

# Uka Uka

Trippie Redd

Yeah, Big 14 know what the fuck goin' on, yeah

Ooh, said I made y'all  
So how could I be mad that I ain't y'all?  
Same reason why I hate y'all  
Hop up in this Rari then I race off, ayy  
Do the dash in this racecar  
Got the Pistol Pete on me, is this a face off? Ayy  
Better say your damn grace dog  
Blind in reality just like you're Ray Charles

Ayy, I don't want no more pressure  
No, I don't want no more pressure  
No, I don't want no more pressure  
Ahh, don't want no more pressure  
Ahh, don't want no more pressure  
Ahh, don't want no more pressure, ahh

Ayy, fuck your bitch and hit my fucking dab  
Ayy, choppers by my side, you know it clap  
Like your bitch ass, big bag  
Big cash, and I tote a big gat  
Aftermath, I'm just dressed in all black  
Got the black mask  
I'll pull it out the motherfucking black bag  
Ooh, yeah, and drop your ass  
Bang bang, lil nigga you left in the past  
Ooh, ayy, son these niggas, I'm your dad  
Big racks on my body, baby got this cash  
Pray these goofy niggas really goin' out sad  
Give these pussy niggas hell like I'm Johnny Gat, ooh

Swear I want no pressure  
No, swear I want no pressure  
No, swear I want no pressure  
No, swear I want no pressure  
No, swear I want no pressure  
No, swear I want no pressure  
No, swear I want no pressure

Ooh, ayy, ooh, are you niggas really from the field?  
Or are you niggas really from the hills?  
I got a mob of niggas coming by the mills  
They'll shoot your ass down boy from 1400 kills, for real  
I'm tryna find your fuckin chill  
I'm off this Actavis, I'm tryna pop a seal  
I don't do Xannies baby, no, don't do no pills  
I'm just smokin on dope, baby  
Just thumbnin' through the mills, so ill