

## Models & Bottles

Twista

Drinks up in the air  
To the sky, ain't tellin' what going on tonight  
Drinks up in the air  
For the realest nigga livin' tonight  
Damn keys, they goin'  
They won't turn up  
Know all them bad bitches, they love me  
Well them drinks is on us  
They all can't help it  
Models, actresses and bottles  
Bro, chillin' with my niggas  
Models, actresses and bottles

It's a celebration  
Throw 'em up if you're a mission  
Put your hands in the air  
Wave 'em like you just don't care  
You went from rags to riches and I get it cause you on  
Partyin' like you ain't never had nothin'  
Middle fingers in the sky for the haters  
You ain't never really been up on my level so don't try to holla  
When you see me ridin' out of Vegas, whew  
Cause I be poppin' the bottles because I'll be able  
Just look at my table  
There's nothin' but models and nothin' but dollars  
Lookin' at momma  
She wanna holla, she wanna follow, she wanna swallow, whew  
After the fee fee  
I got insta plans, she wanna see me  
I gain insta fans when I be me  
I'm on Instagram in a GT  
What? That's right  
I'mma fuck with her for the night  
I don't give a fuck what you like  
I'm up in the club but I'm right  
Let her know that we are the family  
We on the pedigree, we are celebrities  
And you know I'm smokin' weed and I'm ready  
Like I be at the Grammys, the party is heavy  
And I got the fetti  
And I'm off a Xanny and she got the panties

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Okay I walk up in the club, I be fresh to death  
All black, dressed to kill

Bumpin' on my hip? Baby that's the steel  
Bitches so I keep that concealed  
And that .45 got a lotta kickback  
When it go click-clack  
Make a nigga get back  
Shawty in the red dress, make her ass clap  
Take her to the back cause I'm tryna hit that  
Lil chick wanna be a model, ay  
Took her to the back, made her swallow  
And I just bought 20 bottles  
The Rosé got me goin' full throttle  
She know a young nigga got a check, check, check  
Condos sittin' on my neck, neck, neck  
25 racks sittin' in my right pocket  
Some tight jeans, Bibby can't dress like that

Wherever we go, niggas follow  
I go be with killers and robbers  
.40, filled up them hollows  
We gon' clap like Apollo  
On and on, can't help it  
All of these bitches, I share 'em  
All of my niggas is thugs

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