

Models & Bottles (Boeystraat X Modulaw Remix)

Twista

Drinks up in the air
To the sky, ain't no tellin' what we gon' get on tonight
Drinks up in the air
For the realest nigga and bitches that's in here tonight
Damn, these hoes, they goin'
They just wanna turn up
Know all them bad bitches, they love me
Well, then drinks is on us
And on, been on, can't help it
Models, actresses and bottles
Were all chillin' with my niggas
Models, actresses and bottles It's a celebration bitches
Throw 'em up if you a mistress
Put your hands in the air
Wave 'em like you just don't care
You went from rags to riches and I get it 'cause you on
Partyin' like you ain't never had nothin'
Middle fingers in the sky for the haters
You ain't never really been up on my level so don't try to holla
When you see me ridin' out in Vegas, whew
'Cause I be poppin' the bottles because I'll be able
Just look at my table
There's nothin' but models and nothin' but dollars
Look at lil momma
She wanna holla, she wanna follow, she wanna swallow, whew
After the fefe
I got insta plans, she wanna see me
I gain insta fans when I be me
I'm on Instagram in a GT
What? That's right
I'mma fuck with her for the night
I don't give a fuck what you like
I'm up in the club but I'm right
Let her know that we are the family
We on the pedigree, we are celebrities
And you know I'm smokin' weed and I'm ready
Like I be at the Grammys, the party is heavy
And I got the fetti
And I'm off a Xanny and she got the panties Drinks up in the air

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Were all chillin' with my niggas
Models, actresses and bottles Okay I walk up in the club, I be fresh to death
All black, dressed to kill
Poking out my hip, baby that's the steel
Niggas snitches so I keep that concealed
And that .45 got a lotta kickback
When it go click-clack
Make a nigga get back
Shawty in the red dress, make her shit clap
Take her to the back 'cause I'm tryna hit that
Lil chick wanna be a model, ay
Took her to the back, made her swallow
And I just bought 20 bottles
The RosÃ© got me goin' full throttle
She know a young nigga got a check, check, check
Condos sittin' on my neck, neck, neck
25 racks sittin' in my right pocket
Some tight jeans, Bibby can't dress like that Wherever we go, hoes follow
I be with killers and robbers
.40, filled up them hollows
We gon' clap like Apollo
On, been on, can't help it
All of these bitches, I share 'em
All of my niggas is thugs
And they gon' do just what I tell 'em Drinks up in the air
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Songwriters

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