

Young Niggas Countin Racks

King Louie

I'm just a young nigga countin racks
Flow them bands and get em back,
Cashes everything around me,
f*ck shit I keep death around me,
Spray then I would move around me,
Private kicks my favorite roots,
I ring fragrant, she would think that I fading it,
with a hannabe OB, listen to some TOC,
better bitch rolling more weed,
in more glory...in that galaxy
thirty hangin out the heat, bullets look like batteries
pocket full of politicians,
been pressy ..tickets, tryin to wanna thum award,
Lord check what I get bored, take a picture say cheese,
I'm just in my Mercedes, they just got another one,
stunt like my mother sun.

Hook:

And so my young niggas countin racks,
young niggas getting money,
bad bitch ..looking like are beggin money
I got my mack in my spray ground,
looking like I'm beggin money,
do it big for a win, where we use to have no money.
Young niggas countin racks
Oh this for my young niggas countin racks
Uh, young niggas countin racks.

I'm just the young niggas countin racks
Bitch I'm on my wrist shit,
Bring the whole out wrist bitch,
she blow me like she wait shit,
passports escorts, driving on the other side,
more born this bitch, double fuck the other side,
I got friends but homicide, all this money got me high
your bitch see me..she like all this money got me by,
dope us ..for every day, bearing up heavy way,
rap thug shawty, 30 in the forty
transform bands doing donuts in the Audi
when I get them fans bitch I turn up like a party
countin these racks smoking like a Bob Marley
doing all for L's and my real nigga is well.

[Hook:]