

Bottles

Slim Thug

Bottles on me
Bottles on me, long as someone drink it

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We bring the party to the club, got our own bank with
[?] off the roof
And I'm still shining like a diamond tooth
Used to rock them hoes in old way
Me and my niggas never been fake
I guess this my first song with Drake
But he don't know we on that mama stake
I fuck with cake, fuck with bread
If you ain't bout that to me you dead
Ain't worried bout you, worried bout you
Cause we ain't never heard about you, heard about you

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Ace of Spades by the case
Patron shots to my motherfucking fakes
Pineapple ciroc got bitches gone
Them gangster bitches like that brown, that's that strong
Plenty hennessy, duce, e don't play
Send a couple bottles to the DJ
Everyday I'm on my grind gettin' it
While y'all boys be bullshittin' with it
Party bus 40 deep
39 bitches and it's me
I know they mad, I know they mad
Bitch we still acting bad

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I just wanna get fucked up
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And fuck one of you bad bitches that's south in my section
So fucked up ain't reached for protection
[?] and I bust then
Told her she so bad let's have twins
Cause she a twin, two bad bitches
I try to stay away from you sad bitches
Are you mad, bitches cause they talking this and that
Give me my money from my motherfucking bottles back

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