

Racks On Des Diamonds (feat. Lil Baby)

HoodRich Pablo Juan

I'm in the trenches, I'm gettin' this money, I need me a hood bitch
I don't be flexin', I really be poppin', they know that I'm hood rich
Hundred bricks came from Pablo, Gunna rollin' up gelato
Hope a nigga don't try me, they gon' find a nigga body
I spent some racks on these diamonds
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Hope a nigga don't try me
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Hope a nigga don't try me
Hundred bricks in a duffel bag, got 'em from Pablo
Gunna still all in the cut, rollin' gelato
Nigga try me, it ain't a move
Bet a nigga make the news
Fox Five, channel two
I ain't trippin', you a fool
I just bought some new V-lone
Machine on my back, machine on my swag, machine on my belt
I been feelin' myself, I done tripled my wealth
Starring nobody else, did this shit by myself
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Remember them days a nigga was broke, now we gettin' to the money
Them niggas was hating, them niggas be hating, I think that shit funny, yeah
A nigga better not try me, it's gon' be a fuckin' homi
All my young niggas gunning, nigga it ain't no running
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Hope a nigga don't try me
Young nigga, I be flexin' and poppin'
Me and Lil Baby the plug and the socket
Homicide, ready to catch a body

Trap profit got me all four pockets
I spent some racks on these diamonds
Like a whole hundred thousand
Ten pints, I drink gallons
I dress like I'm going to Jimmy Fallon
Don't give a fuck, we gon' fuck that shit up
Drop off a bale in a pickup truck
Givenchys are very particular
Flooded diamonds, it got princess cut
Bend her over, down set hut
Fuckin' that ho, put my thumb in her butt
We fuckin' that shit up, that ain't nothin' to us
We fuckin' that shit up, that ain't nothin' to us
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Hope a nigga don't try me

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>