

Poppin Them Bottles (feat. Curren\$Y & Mack Maine)

Lil Wayne

Face up
No Ceilings, No Ceilings
No I'm standin' at a table full of choppas, nigga I'm sippin' on the maple, Aunt Jemima, nigga
And trust me, nigga, you don't want no drama, nigga
Cause I swear we all nuts, John Bobbitt, nigga
If you ain't got no skaters you ain't poppin', nigga
If you ain't got no skaters you ain't poppin', nigga
If you ain't got no skaters you ain't gnarly, nigga
Now you see us, we just skatin', you just fallin', nigga
She tryna put this money in a stocking
She kinda thick as fuck and got some knockers
My niggas really blood and you just spottin' We all over the bread like a sloppy joe
And when I'm in the pussy I'm a boss, knock her off
My enemy don't cross the line I draw, respect my art
Man I swear to God these pussies soft like a mark
Weezy, baby, diaper off, different cloth
Different thoughts, sippin' syrup like it's broth, life is short
Tart, fuck his bitch, whip his kids, drive his cars, fuck
I'm grindin', tryna stack a hundred commas
Just popped a combo, I ain't talkin' 'bout McDonald's
I'm standin' at a table full of choppas
I'm standin' in a Maybach cause it's topless
I'm standin' at a table full of options
Different bitches, different flavors, different toppings
And we ain't got no traitors in our posse
And really I'm just wavy and I'm saucy
And really I'm amazing and I'm awesome
My whole squad lit, nigga, arson
If you ain't got no skaters you ain't all in, nigga
If you ain't been to Vegas, you ain't party, nigga
Shout out to Lil Capito and Marley, nigga
I've been fuckin' with them since Atari, nigga
And me, I'm a lil 504, New Orleans, nigga
I be in 305, though like a Marlin, nigga
And Hoodie, he from Texas, bitches boppin', man
And since I met him, I ain't ran out of drank When we leave H-Town it's in a fish tank
Glass house Chevrolet, you can see everything
Bad bitches with cocaine nose rings
Get it with the real niggas and expose lames

Cold game got me in the Mo sane
Killin' these streets, audio drug slang
If you don't collect Ferraris you ain't poppin', nigga
You could learn Italian in my driveway, bitches
If it ain't OG I ain't coppin'
Don't smoke, we just throw it in the garbage
Them niggas ain't tough, we just talkin'
Outchea after dark, them niggas targets
Horror movie writer, I be with the monsters
Trill surround us, you might not make it out of
Phone calls in the morning say they found him
Whole hood wanna see what y'all gon' do about it
Rolled up on the front porch
At my grandma's house watchin' Blood Sport through the screen door
What you know about gunshots? Ever seen war?
I've really seen more than I talk 'bout, nigga
Stuntin' on streets you're scared to drive down
Our town, children be firin' live rounds
Hug the ground cause this shit gettin' serious
Fuck around, get killed unintentional
When I'm outchea eatin', nigga, Whole Foods
Rollin' up straight gas, fresh produce
I'm the guy that you go to, criminal smooth
Digital moves, triple the loot
Hopped on the phone, called the lot, "Gimme the coupe"
I thought it through, called back, told him, "Give me two"
That's what I do
If you ain't got no Daytons you ain't poppin' nigga
One time for my lowriders hoppin', nigga

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