

# Racking Up

Colette Carr

Rackin Up  
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(To the mother fuckin celing)

Tear the fuckin' roof off  
Stacked to the fuckin ceiling  
Filthy in this paper,  
Bitches hardly breathing,  
Suffocate the building  
Bill em for the entry  
Tell that val need to shut her mouth till the 40oz is empty  
Why you gotta temp me always jockin on my ten piece?  
Askin all these questions tell em Cherrytree don sent me  
All the way turn it up Namaste don't give a fuck  
40s blaze in the trunk, walls shake bump bump  
Beach side ocean front, you know how I'm feeling  
Got that paper stacking up (to the mother fucking celing)

Speaks bounce, beast track,  
O.E. dreeze mac,  
What the fuck you lookin' at?  
Beep beep speed past  
Lost inside these benny walls  
I can't find my other man  
Bricks on bricks racks on cash  
Breaking all these rubber bands  
Hot damn bitches shake  
Clap clap cali cake  
Mackin on that money keep it comin see that skrillah take  
All the way turn it up Namaste don't give a fuck  
14 blaze in the trunk, walls shake bump bump  
Beach side ocean front, you know how I'm feeling  
Got that paper stacking up to the mother fucking ceiling

Damn Hold up hold up what you tryna do to me  
Damn Damn hold hold up what you tryna do to me  
I say jump bitches go dumb,  
I say jump bitches go dumb,  
I say jump, bitches go dumb, go dumb get dump  
I say jump, jump, jump, jump (hold up)  
I say jump bitches get dumb  
I say jump, jump, jump, jump (to the mother fucking ceiling)