

## Young Lay

### "Puff Puff Pass"

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[Chorus]

Puff puff pass nigga lets all

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If you don't pay you don't smoke

(Young Lay)

See I puff then pass through the cuts

Got to make the dash

Lit another blunt hurry up fetch had to come and get

Split it's kind of hart to take the losses

Quickly had to brake ya'll now I'm thinking ya'll slice the  
sweet

And quickly rolled it up got to catch you fold it up

In the green with the heat of my cup

Stupid stuff but all my cudees blaze wit me

And when they blaze young lay get's way dizzy

I'm feeling tipsey so you know I'm feeling perk

Walk through the club seeing sister on with some tight  
skirts

But what I got on ya a sack black lips and lungs

I got what I got to stack hunds and ones

Now I know why they wanna see me up state

Going to prisons for decisions that should don't make

You gone brake cuz the county you in ain't no joke

You can bounce when you want

Chorus

(Young Lay)

I come from a family of three sprung on the sticky  
green

I hit the spot and said it don't stop but repeat

Yale gets caught and yale gets off

One of my tapes run around thinking lay soft

They bootsey trick'em fools all I wanted juice

while homies sell and flaunt keys

And we stay deeper than some vietnamese

When the microphone is on the rhyme hit some rushing  
up some fine chicks

While cudees yelling rewind this

It's critical homies calling me on a digital phone

To know what's going on am I coming home or what

I was living way plush young lay must

Stacking g'z and come clean on capris candy

I see my family running away from these folks

Down with young lay and qude downless flode

And roll another jay but in the swiss a sweet

In the grass I down with wax with ten sacks and bags

Chorus

(Young Lay)

My indo indo spot it just don't stop everytime I go to wit

Dank we let her hold it in than roll another spliff

Splurred by professional scenes I mean the punk police

Who always want to front on me they coming around  
when I'm keyed

Thinking that we some hood rats I got some good yat

Base to make your crack blu I rap with interior black

Hear me coming watch me scat who is he where he be

I heard he got a lil scratch but young lay ain't all that

Love to see him fall flat smash and check to the curb

I'm with the clock stack with junkie key can keep the  
glock on the turn

Dubiees with herb all smashed in the ash tray

Now rollers wanna tail gait I put them on lay away

Cuz lay through this everyday I try to mash in another  
way

And now there wondering if this gangsterstay

But like a truff I clock some gluff high up in my playa  
suit

Fine hoes and daisy dukes gonna jock me cuz these  
crazy fools

Chorus

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