

# 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 bottles  
Motherfuck 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 Illuminati  
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47s over here, they pop like gold bottles  
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One thing about them ho, they love them gold bottles  
Extendos for my foes they pop like gold bottles  
Fuckin' '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 head  
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