

Hookah

Tyga

Thug
Baby pass me the hookah
Didn't describe
Baby pass me the hookah
I'mma make love
Baby pass me the hookah
Baby just pass me the hookah

Tearing up the place
I'm a rich nigga got Chanel on my waist damn
Run up on me playing I'mma aim it at ya face
And that go for anybody anyway
I'm a rich blood by the way
And I have a swag Rollie old like a tape
Fish scale, yeah I got these bitches on the bait damn
Don't wanna talk, man I said I need some space damn
My new car geeked up
I just paid a cop, now I'm running out of court
Panoramic top, I'mma put it on the rocks
Crawl, walk and hop, got all of these bitches shocked
Stone molly whiter than my socks
I don't, I don't wanna talk if it ain't 'bout guap
Clown, clone a young nigga and still flop
I buy pints by the 2 no Pac

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Rubbing 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 block 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 em 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 shorty

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Ben 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 breathe 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 Oakland

Baby, pass me the hookah
Baby, pass me the hookah
Baby, pass me the hookah
Aye, baby, just pass me the hookah
Baby, pass me the hookah, aye
Baby, pass me the hookah, aye
Baby, pass me the hookah
Pass me the hookah, pass the hookah, pass the hookah
For all my bitches that smoke hookah