## **Run Up the Racks**

## 21 Savage & Metro Boomin

## Southside

If Young Metro don't trust you I'm gon' shoot youCountin' hunnits, yeah nigga
Diamonds froze, chill nigga

I went platinum independent then I signed my deal, nigga

Young nigga, 17, all he do is kill, nigga

And I'm drinking on that mud like an oil spill, nigga

Gucci jacket, oh yeah

Saint Laurent, oh yeah

Bust down, cost a hunnit, nigga

That's a trophy

Balling like I'm Kobe

Shoot you like Ginobili

Sitting on the court side, never in the nosebleed

In the hot box yeah, with a hot Glock, yeah

In the trap car yeah, get your block shot, yeah

When it's time to blow smoke, we do not stop, yeah

Pulled up in paradise, they got them Glocks out, yeah (yeah)

Time to blast off, mask off like I'm mad dog

Turned it to a murder trap

Then robbed 'em for a bag dog

Police always fucking with a nigga 'cause I'm black, dawg

Full court press, we won't show your ass no slack, dawgRun up the racks I'm doin' it

Run up the racks I'm doin' it

Another nigga dead, another family scared

Tryna duck the feds, tryna duck the feds

Paint the city red, paint the city red

Glocks in the mattress, choppers in the shed

Broad day smoke, late night smoke

All day smoke, bitch we want the smoke

I'm from the east side where they cutthroat

Young niggas killing, and they taking dope

And they taking chain, they not taking knifes

Gang gang gang, nigga, gang gang

Pause the beat, free my niggas in the chain gang

Gang, gang, gang, gang, gang, gangRun up the racks I'm doin' it

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Run up the racks I'm doin' it
Run up the racks I'm doin' it, nigga
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Run up the racks I'm doin' it, nigga

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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