

Rack City

Tyga

Rack rack city bitch
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Mustard on the beat Rack city bitch Rack Rack city bitch Ten Ten Ten twenty on ya titties bitch
100 bee v.i.p. no guest list
T-Row you don't know who you fuckin with?
Got my other bitch fuckin wit my other bitch
Fuckin all night nigga we ain't celibate
Make sound too dope I ain't sellin it
Bar fresher than a muthafuckin peppermint
Gold leather man last king killin shit
Young money Young money yeah we gettin rich
Get ya grandmom off my dick
Girl you know what it is
Rack city bitch Rack Rack city bitch
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Rack city bitch Rack Rack city bitch
Ten ten ten twenties and them fifties bitch
Rack city bitch Rack Rack city bitch Rack city bitch Rack Rack city bitch
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Ten ten ten twenties and them fifties bitch
I'mma muthafuckin star (star)
Look at the paint on the car (car)
Too much rim make the ride to hard
Tell that bitch hop out, walk the boulevard
I need my money pronto
Get it in the morning like Alonzo
Green got cheese like a nacho
If you don't got no ass bitch wear poncho
Head hancha got my seat back
Nigga staring at me don't get bapped
Got my shirt off the club to packed
It's too turnt going up like gas
God damn pulled out my rags
Mike Mike Jackson nigga I'm back
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 Rack city bitch Rack Rack city bitch
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Ten ten ten twenties and them fifties bitch
Throwing hundreds, hundreds Hundreds, hundreds
Rack rack city bitch
Throwing hundreds hundreds
Hundreds Hundreds
Rack rack city bitch
Rack rack city bitch
Rack rack city bitch
Rack rack city bitch...

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>