

# Tyga, Rack City

Rack rack city bitch [repeat]  
Mugga on the beat

Rack city bitch Rack Rack city bitch  
Ten ten ten twenties on ya titties bitch  
100 deep V.I.P. no guest list  
T-Raw you don't know who you fucking wit?  
Got my other bitch fucking wit my other bitch  
Fucking all night nigga we ain't celibate  
Make it sound too dope I ain't selling it  
Bar fresher than a motherfucking peppermint  
Gold leather man last king killing shit  
Young money young money yeah we getting rich  
Get ya grandma on my dick (ha ha)  
Girl you know what it is

Rack city bitch Rack Rack city bitch [x3]  
Ten ten ten twenties and them fifties bitch

I'mma motherfucking star (star)  
Look at the paint on the car (car)  
Too much rim make the ride too hard  
Tell that bitch hop out, walk the boulevard  
I need my money pronto  
Get it in the morning like Alonzo  
Rondo, Green got cheese like a nacho  
If you ain't got no ass bitch wear a poncho  
Head hancha got my seat back  
Nigga staring at me don't get bapped  
Got my shirt off the club too packed  
It's too turned going up like gas  
God damn pulled out my racks  
Mike Mike Jackson nigga yeah I'm bad  
Rat T-T-T-Tatted up on my back  
All the hoes love me you know what it is

Rack city bitch Rack Rack city bitch [x3]  
Ten ten ten twenties and them fifties bitch

Throwing hunnids hunnids  
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Rack city bitch rack rack city bitch.  
Hunnids hunnids  
Throwing hunndids hunnids.  
Hunnids hunnids  
Rack city bitch rack rack city bitch.