

Hell Is For Heroes

"Champagne Room"

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Feat. Baghdad
[Sampled Woman]
Make the bubbles on the glass of champagne
[Chorus: Baghdad]
Champagne, follow me
Set them hot ass hoochies friend
Bump in here without no beer
Strip down to ya underwear
Champagne, how ya wit me
Party, get lovely
Pop ya cork, straight support
Can't woke up, BK, New York
[Baghdad]
Fill my cup, we drinks it up
Chardanay, to the wins, throw it up
By the fifth-fifties, Porgy picks it up
Dance nigga didn't rob me up, feel my burner next to
my nuts
How to sneak that in when it was broken
I told the bouncer it was used for strokin'
And he let me in, a chug-a-lug thug from Geriga
Order champagne, can't buy me love
Just Cali's and the Moet drown in the clutch
All in the ass like a rubber glove
Let ya ice wink to the champagne thing, fresh wine
Sellers spend much cream
Let's get this hoochie's staind, and make that coochie
thing
[Chorus: Hell Razah]
Champagne, by the bar
Shorties wanna drive my car
If it's a party up in here
Shorties shake ya derriere
Champagne by the sea
Shorty better follow me
In the back of the club in the Champagne Room
Drinkin' up in V.I.P.
[Hell Razah]
Let the bottles pop, models watch
Might get hit in the head wit the top
That's why I'm hot, that's why you're not

No hustlin' on my money spot, wreckage movin' by the
stock
Trade my chain for a glock, let me hear them bottles
pop
That Taffy Jay, that Pieron, shorty said "I'm very long"
Rockin' the red cranberry thong
Why a G, a GG, that champagne ain't not' to me
Crush grapes, we ductape, niggas that front wit a thug
face
Nigga

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