

# 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 'rarri 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 light 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! 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 it 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 How we ball in the club I know you hate it  
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Songwriters

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