

# Jim Jones

## "Pop Champagne"

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Ether boy

Hey, how we ball in the club I know u hate it  
Mami dancin' on the floor I like she naked  
When she layed up wit chu I know she fake it  
All the girls give it to me  
I ain't gotta take it

Oh, pop champagne  
Ohh, pop champagne  
Ohh, we pop champagne  
Ohh, we pop champagne

We need more bottles tell ma hurry up  
Tell 'em Ron Browz here, hottest in America  
Gimme 16 bars and u know I'll tear it up  
Know it's me when u see the spur in ya area

And she call me all night cause u can't get it up  
On my neck, on my wrist  
Everything is blitted up  
Drinkin' bottles of that Clique till I spit it up  
Only gettin' one life so u gotta live it up

If you in the things I'm in  
Shawty we can be friends, hey  
Shawty we can be friends, hey  
But right now

I wanna see u dance see u dance  
I wanna see u dance see u dance  
I wanna see u dance see u dance  
I wanna see u dance see u dance

When I go to the deala you know I cop that  
Brand new Rolly and the roof drop back  
Came thru Harlem like the roof top back  
Money in the bank man u know I stop that, stop that  
stop that

Now we trya get up in the club  
Tryna tell me no cus we rollin' wit the thugs, got money  
bitch

So I flash a couple a dollars  
Tell 'em we only want tables and we buyin' out da  
bottles

But cha'll know the order  
Tell 'em 10 roses and a few cold waters, right  
Trolley trone and a couple of lemons, let's go  
Ten thousand dollas stuffed up in my denims, what  
else?

Standin' on couches  
Couple of womens, ay baby  
We was ballin' hard  
It was just the 9th innin', it's early

I told shawty we could be friends, yup  
And your friends could meet my friends, what else?  
We could do this on a weekend, on a weekday  
We could do this on the freeway  
Get it in the freak way  
Shit, we could get it on three way s  
Blackberry two ways  
Souped up cars on the thru way, yup

We superstars, no Lupe  
We could do this like a duet  
Ya'll be the singers I'm the mic  
Let me deal it nice  
This was in the car  
While I was stoppin' at the light

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Oh, pop champagne  
Ohh, pop champagne  
Ohh, we pop champagne  
Ohh, we pop champagne

Baby I wanna see you work  
See you dance  
Without no shirt, no  
Without those pants

Pop champagne  
Ain't a damn thing change  
Spray it in the air  
Make it champagne rain, ha

Buckets of ice  
Keep the champagne cool, cool  
Mommy got a body  
See that damn thing move

But, it's no sex in the champagne room  
Says who?  
Baby I brake all rules, yea

Bring it here  
And I brake off you  
She see me in VIP  
I wanna brake on crew  
(Face it)

When she wit you she lyin'  
You bet she fake it  
When she wit me  
She like it  
She never fake it

I wanna see you dance, see you dance  
I wanna see you dance, see you dance  
I wanna see you dance, see you dance  
I wanna see you dance, see you dance

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