

# Bottle Girl

Dom Corleo

I'm fucked up at the club, on my own  
Where the fuck the bottle girl?  
Where she at?

On the highway, take that road (Yeah)  
Yeah, I'm driving real slow  
Understand I can't lose control (Whoa)  
On the runway with my pole (Pole)  
On the runway, I get fly (Whoa)  
And it don't matter 'bout my clothes (It don't matter 'bout my clothes)  
And it's gas what I fuckin' smoke (Smoke)  
Yeah, this gas what I fuckin' blow (Gas what I fuckin' blow)  
And my dick what the fuck she blow (Blow)  
Go fly overseas and link my bro (Go overseas with my bro)  
Yeah, I'm overseas smokin' dro (Yeah)  
On a boat, it's a bottle show  
Yeah, where the fuck the bottle girl? (Yeah)

Come and tell her pour me up (Phew)  
Heh, 'cause I ain't frontin' 'bout no girl (I ain't frontin' 'bout no girl)  
I'm coming for the fuckin' world  
Bitch, I'ma fuckin' rule the world (Whoa)  
Yeah, I got the world up in my hands  
I go and hit my money dance (Whoa)  
I count up all these fuckin' bands  
I counted up, I'm in the penthouse with my shorty counting my advance  
I ain't even sign no big shit, but I'm big bitch, hit my stance  
Yeah, ballin' on 'em, Yao Ming (Ballin')  
Yeah, I'm the shit, yeah, me (I'm the shit)  
Yeah, put it up like I'm Kareem (Yeah)  
Yeah, I'm hooping, living out my dream (Yeah)  
And I just poured me up some drank (I just poured me up some drank)  
And I just walked up in the bank (Yeah)  
And I just rolled me up a Backwood (I just rolled me up a Backwood)  
Yeah, I'm smokin' up on that stank (Yeah)  
I'm blowin' cookie in they face (Whoa)  
The lil' cutie give me face (Yeah)  
I'm puffin' zooties in they face (Zooties in they face)  
I'm a dog and I'm out my cage (Yeah)  
I swear this shit is so insane  
'Cause they ain't ready for this shit (They ain't ready for it)  
The way I'm finna hit the game  
Yeah, the way I'm finna up my name

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Yeah, where the fuck the bottle girl?  
Ah-ah