Wiz Khalifa, Pacc Talk

I don't really gotta say much
I let my pack talk
I don't really gotta talk much
That's what these racks for

Uh, I get fly for the studio
I get fly for the airport
I get fly everywhere I go, oh, oh
30 bottles up in Greystone
In the club rollin' airplanes
You gettin' money, you already know, oh, oh
So much Cris, you would think we buy it wholesale
And my crib so big, look like a hotel
When we leave here, we smokin' out the hotel
When we leave ain't no tellin' who pay the whole bill
'Cause we all gettin' money, uh

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That's what these racks for (Hahahaha)

I'm a broke nigga's nightmare, broke hoes sight stare
And a walking bank roll, as long as the dank rolled
It's gon' be hard to hear you niggas
Louis frames so I don't have to see you niggas
Me and the Taylor Gang floatin' on a private plane
Bad bitch, gimme brain, hide behind this tinted thing
Money bag, kush cologne, niggas wonder what I be on
All about the Benjies, nigga, Puffy Combs
I can make an actress do backflips on mattress
I can make a sack do a back flip on Saks Fifth
Get trippy with a star, it will get you far
Turnt up in the club, TMZ outside my car

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That's what these racks for (Crops)

Catch me at the spot with more angels than Charlie
Take off, Cookies, kush, kilos, and mollies
Smelling like money, what a elegant fragrance
This watch I got on is a hell of a statement
Check the clock, you know the time
Girl, fuck your body, I want you mind
In need of getting this money, making and spending this money
Ain't part of your daily plan? Then you should probably die

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