

Rack City/Love Scars 2

Trippie Redd

Ooh, aye
14, 14, 14, babe yeah

In rack city counting up a four
I was trapping, getting it by my 'lone
Rocket got them pints for the low
Chris got the rocket, he gon' blow
Murder what she wrote
We came through and took her soul
She want that dick then she get boned
Rack city blowing dope, bitch
She off the molly and the coke, bitch
You wan' touch then you get poked, bitch
Run my hood like the pope pope, bitch

They thought I was dead but I'm still alive
I just needed time to relax bitch
I just needed time, now I'm back bitch
The money coming faster than it ever did
Please play this at my funeral
If I die tomorrow tell my mama that I'm sorry for the life I chose
But this the life I chose

Mama I'm sorry
This is the life for me
Nobody loves me but me
Nobody loves me but me
I fucked my girl last week
Told her get on her knees
Then she sucked on my D
Then that bitch hit the streets, she ain't fuckin' with me

No more, no more, no more, no more
No more, no more, no more, no more

I see more tombstones than the undertaker
And if we fuck now we can't cuddle later
The chopper make roaches scatter, fuck a huddle breaker
This MAC, I aim it at your face, I cannot make up
Brrat, I got the pounds and that ain't from Jamaica
Smoke, this thing I'm shooting fuck up god's creation
Ah, you the best, who am I replacing
Woah, oh that's a vest? well it's your mind I'm aimed at
Scars of love from warfare with automatics
Bullets burn like lava, chopper spitting volcanic
Codeine and percocets, spend a kidney and a liver
Stupid bitch fuck me over, I get it, I still miss her woah

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