

Big Racks (feat. Brooke Candy)

Bree Runway

Only talk big racks
Honey, that's big facts
You say I'm too rude I know he dig that
Go on make it rain, make ya money dance
Go on make it rain, make ya money dance
Go on make it rain, make ya money dance
Go on make it rain, make ya money dance
Only talk big racks (Mm)
Honey, that's big facts
You say I'm too rude
I know he dig that (Oh)
Go on make it rain, make ya money dance (Rain)
Go on make it rain, make ya money dance (Rain)
Go on make it rain, make ya money dance (Rain)
Go on make it rain, make ya money dance (Rain)
Don't get me upset
Look at my drip say (Yeah)
Wanna get close? Mm
Wanna be my migo like Offset?
Talk to me good, talk to me nice
So good the vibe, boy, gimme life
I can't give a damn what you feelin' like
Keep on throwin' back, better hit it right
One in a million
Floor to the ceilin'
You should know how I'm feelin'
Bitch, mind ya business
Talk to me good, talk to me nice
So good the vibe, boy, gimme life
It's a whole star, don't you realize
When I look around, all I see is sky
Only talk big racks
Honey, that's big facts
You say I'm too rude (Too rude)
I know he dig that (Dig that)
Go on make it rain, make ya money dance (Rain)
Go on make it rain, make ya money dance (Rain)
Go on make it rain, make ya money dance (Rain)
Go on make it rain, make ya money dance (Rain) Oh, she could never
Swag light like a feather
Chi-Chi-Chi on the leather (Woo)
Face red like a devil

Oh, she really put together
Drip or drown like the weather
Never lose, I'm a winner
They copy me like a printer
Swag to my Birkin, that's a freakshow
Pockets on swole like Cee-Lo
Add a couple commas and zeros
He lookin' way richer with me though
God's child so I got a halo
Hit with the somethin', that's case closed
Dope money movin' like yayo
Nobody move 'til I say so
Big racks (Big)
Big facts
Say I'm too rude (Too rude)
Brave man, brave man do that
(Rain, rain)
Make it rain, so
(Rain, rain)
Make it rain, so
Attention all my real bitches
All my hood bitches
(Rain so)
My church bitches, even y'all too, hallelujah, amen
(Rain so)
It's that season when you better get it or quit it
If that boy ain't let you swipe, you tell that boy bye
(Make it rain so)
He ain't layn' you at least eight inches of pipe down, you tell that boy bye
(Make it rain so)
You simulatin' me, situatin' me, can't relate to me, you tell that boy bye
(Make it rain so)
The bullshit's for the birds, girl, that's the word, girl
The high life's not only for the Kardashians, bitch
You better tighten up and start cashin' in, bitch
It's Brooke Candy, bitch

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