

Tyga - Rack City

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[Intro:]

Rack, rack, city bitch, city bitch
Rack, rack, rack city bitch, city bitch, rack
Rack, rack, rack city bitch, city bitch
Mustard on the beat

Hah!

[Verse 1:]

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 with?
Got my other bitch fucking with 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 Letterman last kings killing shit
Young money young money yeah we getting rich
I got ya grandma on my dick (ha ha)
Girl you know what it is

[Hook 2x:]

Rack city bitch, rack, rack, city bitch [x3]
Ten, ten, ten, twenties and the fifties bitch

[Verse 2:]

I'm a 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 pull 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

[Hook 2x:]

Rack city bitch, rack, rack, city bitch [x3]

Ten, ten, ten, twenties and the fifties bitch

[Outro:]

Throwing hunnids, hunnids

Hunnids, hunnids

Throwing hunnids, hunnids

Rack city bitch, rack, rack city bitch

Hunnids, hunnids

Throwing hunnids, hunnids

Hunnids, hunnids

Rack city bitch, rack, rack city bitch

(Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey...)