

Poppin Bottles (feat. Drake)

T.I.

My section in the club, Remy, Rose
When your maw ready say go, okay
Everybody pop a bottle, make that thing go "bow!"
Everybody pop a bottle, make that thing go "bow!" See him standing on the furniture doing his thing
Tell the club owner, fuck yo' crouch, Rick James, nigga
Pop a bottle, make that thing go "bow!"
Let her drink it 'til she drown, got a girl goin' wild, pop a bottle Bring the 1738 Champagne, the boss switch
Gettin' money, make it rain, buy a bottle, pop a cork
Dork, if I may retort
I ball just as hard tomorrow as the day before I pop bottles but I don't pour, save the glass for gash
We ballin' on a budget, fuck it, let your glasses rise
I'm straight to the head with mine, why you acting surprised?
Ask any ho who know me, all I do is smash and ride Buckets of bubbly, shake it up and let it splash in her eyes
Ain't no subtraction, only cash to divide, we gettin' money
Bank roll super-sized, whether rain, sleet, sunny
Let the good times roll and the bottle keep coming My section in the club, Remy, Rose
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Let her drink it 'til she drown, got a girl goin' wild, pop a bottle Yeah, okay, bring that shit to papa
I heard you talk 'bout other niggas, them other niggas no matter
The tag team back, bitch, boom shakalaka
Me and Weezy run this shit so bring me one soda and vodka And a Fiji for my nigga 'cause the police probably
watching
Man, probation is a bitch, but goin' back is not an option
We be sonnin' all these niggas, put they ass up for adoption
Man, we start with straight shots, then get the bottle poppin' We be working all night, telethon shit
Roll a super skinny one, Chanel Iman shit
Ooh, that's that fire, that's that "have you calm" shit
You with a lot of dudes, that's that Elton John shit Ahh, to each his own, I like a fruit that's grown
I like a bad bitch from a decent home
Me and Tip, it's that pimpin' that we preachin' on
And everybody tryin' to listen, nigga, speakerphone My section in the club, Remy, Rose
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I know the sucker wish the judge woulda threw
the book at me
'Cause I show up to the club, super cool, look at me
Everything brand new, you get money, like who?
Spent 150 on my car and my Audemar, too
When I walk up in the spot, ain't nobody saw you
They see me like, "There he go", look at you like, "Ahh, boo"
Bought every bottle at the bar, shawty, you know how I do
I take 'em all across your noggin', I ain't finna argue
I'm still big shit poppin', nothin' changed but my clothes
Triple digits in my pocket, rubber band bank roll
Tell a bitch I take you places where your man can't go
Can't be, he ain't doing shit, if he ain't me
Can't you see the difference 'tween us when I walk into the door?
Got twenty-thousand worth of ones, start letting that money go
Let it fly, throw some twenty when my one running low
Fifty stack, I'mma show you how to ball, triple that
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