

# Pop Champagne

## DJ Vice

Ether boy

Hey, how we ball in the club I know u hate it  
Mami dancin' on the floor I like she naked  
When she layed up wit chu I know she fake it

All the girls give it to me

I ain't gotta take it

Oh, pop champagne

Ohh, pop champagne

Ohh, we pop champagne

Ohh, we pop champagne

We need more bottles tell ma hurry up  
Tell 'em Ron Browz here, hottest in America  
Gimme 16 bars and u know I'll tear it up  
Know it's me when u see the spur in ya area  
And she call me all night cause u can't get it up

On my neck, on my wrist

Everything is blitted up

Drinkin' bottles of that Clique till I spit it up

Only gettin' one life so u gotta live it up

If you in the things I'm in

Shawty we can be friends, hey

Shawty we can be friends, hey

But right now

I wanna see u dance see u dance

When I go to the deala you know I cop that  
Brand new Rolly and the roof drop back  
Came thru Harlem like the roof top back  
Money in the bank man u know I stop that, stop that stop that  
Now we trya get up in the club

Tryna tell me no cus we rollin' wit the thugs, got money bitch

So I flash a couple a dollars

Tell 'em we only want tables and we buyin' out da bottles

But cha'll know the order

Tell 'em 10 roses and a few cold waters, right

Trolley trone and a couple of lemons, let's go

Ten thousand dollas stuffed up in my denims, what else?

Standin' on couches  
Couple of womens, ay baby  
We was ballin' hard  
It was just the 9th innin', it's early  
I told shawty we could be friends, yup  
And your friends could meet my friends, what else?  
We could do this on a weekend, on a weekday  
We could do this on the freeway  
Get it in the freak way  
Shit, we could get it on three way s  
Blackberry two ways  
Souped up cars on the thru way, yup  
We superstars, no Lupe  
We could do this like a duet  
Ya'll be the singers I'm the mic  
Let me deal it nice  
This was in the car  
While I was stoppin' at the light  
How we ball in the club I know u hate it  
Mami dancin' on the floor I like she naked  
When she layed up wit chu I know she fake it  
All the girls give it to me  
I ain't gotta take it  
Oh, pop champagne  
Ohh, pop champagne  
Ohh, we pop champagne  
Ohh, we pop champagne  
Baby I wanna see you work  
See you dance  
Without no shirt, no  
Without those pants  
Pop champagne  
Ain't a damn thing change  
Spray it in the air  
Make it champagne rain, ha  
Buckets of ice  
Keep the champagne cool, cool  
Mommy got a body  
See that damn thing move  
But, it's no sex in the champagne room  
Says who?  
Baby I brake all rules, yea  
Bring it here  
And I brake off you  
She see me in VIP

I wanna brake on crew  
(Face it)  
When she wit you she lyin'  
You bet she fake it  
When she wit me  
She like it  
She never fake it  
I wanna see you dance, see you dance  
How we ball in the club I know u hate it  
Mami dancin' on the floor I like she naked  
When she layed up wit chu I know she fake it  
All the girls give it to me  
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