

Marmalade

"Puff Puff Pass"

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[Chorus]

Puff puff pass nigga lets all
puff puff pass nigga lets all
puff puff pass nigga lets all
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 prisions for descisions 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 gangster stay
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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