, uh
Countin' up a whole lotta racks, uh
Countin' up a whole lotta racks, uh
Countin' up a whole lotta racks, uh
I got a hoe with a text, uh
I put a million in max, uh
I put a song in the sex, uh
I gotta fly like a [?], uh
Countin' up a whole lotta racks, uh
Countin' up a whole lotta racks, uh
Countin' up a whole lotta racks, uh
Countin' up a whole lotta racks, uh
I hit the hoe from the back, uh
I hit the hoe from the back, uh
I hit your hoe from the back, uh
I hit your hoe from the back, uh

I got some ice in my cup and it flawless, uh, uh, uh, uh
I hit your hoe last night and I
Live in the sky on a jet
Got an extendo on the tech
Soon as they see the baguette
I put chinchilla on the carpet
Choppas gon' dead like New Orleans
I paid that hoe just might want it
I fully loaded my Rollie
I woke up today I was high
I woke up today in the sky
Let's get it, let's get it
Let's get it, let's get it (freeband)
From city to city
To city to city, to city
They wet it, they wet it, they wet it
They let me bust on their titties
I spin it, I spin it, I spin it
I try to forget it
I'm callin' the shots, nigga
Future lieutenant

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Thugger did you hit my hoe, yea, yea, yea, yea
Thugger did you wipe my nose, yea, yea, yea, yea
Thugger is you for show, yea, yea, yea, yea
Your money tall like a fro, yea, yea, yea, yea (on God)
They can't see inside I got tints on the rear, rear
Hit em in the back just like Ricky, drop the beer, beer
Private plane, tag on the wing and the rear, rear
Hop up out the jet, fly as a bird I got bees on the gears
Dab in the fashion, she perfect, I got her now she plastic
I taught her how to go and get the cash, she came fast
You better not giver her no money cause all she do is bringin' it to dad (Jeffery)

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