Pop Rose

Trey Songz

[Intro: Drake]I can buy it all out
But this the only shit that I sip though
So tell 'em bring the waitress
And I won't even ask what it in...volve
Just send it to the bar like (like)
Send it to the bar like (like)
Send it to the bar like (like)
Like them niggas over there wanna...
[Hook: Drake]Pop Rose' (Hey... ay ay)
Pop Rose' (Hey... ay ay)
Pop Rose' (Hey... ay ay)
Pop Rose'
[Verse 1: Drake]Uh... They say you get paid when you think ahead
Valentine's Day girl, all you see is pink and red
[Trey Songz:]Eeeyup!
[Verse 1: Drake]And everything is on me
Rose' spade, to the '96 Don P
Hang around us, and I bet you
Will get to stunt on whoever ya sittin' next to
You put 'em all on, and watch 'em run with it
And then wait for whatever's next when I'm done with it
And niggas show hate, period
It's like they all pregnant, they late, period
Yeah... and shit's all good
The deal got signed and my split's all good
And some people pretendin' that it's all good
Say that shit in person man I wish ya'll would
Yeah I told you I partied with Azuka
I'll let them other niggas Grey Goose ya,
Cause we about to...
[Trey Songz:]Eeeyup!
[Hook: Trey Songz]Pop Rose'
Pop Rose' (Ooooh!)
Pop Rose' (Ooooh!)
Pop Rose'

[Verse 2: Trey Songz]If your beat gets released then I'm a take it
If your girl is a freak, then I'm her favorite
Got my partner with me, this is a replacement

Who do it like I do? You tellin' a lie fool
Leave the beat dead, all read like Piru
Been around the world, all girls like fly dudes
You a herb, get on her nerves like flies do
You need more girls, go call my manager
Two, three, four more, sure, we can handle ya
Gimme e'rythang I want, don't mess my order up
And her ass on point so my homie brought her up
Ma passed me the blunt, then I told her pour it up
In a flash we was gone, and you know I tore it up
Breast, ass, silicone, sex hot as Florida
South Beach, mouthpiece could swallow a Porterhouse
Yup, it get nasty, then I get gully
Grab the coochie, then the Gucci skully
A whole pack of rubbers, then I burned rubber
You cuddle undercovers, tellin' her you love her
When it come to verses, swear that I'm perfect
Murder in the first it's chllin in the hearses
Worthless, singing off key on purpose
We gon' pop, fuck urban (Ooooh!)
[Trey Songz:]Eeeyup!
[Hook: Trey Songz]Pop Rose' (Ooooh!)
Pop Rose' (Fa Sho... Ooooh!)
Pop Rose' (Fa Sho... Ooooh!)
Pop Rose'
[Trey Songz:]Eeeyup!
[Bridge: Drake]Are you drunk? I'm faded too
When you get money they just hate on you
But, fuck them, there's all these ladies in my view
So I buy out baby
[Trey Songz:]Eeeyup!
[Drake:]Buy out baby
Buy out baby
Buy out baby...

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