

Bottles & Up (Thug Da Club)

Benzino

Yeah, yeah Storch
That's what I'm talkin' about, my nigga
Bottles & up, BS what up, nigga?
Bottles & up, no's and G's know

Bottles in the air, middle fingers to the sky
My niggas don't dance 'cause we all gettin' high
Semi in the waist, two-steppin' on the side
Keep gettin' money till the day that I die

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The club, shorty what get buck
The club, real G's roll up
The club, fight it out get drunk
The club, act wild, tear it up

Introduc'in' the nemesis, you've heard of me
Into the rebel, the legend, the rock the party took me to a new level
I'm a bad motherfucka, stoned colored, illuminatin'
Roll up to the joint and the girls love it, the niggas hate it

Unstoppable, position myself to get cheddar
Incredible with these lyrics, I'm only gettin' better
I'm on a sour, my niggas, we poppin' vouf man
Don't want no bottles for niggas, you 'bout to lose, man

Buyin' bottles for brodies, you know it's nothin', dawg
Crush you something later fo sho, she breakin' somethin' off
Soon as zino step through the door she got it jumpin' off
Grab your chick and head to the floor, I'm callin' all the dawgs

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This one's for my niggas got felonies, we's haulin' at the bar
Throwin' Hypno and Henesie, she fuckin' with the hulk
We continue to roll and blow the best trees
Puff an ounce in the club, lookin' for sour D's

Plus downin' bottles of bub like it was ice tea, only bottles & up
That's if you like me, you got keys (?)

Fellin' lucky like a Celtics clover, lil' spit, lil' flip
Now the game is over, I'm on a mission ain't finished until I'm done

Make the crowd move wild like I'm bustin' the gun
Everybody hallucinatin', somebody set it off
You're callin' security, now it's

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(Bottles & up)

Apologies are never accepted, I'm on another level
Probably try to get me arrested because I'm so ghetto
So many victims of homicide accountable for only thorough niggas
Who want to ride or die with me

Poured a bottle out for homies who ain't here
Incarcerated niggas with numbers be gettin' mad years
I'm number 34, beyond all the glory
I'm the truth like the 'E! True Hollywood Stories', nigga

Zino king of the city, I'm 'bout to lock it down
Silly rap get smacked, let's get it poppin' now
Big dawg and I dop it the best
I'm in the club with a code million debt on my chest

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Bottles & up
Boston get it poppin'
Bottles & up
MIA get it poppin'

Bottles & up
New York get it poppin'
Ounces & up
LA get it poppin'

Bottles & up
Philadelphia get it poppin'
Bottles & up
ATL keep it poppin'

Bottles & up
Chi-Town get it poppin'
Ounces & up

Zino, uggy what up nigga
(Bottles & up)
Yeah
(Bottles & up)