

# Beer Bottle Up

## Afroman

(Laughing)

Yeah,

Comeon Homeboy, Turn it up

Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh Buch-ach x2

Afroman, Double H, Double C

Double OG, Checking in the double tree

Colt 45, No Bubbley

Cops give me trouble, but they still don't trouble me

Hit the lights, read my rights

Fly somewhere, anywhere, anywhere, I really don't care

Run up in the club, grab me a woman (Oh)

Waitress keep them drinks 'a coming (burp)

Hah, easy come easy go, fuck what you talking bout?

I don't know, Shutup bitch, I'm in my own zone

Turn the music up, and leave me alone

Put your hands up if you're with me (ooh)

Tell the bartender, 'a hit me (Buch-ach!)

(Chorus 2x)

Take shots to the head, pick em up, put em down (uh)

You know tomorrow morning, your head's gonna pound (Oh)

But tonight, since you don't care, put your beer bottle in the air

(Chorus 2x)

The hungry hustler, Afroman, That fool Raule

Fatso and Matt Payne, Drinking brew

Drinking brew, taking blunts to the brain

Palms in the air, cause it's a Palmdale thang

Everybody in the crowd, put your beer in the air (uh)

If you're real short, stand up in a chair (uh)

If you ain't quite, fucked up yet, smoke you a newport cigarette

Keep a beer, in your hand, take a swig every chance you can

If you feel the urge, go ahead and burp, chill for a minute

Then take a slurp, Drink slow homie, don't want the bottle

To get all foamy, moving, grooving, jumping around

Bottle in the air, chugging it down.

(Chorus 2x)

Take shots to the head, pick em up, put em down (uh)

You know tomorrow morning, your head's gonna pound (Oh)

But tonight, since you don't care, put your beer bottle in the air

(Chorus 2x)

Throw it in the trash, drop it on the ground

Stagger to the bar, get another round

If you got alot of money, than share

I'm sure another alcoholic will care

Smoke a sweet, to the beat, if it's good

Put it on the beat, gotta have alot fun before you get too old

Lock the door, to your room, drown everybody out with the boom

Stereo blasting loud as hell, cellphone calls go to your voicemail

Take a little time out for yourself

Cause Afroman is good for your health

(Chorus 2x)

Take shots to the head, pick em up, put em down (uh)

You know tomorrow morning, your head's gonna pound (Oh)

But tonight, since you don't care, put your beer bottle in the air

(Chorus 2x)

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