

# Pop Bottles (feat. Lil Wayne)

## Birdman

{ Start with straight shots and then pop bottles } (ya) brrr  
{ Flirt wit the hood rats then pop models } (uh-huh) believe that  
    { Start with straight shots and then pop bottles } (ya)  
    { Flirt wit the hood rats then pop models }  
Okay we poppin champagne like we won a championship game  
    (Look like I got on a championship ring)  
    Cuz I ball hard (no bitch we ball harder)  
I am the Birdman (and Im the J.R.) Okay start with straight shots and then pop bottles  
    Pour it on the models, shut up bitch swallow  
    If you cant swallow, shut up bitch gargle  
    Straight up out the water wit my Mark Jacob's goggles  
    Im fresher than a mufucka, yea Im a mufucka  
No I wouldn't take ya girl but I should take her thong from her  
    Could you tell I love woman, like no other woman  
    Im sorry sweetheart, I thought you were my other woman  
    { Start with straight shots and then pop bottles } (ya) brrr  
    { Flirt wit the hood rats then pop models } (uh-huh) believe that  
    { Start with straight shots and then pop bottles } (ya)  
    { Flirt wit the hood rats then pop models }  
Okay we poppin champagne like we won a championship game  
    (Look like I got on a championship ring)  
    Cuz I ball hard (no bitch we ball harder)  
I am the Birdman (and Im the J.R.) Now as I recline behind my desk  
    I aint got a lot of knives but I got a lot of checks (money)  
    Got my own shoe brand new on the set  
    Went from sittin in a cell to sittin on a jet  
    From shittin on a cell to shittin on a jet  
I lost too many friends but I won too many bets (too many bets)  
    I made too much money I aint made enough yet  
    So I scratch, and yes Junior is the best (shawty)  
    So many nggaz from my hood on they back  
    So many niggaz from ya hood on they back  
    Thats why we so paid and it be like that  
    I rather pop a bottle, befo I pop a gat  
    Yea, only sippin red champagne  
    White-tee red hat red bandana  
    Uptown, chopper fucks the pain  
    Fuckin wit the Birdman we choppin yo propane  
    Fuckin wit my son man we run up in ya mansion  
    Chopper make music, bitch start dancin  
    Stunna man back so you know the cirumstances  
    And Im cookin up the Carter 3 no advances (youngin)

All my cars automative automatic  
No lie, we dont even drive no askin  
Uptown we packin and we stackin (believe that)  
Young Money Cash Money we the champion  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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