

Pop Champagne (Ft.Ron Browz & Juelz Santana)

Jim Jones

Ether boy! Hey! How we ball in the club I know you hate it
Mami dancing on the floor all like she naked
When she lay down with you I know she fake it
All the girls give it to me I ain't gotta take it
Oh! Pop champagne!
Oh! Pop champagne!
Oh! We pop champagne!

Oh! We pop champagne! We need more bottles tell ma hurry up
Tell 'em Ron Browz here hottest in America
Gimme sixteen bars and you know I tear it up
Know it's me when you see this fur in your area
And she call me all night cause you can get it up
On my neck on my wrist everything is litted up
Drinking bottles of that Clique 'till I spit it up
Only get one life so you gotta live it up
(Hey!) If you in the things I'm in

Shorty we can be friends, shorty we can be friends
Right now, I wanna see you dance, see you dance
I wanna see you dance, see you dance
I wanna see you dance, see you dance

I wanna see you dance, see you dance When I go to the dealer you know I cop that (What's that?)
Brand new 'rari and the roof drop back (The 60)
Came through Harlem like the Rooftop back

Money in the bank man you know don't stop that (Stop that stop that stop that!)
(Oh!) Now we trying to get up in the club
(Oh!) Try to tell me no cause I'm rolling with the thugs
(We got money bitch!) Until I flash a couple of dollars (Yep!)
Tell 'em we only want tables and we buying out the bottles
(Oh!) Y'all know the order
Tell 'em ten Rose's and a few cold waters (Right!)
Only Petron and a couple of lemons (Let's go)
Ten thousand dollars stuffed up in the denims (What else)
We standing on couches, a couple of women (Hey baby)
We was balling hard it was just the ninth inning (Early)
He told shorty we could be friends (Yep)
And your friends could meet with my friends (What else)
And we could do this on the weekend or on the weekday
We could do this on the freeway and get in the freak way
Shit! We could get in on three way (Oh)

Blackberry two way, souped up cars on the thruway (Yep)

We superstars no Lupe, we could do this like a duet

But y'all be the singers on the mic, wait let me dim the lights

This was in the car while I was stopping at the lightHow we ball in the club I know you hate it

Mami dancing on the floor all like she naked

When she lay down with you I know she fake it

All the girls give it to me I ain't gotta take it

Oh! Pop champagne!

Oh! Pop champagne!

Oh! We pop champagne!

Oh! We pop champagne!Baby I wanna see you work (Go) See you dance (Go)

Without no shirt, without those pants

Pop champagne ain't a damn thing change

Spray it in the air make it champagne rain

Buckets of ice keep the champagne cool

Mami got a body see that damn thing move

It's no sex in the champagne room

Says who? Baby I'll break all rules

Bring it here and I'll break off you

She see me in V.I.P. and wanna break on through

When she with you she lyin' but she fake it

When she with me she like it she never fake itI wanna see you dance, see you dance

I wanna see you dance, see you dance

I wanna see you dance, see you dance

I wanna see you dance, see you danceHow we ball in the club I know you hate it

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Songwriters

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