

Ron Browz f/ Jim Jones, Juelz Santana

"Pop Champagne"

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[Intro: Ron Browz] Ether boy!!!! Hey!!!! [Chorus: Ron Browz] How we ball in the club I know you hate it Mami dancin on the floor all like she naked When she lay down with you I know she fake it All the girls give it to me I ain't gotta take it OHHHHHHHH!!!! Pop champagne! OHHHHHHHH!!!! Pop champagne! OHHHHHHHH!!!! We pop champagne! OHHHHHHHH!!!! We pop champagne! [Verse 1: Ron Browz] We need more bottles tell ma hurry up Tell 'em Ron Browz here hottest in America Gimme sixteen bars and you know I tear it up Know it's me when you see this fur in your area And she call me all night cause you can get it up On my neck on my wrist everything is litted up Drinkin bottles of that Clique 'till I spit it up Only get one life so you gotta live it up (HEY!!!) If you in the things I'm in Shorty we can be friends, shorty we can be friends Right now, I wanna see you dance, see you dance I wanna see you dance, see you dance I wanna see you dance, see you dance [Verse 2: Jim Jones] (*Ron Browz) When I go to the dealer you know I cop that (What's that?) Brand new 'rarri and the roof drop back (The 60) Came through Harlem like the Rooftop back (AIYYO!!!) Money in the bank man you know don't stop that (Stop that stop that stop that!!!) (*OHHHHHHHH!!!!) Now we tryin to get up in the club (*OHHHHHHHH!!!!) Try to tell me no cause I'm rollin with the thugs (We got money bitch!!!) Until I flash a couple of dollars (Yep!) Tell 'em we only want tables and we buyin out the bottles (*OHHHHHHHH!!!!) Y'all know the order Tell 'em ten Rose's and a few cold waters (Right!!!) Only Petron and a couple of lemons (Let's go) Ten thousand dollars stuffed up in the denims (What else) We standin on couches, a couple of women (Hey baby) We was ballin hard it was just the ninth inning (Early) He told shorty we could be friends (Yep) And your friends could meet with my friends (What else) And we could do this on the weekend or on the weekday We could do this on the freeway and get in the freak way SHIT!!! We could get in on three way (Oh) Blackberry two way, souped up cars on the

thruway (Yep) We superstars no Lupe, we could do this
like a duet But y'all be the singers on the mic, wait let
me dim the lights This was in the car while I was
stoppin at the light [Chorus: Ron Browz] How we ball in
the club I know you hate it Mami dancin on the floor all
like she naked When she lay down with you I know she
fake it All the girls give it to me I ain't gotta take it
OHHHHHHHH!!!!!! Pop champagne! OHHHHHHHH!!!!!!
Pop champagne! OHHHHHHHH!!!!!! We pop
champagne! OHHHHHHHH!!!!!! We pop champagne!
[Verse 3: Juelz Santana] Baby I wanna see you work
(Go) See you dance (Go) Without no shirt, without those
pants Pop champagne ain't a damn thing change Spray
it in the air make it champagne rain Buckets of ice keep
the champagne cool Mami got a body see that damn
thing move It's no sex in the champagne room Says
who? Baby I'll break all rules Bring it here and I'll break
off you She see me in V.I.P. and wanna break on
through When she with you she lyin but she fake it
When she with me she like it she never fake it [Bridge:
Ron Browz] I wanna see you dance, see you dance I
wanna see you dance, see you dance I wanna see you
dance, see you dance I wanna see you dance, see you
dance [Chorus: Ron Browz] How we ball in the club I
know you hate it Mami dancin on the floor all like she
naked When she lay down with you I know she fake it
All the girls give it to me I ain't gotta take it
OHHHHHHHH!!!!!! Pop champagne! OHHHHHHHH!!!!!!
Pop champagne! OHHHHHHHH!!!!!! We pop
champagne! OHHHHHHHH!!!!!! We pop champagne!

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