

Young Thug, Wit Da Racks (feat. 21 Savage, Trae

Yeah, yeah, yeah, I'm in this bitch, yeah, I'm back
Ah, ah, might hit the club on the up, you can come with the racks (Uh, come with it)
Yeah, floatin' 'round the town with a sack (Woo, ha, ayy)
You stashin' my chain, I bet you I get that shit back (Ha, grrah)
Hey, I pull up and finger her cat (Woo)
I'm a big dawg, hit the store, get to blowin' them racks (Ha, brr, just racks)
I'm in a golf cart, rockin' spider like that
Nigga rich as fuck, I don't know where he was at (Woah)
Ran the dawgs to train and I didn't have a track (Woah, hey, hey)

I say what I mean and I don't take it back
With the waterfall on my wrist and my neck
I ain't goin' soft, not a pimp of distress
I'm a sex symbol, bitches love me to death
Since November, I've been buyin' the stuff
I don't do no rent and I've been keepin' it tough
She got four feelings, that's the coupe and the truck
Shorty trippin', I ain't do nothin' to her
All I did was turn up more women
She know I'm Jordan and Scottie Pippen (Yeah)
Every album got no skippin' (Ha)
Shorty bad, ain't have no chicken (Why?)
Suburban, her toe pretty (Ayy)
You a nerd, I poke the city (Yeah)
Ain't no way and I told 'em to hit it (Skrrt)
You get lost, hope you know the city
Better not get caught in the wrong trenches (Haha)
What's on your wrist, million?
Last week, it might be a zillion (Woo)
Kanye, let me borrow a billion
Mediterranean, buy a village (Woo)
I'm surrounded by cocktails and beautiful women to kick it with (Woo)

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I took her shoppin' at Soho (21)
I leased a nigga, this your ho (21)
Snatchin' my chain is a no-no (21)
Get your ass shot from the logo (21)
I put an opp in a chokehold (Pussy)
They snitchin' and broke, po-po (Pussy)
Give me a quickie, she go-go (Pussy)
'Cause I'm in a rush, JoJo (On God)
Okay, buy a coin, buy another one (Yeah)
Way too many, get my brother one (Yeah)
Send a blitz, we huddlin' (Yeah)
When it's smoke they stutterin' (Yeah)
Switch on the Glock, strike a pose
I'm a cameraman, it's shutterin' (21)
Nosy niggas, we button 'em (21)
Bend it over, let me see somethin'
Young FL Studio from the back, I'm tryna beat somethin'
I'm the type to put my boots on, he the type to run and go tweet somethin'
I don't play about my hard drive, get your ass whooped if you leak somethin'
Niggas always tryna sneak somethin' (21, 21, 21)

Went to Bleveland Ave, had the scoop with the cameo
I know mama Duck livin' richer than [?]
You know dally door, from the block, they the best
I got two twins in the back of the truck
They ass fat, like fifteens, in the back of the truck
I took two two's, put it right in the cuff
Got the other twelve, 'cause we don't fuck with her (Woo)
Spot jumpin', now you know that it's his (Let's go)
Soft skin like it's out a bikini
Took a rose right out a martini (Ahh)
One balloon and I'm havin' her fiendin' (Ahh)
To the roof, where we don't have a ceilin'
What the fuck, tell me, what does that mean then? (Yeah)
That mean I'm geeked (Oh)
Rollin', I can't feel my hands and my feet (Oh)
Got in some pension in the trillion, in the zillion (Yeah)
We might need quantum physics to count the risks with the slizzies
Utopia, back to business

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I've been that way since a lil' nigga
Don't like it, then deal with it
Huh, bool out and I chill with you
It's YG and Spider, your favorite idol, your favorite rival (Slatt)
Maniac man, Yak with the MAC
Might beat on your chest, lil' nigga, relax
Tactical, yeah, I get radical, don't it?

Yeah, what's happenin'?
Maniac, yeah
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