

Uh Huh

Trouble

A quarter mill on ice, we call that bling bling (Uh huh)
Running up these racks on all you green beans (Uh huh)
Foreigns in the brick, look like a dream team (Uh huh)
Brick still on your wrist, I told you one thing (Uh huh)

Spoil my bitch, lets get rich
Type of shit I'm on
Teach my click, know to hit
Type of shit I'm on
Take some trips, let's get lit
Type of shit I'm on
Uh huh, uh huh
Uh huh, uh huh

Yeah, bitch head go dumb
Wrist been feeling numb
Still totin that gun, like he on the run
Run run, run Forest run, run Forest run
Might chase yo boyfriend bout you
Bitch I'm done

I drop this dick, she said you hell wit it
I bought her Chanel shoes,
To match Chanel wit it
She asked for the snow
And I promise to never go tell niggas
I fuck with this hoe, and she sent her
Lil buddy to zell wit us

Big shit poppin
Big dick energy
Bitch what's poppin
This bitch cocky
Wrist will get follies
Lit like scotty
Who else getting the pills in college (hmm)
Skoob

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Yaaaaa, Toni
Cuban link on top of a Cuban link
Another Cuban link, pussy pink bon appetite
Coming wit me you better not stink
I'll find you a sink

You think you can fuck with this flow
Then nigga load up a beat
Code of the streets
I live that shit
You feel that shit
They bring me whips
I don't go to no dealership
When I met the plug
Tell me where the fuck was you?
Patna had the dog food, yabadabadoo

Big boy rider, drip designer
Draw down on him, I'll outline him
Southside wit me, the whole al queda
Sell a nigga dummy, ductaped flower

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