

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

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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 head
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