

Paul Cain

"Pop Bottles"

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[Hook:] Start with some shots then pop bottles
Flirt with the hood rats then pop bottles
[x4]

[Fabolous:] Hey somebody tell Ramone we need some
more of that Patron
Tell Jose get more of that Rosei
We ain't come to play tonight
Street Fiddadidadamm

[Verse 1: Fabolous] Due to the peer pressures of
Patrone
Ya girlfriend ain't get near messages to her phone
Couldn't care less if you was gone
The girl took shots to her head like she wear vest'es on
her dome
Me, I'm on the Rose with the flowers on the bottle
I Take a few pulls then pass the sour to a model
You might've seen her on the cover or a center fold
Lot of class got a ass soft as a dinner roll
I got them white stones mixed with canary yellows
A 1, 2 step that'll make Ciara Jealous
I got heat, do the sun blockin if you wanna
Till the guns cockin'
And you're Yung Joc-in' in the corner
Get the cops it's goin' down
This little nigga heart beat it's slowin' down
I pay cash or I swipe the black thing on a bitch
Left with two hos and some Mac stains in my Rich
Yeah

[Hook:] Start with some shots then pop bottles
Flirt with the hood rats then pop bottles
[x4]
[Paul Cain:] Loso what it look like?
Let's get it in Yeah

[Verse 2: Paul Cain] After a couple of straight shots of
the Yak
I'm on top of the couches like I don't know how to act
These Dior shades cost about a stack
Rich Yung tee and denim with the wings across the

back
(Take my black card)

Tell the waitresses to keep the bottles comin'
Plus I got about a onion
Worth of Kush that I brung in
Smokin until I'm done and
Two steppin' to the beat
I sweepin the dance floor checkin for a freak
Really only concerned with her neck down to her feet
If her hair right, we might even get breakfast before I
skeet
In every city we get love
Tip dubs
Sip bub
Make it rain and we ain't even in the strip club
You couldn't find her and you know where your bitch
was
Just a side effect of what the shit around my wrist does
I tell you this cause
You better keep it with her
Cause nigga if I hit her
You might as well forget her

[Hook:]Start with some shots then pop bottles
Flirt with the hood rats then pop bottles
[x4]

[Verse 3: Freck The Billionaire]Twenty street niggas
iced up and gatted down
Hit the club but we don't get patted down
Street Fam, Philly Freck got them suckas mad
Stay cool quarter mill up in the duffle bag
Withdraw thirty about to hit up Opium
Fab told Jose to bring the Rosey in
I bet these bitches make a ring around us
Ya'll got the police we got bling around us
West Philly I'm just reppin where I'm from
The E-40 got them bitches goin' dumb
The Fendi Aviators look real fly kid
Diamonds blinkin' at these bitches like eye lids
Nice cuban little chick with the dark skin
My man Smoke said "Damn you off the charts hun"
Straight shots to the head like a marksman
She gave me jaws the watch band was shark skin

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[x4]

