Gold Bottles

Jeezy

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

ARs over here, they pop like gold bottles
47s over here, they pop like gold bottles
Ain't no bitches in your 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 bottlesMotherfuck all y'all niggas, yeah, y'all 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 Rova
Heavy in that new pussy just like a new Maserati
Talkin' wax on wax off just like I'm Mr. Miyagi
Don't make her light up that big boy like that scene off of Belly
Run with them lunatics, dirty and G 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 IlluminatiARs over here, they pop like gold bottles
47s over here, they pop like gold bottles
Ain't no bitches in your 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 bottlesFuckin' '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 shits like magician
Then went and copped new edition
Them bucket full on my table

Pop them shit like I'm Jaybo
My nigga move when I say so
Chichi don't forget the yayo
I'm in my spaceship on Bank Head, told that bitch I'm on fable
I want that heavenly head, I told her get me that halo
If it's ever a issue, that big gone blow like a whistle
If you come in my section tonight your nigga gone miss you
Off three off in public, that boy was holdin' the bread
Had to call that boy Flipper they left a hole in his headARs over here, they pop like gold bottles
47s over here, they pop like gold bottles
Ain't no bitches in your 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

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/