

Busta Rhymes "Bottoms Up Remix"

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If you Mr Steal your girl, you know Bussa Buss is Mr
Smash Anybody's record
remix
remix
Ay yo Trey, let me get 'em,
Now look

Everybody know that when I step up in the building and
I'm doin' what I'm doin' I be crowdin' up the block,
cuttin' up and killin' 'em, f-ckin up the buildin'
gettin' to the bar and buy a couple bottles of ciroc
bottles of 'Tron, bottles of the Grand Ma yeah
couple bottles of the Yac,
bottles of the Rose
throw another couple shots back
throw another back, bring another couple of them
models, okay K!

get another drink, let the waiter know
tell every single bottle, finna spend a lotta dough
I don't even know what I'm bout to drink next,
gotta make a choice eenie, meenie, miney, mo!
(OHHH)
now we sippin' little Don Julio
shawty (?) big, hot up in the booty-oh!
pop pop get it get it money when you feelin' (?)
probably give it to you in the studio
now we in the cut, better put ya bottle up
mami got a little strut, baby, baby
pour a little in the cup
get ya little bottom up
you can get up in the trunk, maybe, maybe
then I come in and I give it to you raw
baby girl go ahead, wriggle to the floor
beat bang til you can't take it anymore
while I make you drunk, everybody fall on the floor
King Kong, what ya dun know when I come through
I'mma give it to ya, n-ggas gon hate it
How it, evaporate everything around
see the way I do, everything disintegrated
what I do, I'mma never never do it wrong
then i hit you with the bang and I hit you with the bong

back murderin' another track
every n-gga better black when I hit ya, Trey Songz
Trey Songz.

[Chorus: Trey Songz]

Bottoms up, bottoms up, ey, what's in ya cup
Got a couple bottles, but a couple ain't enough
Bottoms up, bottoms up, throw your hands up
Tell security we bout to tear this club up
Bottoms up, bottoms up, pocket full of green
Girl, you know I love the way you shake it in them jeans
Bottoms up, bottoms up, throw ya hands up
Bottoms up, bottoms up, bottoms up (up, up)

[Verse 1: Trey Songz]

You know what it is girl, we back up in this thang
Money stay in my pocket, girl, I'm like a walkin' bank
Tell me whatcha drank, tell me whatcha thank
If I go get these bottles, we go alcohol insane
Callin' all the girls, do you hear me?
All around the world, city to city
Cheers to the girls, throw a deuce to the guys
Now I got a chicken and a goose in the ride
Gettin' loose in the ride
Hatin' ass nigga you can move to the move to the move
to the side

[Chorus: Trey Songz]

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[Verse 2: Trey Songz]

My vision's blurred, my words slurred
Its jam packed, a million girls
And I ain't tryin to lead em
We drunk so let me be your alcohol hero
Callin' all the girls, do you hear me?
All around the world, city to city
Cheers to the girls, throw a deuce to the guys
Now I got a chicken and a goose in the ride
Gettin' loose in the ride
Hatin' ass nigga you can move to the move to the move
to the side

[Chorus: Trey Songz]

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[Nicki Minaj]

Yo, could I get that 'Tron?
Could I get that Remmy?
Could I get that Coke?
Could I get that Henny?
Could I get that margarita on the rock rock rocks?
Could I get that salt all around that rim rim rim rim?
Trey, I was like "Yo Trey"
Do you think you could buy me a bottle of Rose'?
Okay, lets get it now
I'm with a bad bitch he's with his friends
I don't say "Hi", I say "Keys to the Benz"
Keys to the Benz? Keys to the Benz!
Muhfuckin right yeah, weed to the 10
If a bitch try to get cute Imma sock her
Throw a lotta money at her then yell fucka, fucka,
fucka,
Then yell fucka.
Then Imma go get my Louisville Slugger
Excuse me, I'm sorry, I'm really such a lady
I rep Young Money
You know Slim, Baby?
And we be doin' donuts while we wavin' the .380
We give a lotta money to the babies out in Haiti
Yellin all around the world,
Do you hear me? Do you like my body?
Anna Nicki
Rest in peace to Anna Nicole Smith
Yes, my dear, you're so explosive
Say hi to Mary, Mary and Joseph
Now bottoms up and double my dosage

[Chorus: Trey Songz]

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Bottoms up, Bottoms up, Bottoms up, Bottoms up,
Bottoms up

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