

Ron Browz f/ Jim Jones & Juelz Santana

"Pop Champagne Remix"

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e ther boy

hey how we ball in the club i kno u hate it
mommy dancin on the floor like she naked
when she layed up wit chu i kno she fake it
all the girls give it to me
i aint gotta take it
oh
pop champagne
oh
pop champagne
oh
we pop champagne
oh
we pop champagne

we need more bottles tell ma hurry up
tell em ron browz here, hottest in america
gimme sixteen bars and i kno ill tear it up
kno its me when u see the spur in ya area
and she call me all night cuz u cant get it up
on my neck
on my wrist
everything is litted up
drinkin bottles of that clique till i spit it up
only gettin one life so u betta live it up
hey

if you in the things im in
shawty we can be friends (2x)
but right now(hey)
i wana see u dance see u dance (x4)

when i got to the deala you kno i cop that
brand new ?? and the roof drop back
came thru harlem like the roof top back
money in the bank man u kno i stop that
now we trya get up in the club
tryin tell me no bc we rollin wit the thugs (got money
bitch)
so i flash a couple a dollars

tellem we only want tables and we buyin out da bottles
but cha'll kno the order
tell em 10 rozes and a few cold watas

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