

## **Birdman & Lil' Wayne "Pop Bottles"**

Visit "[Pop Bottles](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

[Intro: Birdman (Lil' Wayne)]

{Start with straight shots and then pop bottles} (ya)  
brrr  
{Flirt wit the hood rats then pop models} (uh-huh)  
believe that  
{Start with straight shots and then pop bottles} (ya)  
{Flirt wit the hood rats then pop models}  
Okay we poppin champagne like we won a  
championship game  
(Look like I got on a championship ring)  
Cuz I ball hard (no bitch we ball harder)  
I am the Birdman (and Im the J.R.)

[Verse: Lil' Wayne]

Okay start with straight shots and then pop bottles  
Pour it on the models, shut up bitch swallow  
If you cant swallow, shut up bitch gargle  
Straight up out the water wit my Mark Jacob's goggles  
Im fresher than a mufucka, yea Im a mufucka  
No I wouldn't take ya girl but I should take her thong  
from her  
Could you tell I love woman, like no other woman  
Im sorry sweetheart, I thought you were my other  
woman

[Hook: Birdman (Lil' Wayne)]

{Start with straight shots and then pop bottles} (ya)  
brrr  
{Flirt wit the hood rats then pop models} (uh-huh)  
believe that  
{Start with straight shots and then pop bottles} (ya)  
{Flirt wit the hood rats then pop models}  
Okay we poppin champagne like we won a  
championship game  
(Look like I got on a championship ring)  
Cuz I ball hard (no bitch we ball harder)  
I am the Birdman (and Im the J.R.)

[Verse: Birdman]

Now as I recline behind my desk  
I aint got a lot of knives but I got a lot of checks (money)  
Got my own shoe brand new on the set

Went from sittin in a cell to sittin on a jet  
From shittin on a cell to shittin on a jet  
I lost too many friends but I won too many bets (too many bets)  
I made too much money I aint made enough yet  
So I scratch, and yes Junior is the best (shawty)  
So many niggaz from my hood on they back  
So many niggaz from ya hood on they back  
Thats why we so paid and it be like that  
I rather pop a bottle, befo I pop a gat

[Hook: Birdman (Lil' Wayne)]

[Verse: Birdman]

Yea, only sippin red champagne  
White-tee red hat red bandana  
Uptown, chopper fucks the pain  
Fuckin wit the Birdman we choppin yo propane  
Fuckin wit my son man we run up in ya mansion  
Chopper make music, bitch start dancin  
Stunna man back so you know the cirumstances  
And Im cookin up the Carter 3 no advances (youngin)  
All my cars automative automatic  
No lie, we dont even drive no askin  
Uptown we packin and we stackin (believe that)  
Young Money Cash Money we the champion

[Hook: Birdman (Lil' Wayne)]

Visit [Birdman & Lil' Wayne](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.