

Champagne (feat. Juicy J)

[Chevy Woods](#)

All my niggas still getting money, okay
Still be in the whole ain't no damn thang changed
When We first met you I ain't had too much to say
Now we in this club and you all up in my face
Cuz you came in here to make the make off with champagne wishes New car when I pull up
Looking for some type of way my nigga pull up
They always talk about it, but do nothing
We got the whole club, my nigga do something
I'm talking all these bottles, I been trapped out with it
Cash out money, man plan lets get it
Man you can't talk about it if you ain't really with it
Had feelings on my mind, ton of shit I'm living
All this mothafucking high fashion on me
Gonna be tripping when we in here, slowly
Can't afford it when it come to action, on me
Keep cool, when the nigga around him, OG's
Baby heard you ready for the fight night
Kevin hart in that pussy go night night
Anything after this, that's what I like
And your girlfriend too, that's the highlight
She just wanna know where her Taylor Tell em broke ass niggas, no I can't do them boys no fucking favors
Then we be fucking, we crashing on wall, we waking up neighbors
They hate on a nigga cuz I'm not here counting up all this paper, ya know it
All my niggas still getting money, okay
Still be in the whole ain't no damn thang changed
When We first met you I ain't had too much to say
Now we in this club and you all up in my face
Cuz you came in here to make the make off with champagne wishes I'm a shooting star, go ahead and make a
wish
If ya ain't talking about no money, you ain't talking shit
Bad bitches, asking me to take a pick
We snap up, leave the club, then we make a flick
That's the shit my nigga don't babysit
Yellow diamonds looking like baby piss
Shawty pussy so wet I'ma take a dip
Smoking lettuce while I'm counting my chips
100 thousand dollars, nigga that's a paycheck
100 ace bottles, nigga that's a taste test
Parking lot at the crib and its looking like a race track

Shawty, she can't roll, unless her pussy waxed
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