

# Pop Rose (Feat. Trey Songz)

## Drake

[Intro: Drake]

I can buy it all out

But this the only shit that I sip though

So tell 'em bring the waitress

And I won't even ask what it is, no

Just send it to the bar like (like)

Send it to the bar like (like)

Send it to the bar like (like)

Like them niggas over there wanna...[Hook: Drake]

Pop Rose' (Hey... ay ay)

Pop Rose' (Hey... ay ay)

Pop Rose' (Hey... ay ay)

Pop Rose'[Verse 1: Drake]

Uh... They say you get paid when you think ahead

Valentine's Day girl, all you see is pink and red[Trey Songz:]

Eeeyup![Verse 1: Drake]

And everything is on me

Rose' spade, to the '96 Don P

Hang around us, and I bet you

Will get to stunt on whoever ya sittin' next to

You put 'em all on, and watch 'em run with it

And then wait for whatever's next when I'm done with it

And niggas show hate, period

It's like they all pregnant, they late, period

Yeah... and shit's all good

The deal got signed and my split's all good

And some people pretendin' that it's all good

Say that shit in person man I wish ya'll would

Yeah I told you I partied with Azuka

I'll let them other niggas Grey Goose ya,

Cause we about to...[Trey Songz:]

Eeeyup![Hook: Trey Songz]

Pop Rose'

Pop Rose' (Ooooh!)

Pop Rose' (Ooooh!)

Pop Rose'[Verse 2: Trey Songz]

If your beat gets released then I'm a take it

If your girl is a freak, then I'm her favorite

Got my partner with me, this is a replacement

Who do it like I do? You tellin' a lie fool  
Leave the beat dead, all read like Piru  
Been around the world, all girls like fly dudes  
You a herb, get on her nerves like flies do  
You need more girls, go call my manager  
Two, three, four more, sure, we can handle ya  
Gimme e'rythang I want, don't mess my order up  
And her ass on point so my homie brought her up  
Ma passed me the blunt, then I told her pour it up  
In a flash we was gone, and you know I tore it up  
Breast, ass, silicone, sex hot as Florida  
South Beach, mouthpiece could swallow a Porterhouse  
Yup, it get nasty, then I get gully  
Grab the coochie, then the Gucci skully  
A whole pack of rubbers, then I burned rubber  
You cuddle undercovers, tellin' her you love her  
When it come to verses, swear that I'm perfect  
Murder in the first it's chillin in the hearses  
Worthless, singing off key on purpose  
We gon' pop, fuck urban (Ooooh!)[Trey Songz:]  
Eeeyup![Hook: Trey Songz]  
Pop Rose' (Ooooh!)  
Pop Rose' (Fa Sho... Ooooh!)  
Pop Rose' (Fa Sho... Ooooh!)  
Pop Rose'[Trey Songz:]  
Eeeyup![Bridge: Drake]  
Are you drunk? I'm faded too  
When you get money they just hate on you  
But, fuck them, there's all these ladies in my view  
So I buy out baby[Trey Songz:]  
Eeeyup![Drake:]  
Buy out baby  
Buy out baby  
Buy out baby...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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