

## Project Pat

### "Kush Ups"

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Featuring Nasty Mane & Bun B  
Prod. by Sonny Digital

(Intro)

I know a lot of y'all niggas out there  
Getting your weight up hitting them pushups and shit  
But how many y'all getting y'all smoke up properly  
You know hittin them kush ups  
Puff puff pass nigga,  
Project Pat  
Nasty mad bump beat, let's go,  
Hood rich

(Hook)

Puff, puff, puff, pass  
Puff, puff, puff, pass  
Puff, puff, puff, pass  
Puff, puff, puff, pass  
We doing kush ups, we doing kush ups  
Puff, puff, puff, pass  
We doing kush ups, we doing kush ups  
Puff, puff, puff, pass  
We doing kush ups, we doing kush ups  
Puff, puff, puff, pass  
We doing kush ups, we doing kush ups  
Puff, puff, puff, pass

(Verse)

Smoking so much kush it got my forehead sweating,  
whoa  
Relay blunts, passing like batons smoking what I do  
Fell off in the kush session, tear out I was through  
You got candid good on deck I need a zip I'm coming  
through  
Smoking back to back like rastas do, eating pasta too  
Ain't no flexin, see these papers and these swishers we  
ran through  
Smoking gram after gram, cheech and chong session  
hoe  
Blowing kush up in the gym, aka the studio  
I get UFO high ET kush, purple Cali what I love to smoke

I buy it by the bush  
I love the lemon sour d, blue dream that's the purp  
I'm so loud in the room but I ain't said a word

(Hook)

Puff, puff, puff, pass  
Puff, puff, puff, pass  
Puff, puff, puff, pass  
Puff, puff, puff, pass  
We doing kush ups, we doing kush ups  
Puff, puff, puff, pass  
We doing kush ups, we doing kush ups  
Puff, puff, puff, pass  
We doing kush ups, we doing kush ups  
Puff, puff, puff, pass  
We doing kush ups, we doing kush ups  
Puff, puff, puff, pass

(Verse)

I'm fucking round with my trill niggas  
My real niggas, my boys  
But y'all niggas are burnt up, we turned up like noise  
He pulling up them toys, we drop the tops on sight  
With that big real and that 5th wheel, you know we  
supertight  
They timer in the night, boy you know we packing that  
loud  
Walking to aroma them weed heads  
We still stand out in the crowd  
They know go up in the air, they looking out for that  
scent  
Just look for me that trill OG, we in here getting dead  
That's just how I represent, nothing but that PA in me  
And you ain't got to ask who keep that good player it's  
in me  
I've been twisting them sweets, I've been breaking that  
good down  
Been bleeding these streets  
Niggas we've been burning this hood down, hold up

(Hook)

Puff, puff, puff, pass  
Puff, puff, puff, pass  
Puff, puff, puff, pass  
Puff, puff, puff, pass  
We doing kush ups, we doing kush ups  
Puff, puff, puff, pass  
We doing kush ups, we doing kush ups  
Puff, puff, puff, pass  
We doing kush ups, we doing kush ups  
Puff, puff, puff, pass

We doing kush ups, we doing kush ups  
Puff, puff, puff, pass

(Verse)

Puff, puff, puff, pass  
My weed louder than a fucking marching band  
Most of you niggas be smoking on that garbage man  
My weed stay stinkin, just like some garbage man  
Look, I'm blowing on that blue dream  
Heya got me high, I call it turnip green  
Look I'm working out, on them zig zags  
5 doobies in rotation, that's a plane crash  
I got a bad bitch with me and she blowing weed  
The next thing you know, she was blowing me  
I swear she a wolf man  
She huffed and puffed, and blew me down, dang!

(Hook)

Puff, puff, puff, pass  
Puff, puff, puff, pass  
Puff, puff, puff, pass  
Puff, puff, puff, pass  
We doing kush ups, we doing kush ups  
Puff, puff, puff, pass  
We doing kush ups, we doing kush ups  
Puff, puff, puff, pass  
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Puff, puff, puff, pass

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