

Hookah

Tyga

Baby pass me the hookah
Baby pass me the hookah
Baby pass me the hookah
Aye, baby just pass me the hoo-kah cause Tearing up the place
I'm a rich nigga got Chanel on my waist
Run up on me playin' I'mma aim it at ya face
And that go for anybody, anyway, aye
I'm a rich blood by the way
And I'm having swag, Rollie old like a tape
Fish scale, yeah I got these bitches on the bait
Don't wanna talk, man I said I need some space
My new car geeked up
I just paid a cop, now I'm running out if court
Panoramic top, I'mma put it on the rocks
Crawl, walk and hop, got all these bitches shocked, ayee
Stone molly whiter than my socks
I don't wanna talk if it ain't 'bout guap
Clowning, clowning yall niggas I see you flop
I buy pints by the 2 no Pac
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Aye, baby just pass me the hoo-kah cause
Baby pass me the hookah, ayee
Baby pass me the hookah, ayee
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Pass the hookah
Pass the hookah
Rubbin' on my chain blowing cloudmatic
Smoke something with a G and bend that ass backwards
Lay back relax and talk mathematics
Later on we test a little sex practice
Write my name on the wall
Money in the mattress bet she wanna get involved
She hopped on the blunt said 'Where the hookah y'all?
I tell her pass back if the shit too strong
It's all set; Mozart art on the blog so wet
I got her where I want her and I ain't done yet
Looking at your future baby put down the cigarette
Come hop on this kush jet and take flight

Tell them bitches 'mmm fuck that'
You with Aladdin, bet I got a magic carpet for that ass yes
I'm also on one, got two Olsen's on me
Big homie, Young Thugger Thugger rolling
Rolls Royce so shortyBaby pass me the hookah
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Pass the hookahBen Frank baddies in the Benz waggin'
You know she want a ride home hop on the band wagon
I got the chain saggy, you know that life lavish
Lifestyles like this gon' need magnums
Pass baby, welcome to rich class baby
You all Maybelline, with ya new Celine
Audemars on lean, cars on sheen
You white girl but black girl ghetto fly ting
It's verified, they ain't on your sea level
Watered eyes don't cry inhale and breath regular
My baby on it, high at the crack of dawn and
Body shape, figure 8 like Picasso draw ya
Oh yes I'm winnin', bling kingin', ring blingin'
Like like for no reason, let's get closer, closed in
Remove your clothes we close friends
Don't get choked smoking OG Oakland
Shout out OaklandBaby pass me the hookah
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Songwriters

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