

Bottles Up

Busta Rhymes

All my real party people
Stand on them couches right now
Put your bottles up
Busta Rhymes, Big Ali New York City, R-Wan
Sparkles in the air...

Watch out, ma, you're in the danger zone
Just gimme the ass or leave me alone
Just do what I ask or you could go home
Shorty gettin' fast with me, I get nasty and groan
She with everything she love now I keep it good
Lickin' her mac lip gloss smellin' like cocoa butter
We in the corner where it's dark like close the shutter
Mamma thirsty and she want me to put it on her
It surely started on my own
She acting like I'm moving like she's takin' me home
Baby got horny on me once she saw my cologne
Now she wild up on me and she tryna sip a [?] of Patrón
You sip on my Cîroc while I'm all in the zone
Shorty bangin' lookin' like a young Nina Simone
I check it
She might already know how to act, go ahead
Open it up for me
Let me blow out your back...

Put them bottles up...

What's up girl, let's get throwed
After the club, I take you home
But for now, here's some Patrón, Avión, [?], it's on
Shots, shots, shots, take it, damn it's hot
Let's get naked, let's get wasted
No ice, that's for watches, chains, braces
Bottles to ace, so many spades in the place
They callin' me Pokerface
Light up the place just like the sun in your face
You gon' need a pair of shades
To block all the glare
Sparkles high in the air, just to be perfectly clear
We raise the bar, then we buy it, buy it
Bottles up, let's start a riot, tipsy...

Put them bottles up...