

## **Benzino**

# **"Bottles & Up"**

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Yeah, yeah Storch  
That's what I'm talkin' about, my nigga  
Bottles & up, BS what up, nigga?  
Bottles & up, no's and G's know

Bottles in the air, middle fingers to the sky  
My niggas don't dance 'cause we all gettin' high  
Semi in the waist, two-steppin' on the side  
Keep gettin' money till the day that I die

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The club, shorty what get buck  
The club, real G's roll up  
The club, fight it out get drunk  
The club, act wild, tear it up

Introducin' the nemesis, you've heard of me  
Into the rebel, the legend, the rock the party took me to  
a new level  
I'm a bad motherfucka, stones colored, illuminatin'  
Roll up to the joint and the girls love it, the niggas hate  
it

Unstoppable, position myself to get cheddar  
Incredible with these lyrics, I'm only gettin' better  
I'm on a sour, my niggas, we poppin' vouf man  
Don't want no bottles for niggas, you 'bout to lose, man

Buyin' bottles for brodies, you know it's nothin', dawg  
Crush you something later fo sho, she breakin'  
somethin' off  
Soon as zino step through the door she got it jumpin'  
off  
Grab your chick and head to the floor, I'm callin' all the  
dawgs

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This one's for my niggas got felonies, we's haulin' at  
the bar  
Throwin' Hypno and Henesie, she fuckin' with the hulk  
We continue to roll and blow the best trees  
Puff an ounce in the club, lookin' for sour D's

Plus downin' bottles of bub like it was ice tea, only  
bottles & up  
That's if you like me, you got keys [unverified]  
Fellin' lucky like a Celtics clover, lil' spit, lil' flip  
Now the game is over, I'm on a mission ain't finished  
until I'm done

Make the crowd move wild like I'm bustin' the gun  
Everybody hallucinatin', somebody set it off  
You're callin' security, now it's

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(Bottles & up)

Apologies are never accepted, I'm on another level  
Probably try to get me arrested because I'm so ghetto  
So many victims of homicide accountable for only  
thorough niggas  
Who want to ride or die with me

Poured a bottle out for homies who ain't here  
Incarcerated niggas with numbers be gettin' mad years  
I'm number 34, beyond all the glory  
I'm the truth like the 'E! True Hollywood Stories', nigga

Zino king of the city, I'm 'bout to lock it down  
Silly rap get smacked, let's get it poppin' now  
Big dawg and I dop it the best  
I'm in the club with a code million debt on my chest

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Bottles & up  
Boston get it poppin'  
Bottles & up  
MIA get it poppin'

Bottles & up  
New York get it poppin'  
Ounces & up  
LA get it poppin'

Bottles & up  
Philadelphia get it poppin'  
Bottles & up  
ATL keep it poppin'

Bottles & up  
Chi-Town get it poppin'  
Ounces & up

Zino, uggy what up nigga  
(Bottles & up)  
Yeah  
(Bottles & up)

