

Pass The Dutch (Prod. By Chase N. Cashe)

Young Money

Too many women, and not enough time
I'm a cool cat, but I'm on life nine.
Pimping ain't dead cause I be the life line
And I don't buy the bar cause it don't sell white wine
Gon' let that light shine
Ballin' for a life time
Smoking on a nice pine,
Weezy baby flight flyin'
You can call him your husband
Call me at night time
And even though women change
I will always like dimes
And yeah I'm quite fine,
But shawty much finer
And I just get behind her
And smack it like E Honda
And please don't hate on me
When you see me with Kiana
Cause she wilder than Nirvana
And colder than your honor
Holla at your boy manana
Maybach come wit' a recliner
Run up on it and shit will get uglier than an iguana
This is only a reminder it's Young Money don't forget it
And I'm Weezy F Baby you might find it on a titty
Would you Pass me the dutch with cha left hand
I got the whole club nodding like the 'yes man'
I'm in my polo Tee, Gucci sweat pants
She on a Jubilee call me the X-man Pa-pa-pass me the dutch with cha left hand
I got the whole club nodding like the 'yes man'
I'm in my polo Tee, Gu-Gucci sweat pants
She on a Jubilee call me the X-man Chilling with my possi
Bout to calls some ladies over
Tell em this is Y-M-E so when you come you cant leave sober
You would think she came with buttons by the way that I control her
Put her on a tab now she rolling like a baby stroller
I'm the freshest niggas seen
Whippin' in my jeans
Shoot ya lights out I'm like Redick with the beam

Life's a game of chess, and I'm headed for your queen
Now my stomach and my thighs
What a head is in between (ew)
And she wetter than a stream, I drink medicine to lean
Keep a cup in my hand like I'm begging for some cheese
I fall off in the party

Yeah I'm kinda tardy but if I hated she'll be ridin' on 'em like a Harley
Look you call it getting married, I call it acting selfish
My belt got G's on it like a Packers helmet
And I'm a hit it if you bring your girl around
But the weed is like my collar cause I might just turn it down
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She on a Jubilee call me the X-manOkay tool on deck (deck)
I'm new born fresh (fresh)
I knock your friends down (down)
And you going next (ha)
Young money fly
Nigga all the bitches after me

Murder in the bed and you gonna be my next casualty
Automatic stick, but I give it to her manually
I'm giving dick all year round and you can get it annually
Styrofoam feel
With a strawberry fan-a-treat

Leaning I'm a need a kick stand to stay on my feet
Get out ma bid'nness like I kicked ya out my office
I ain't worried about the price, I'm more concerned with offer
Fresh to death like I got dressed in the coffin
With a party in my pocket
Blue and red dolphins
I'm high as a motherfucker
Let me do my thing bitch I'm doing me
And your girl doing the same shit
I'm in the car getting head
As I lane switch,

Do-Double G I do my thang bitchPass me the dutch with cha left hand
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She on a Jubilee call me the X-manUh, OK I told you catch up

Did you make a mill yet?

I cant predict how many of 'em I could still get

October own that's such a fuckin' real set

No tats but the ink on my money still wet.

Life is such a beach, its sandy all around me

I came here with young money man, that's family all around me

I'm in my living room and I got Grammy's all around me

And famous bitches doing nose candy all around me.

Welcome to the life

The life that's meant for me

My Bentley has a tint so you got to squint to see

I holla'd at your girl that's when she went with me

But please don't blame yourself cause it just wasn't meant to be

They say I'm one of the illest

That's just off from first impression

And my cards always accepting

I don't deal well with rejection

I look in the dictionary

And don't see the word recession

I don't smoke in public

But tonight I'll make an exception so justPass me the dutch with cha left hand

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Songwriters

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