Poppin' Bottles (Ft. Drake)

T.I.

Aye my section in the club, Remy, Rose
When you're all ready say go, okay
Everybody pop a bottle, make that thing go pop!
Everybody pop a bottle, make that thing go pop!
You see him standing on the furniture doing his thing
Tell the club owner, fuck yo' couch, Rick James nigga
Pop a bottle, make that thing go bloaw
Let her drink it till she drown
Atta girl gon' wild, pop a bottleBring the 1738 Champagne the boss
Watch ya 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 guys, 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 hoe who know me, all I do is smash and ride
Buckets of bubbly, shake it up and let it splash in the eyes
No subtraction, only cash to divide
We gettin' money, bank roll, super sized
Whether rain, sleet, sunny
Let the good times roll and the bottles keep comingMy section in the club, Remy, Rose
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Atta girl gon' wild, pop a bottleYeah, okay, bring that shit to poppa
I heard you talk bout other niggas
Them other niggas no matter
The tag team back bitch, boom shakalaka
Me and Weezy run this bitch so bring me one soda and vodka
And a fiji for my nigga cause the police probably watching
Man, probation is a bitch but going back is not an option
We be soning all these niggas, put there 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
Ah, to each his own, I like a fruit that's grown
I like a bad bitch from a decent home
Me and Tip, that's that pimpin' that we preachin' on
And everybody tryna listen nigga, speakerphoneMy section in the club, Remy, Rose
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Atta girl gon' wild, pop a bottleI know the sucker wish the judge 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 one fifty 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 "ah who?"
Bought every bottle at the bar
Shorty you know how I do
I take 'em all across your, I ain't finna argue
Still big shit poppin', nothing changed but my clothes
Triple digits in my pocket, rubber band bank roll
Tell the bitch I take you places where your man can't go
Can't be, he ain't doing shit, if he ain't me
Cant you see the difference between us when I walkin' to the door
Your twenty thousand worth of ones, start letting money go
Let it fly, throw some twenty when my one running wallet low
Fifty stack, I'ma show you how to ball, triple thatMy section in the club, Remy, Rose
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