

## 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, yabadabadooooo

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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