

# Poppin Bottle

Styles P

Yea, pop that bottle my nigga  
Yo pass that dust my nigga  
Fuck that, let's light this shit up  
Put your ice on my nigga you look good  
Watch out for them stick up kids though  
Shit's going down, ya dig?

Popping the bottles, sight full of dogs (puff puff pass)  
The club look dark like nigga  
Pull out the ice bright nigga  
But watch for the stick up kids right in the cup  
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Yea, ice over a thousand thou  
You poppin' bottles and blowin' loud  
You throwin' it up, you summer style  
LV everything, brand new age up  
Low a homie sure it came with the safe belt  
Cause the jap boys, 'bout to make this ice melt  
Pretty pictures all over you  
When you leave the club, shit is all over for you  
They be stashed between the Benz and the Rover for you  
They ain't even get that drunk, they stay sober for you  
See that bitch he was dancing' with?  
Gassed you up on some you was looking handsome shit  
And now they got you on some real and some shit  
You gon die if you don't motherfuckin' answer shit  
A pretty bitch with the jack boy girlfriend  
I see money and bitches that make your world end

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You need to ring the bells, you get mad though  
Got the cars and the bitches, niggas the clap though  
You connected over the map though  
Niggas in the hood know that you be getting crack though  
You want that label, you boss nigga  
You can put 'em on or get 'em off nigga  
You can sell 'em hard or sell 'em soft nigga  
The first minute you slip, you off nigga  
The corpse nigga  
Would about six feet deep or popping bottles in the hood spot  
Coming through with a good chain, good watch  
She'da wore a goodie and a Glock in the G shop  
Cause the B's pop and the C's pop  
I'm all good, it's the OG from D block  
Watch when you party and you shine on 'em

Stick up kids with bodies and they got 9's on 'em

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