

Pop Champagne

Jim Jones

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
I wanna see u dance see u dance
I wanna see u dance see u dance
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

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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

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