

# Poppin Bottles

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 bottle

Bring 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 coming

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Yeah, 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, speakerphone

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I 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 that

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