

Gold Bottles

Young Jeezy

Yeah, yeah
You know what this is nigga?
When this shit come on in the club, awoooo

ARs over here, they pop like gold bottles
47s over here, they pop like gold bottles
Ain't no bitches in the section, you got no bottles
Nigga we winnin' over here, we poppin' gold bottles
Tell me why my wrist look like them gold bottles
Shit around my neck look like some gold bottles
One thing about them ho, they love them gold bottles
Extendos for my foes they pop like gold bottles

Motherfuck all ya'll niggas, yeah, ya'll thought I was over
Give a fuck about this rap shit, really done it with soda
Got me booked in your city, then that's one happy promoter
Give a fuck if it Dade County, B-more, or Dakota
My nigga told me to cook it, yeah you know it was over
See I didn't wait no time, I went and whipped me a Rover
Heavy in that new pussy just like a new Maserati
Talkin' wax on wax off just like I'm Mr. Miyagi
Don't make us light up that Benz boy like that scene off of Belly
Run with them lunatics, Derrty Ent. like they Nelly
I spent a mil on my hood, I'm like fuck a Bugatti
But when you get your first mil they think that you Illuminati

ARs over here, they pop like gold bottles
47s over here, they pop like gold bottles
Ain't no bitches in the section, you got no bottles
Nigga we winnin' over here, we poppin' gold bottles
Tell me why my wrist look like them gold bottles
Shit around my neck look like some gold bottles
One thing about them ho, they love them gold bottles
Extendos for my foes they pop like gold bottles

Fuckin' em like a scene I got my balls and my word
Only thing that we celebrate is the first and the third
No jeans True Religion
Five piece new edition
I moved them shifts like magician
Then went and copped new edition
Them bucket full on my table
Park them shit like I'm Jabo
My nigga move when I say so
Chi-chi don't forget the yayo
I'm in my spaceship on bankhead, told that bitch I'm on Fabo
I want that heavenly head, I told her get me that halo
If it's ever an issue, that big gone blow like a whistle
If you come in my section tonight your nigga gone miss you
Aisle three off in Publix, that boy was holdin' the bread
Had to call that boy flipper that left a hole in his head

ARs over here, they pop like gold bottles
47s over here, they pop like gold bottles
Ain't no bitches in the section, you got no bottles
Nigga we winnin' over here, we poppin' gold bottles
Tell me why my wrist look like them gold bottles

Shit around my neck look like some gold bottles
One thing about them ho, they love them gold bottles
Extendos for my foes they pop like gold bottles