

Kidz Bop Kids

"Stop And Stare"

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Yo Moma so high I can f**k, ll night, now shut down the lights and don't dare talk back!
REMIX NIGGAAA!

Start with straight shots and then pop bottles {Flirt wit the hood rats then pop models believe that
Start with straight shots and then pop bottles
Flirt wit the hood rats then pop models
Okay we poppin champagne like we won a championship game
Feel like I got on a championship ring
Cuz I ball hard (no bitch we ball harder)
I am the Birdman (and I'm 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 can't swallow, shut up bitch Gargle
Straight up out the water wit my mark Jacob's goggles
I'm fresher than a muthaf**ka, yea I'm a muthaf**ka
No I wouldn't take ya girl but I should take her toungh from her
Can't you tell I'm in love woman, like no other woman
I'm sorry sweetheart, I thought you were my other woman

[Hook: Birdman (Lil' Wayne)]

{Start with straight shots and then pop bottles} (ya)
{Flirt wit the hood rats then pop models} (uh-huh)

{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
(Feel like I got on a chamionship ring)
Cuz I ball hard (no bitch we ball harder)
I am the Birdman (and I'm the J.R.)

[Verse: Birdman]

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

Went from sittin on a cell to sittin on a jet
From shittin in 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
That's why we so paid and it be like that
I rather pop a bottle, before I pop a gat

[Hook: Birdman (Lil' Wayne)]

{Start with straight shots and then pop bottles} (ya)
{Flirt wit the hood rats then pop models} (uh-huh)

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Okay we poppin champagne like we won a
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[Verse: Birdman]

Yea, only sippin red champagne
White-tee red hat red bandana
Uptown, chopper f**ks the pain
F**kin wit the Birdman we choppin yo propane
F**kin wit my son man we run up in ya mansion
Chopper make music, bitch start dancin
Stunna man back so you know the circumstances
And I'm cookin up the Carter 3 no advances (youngin)
All my cars automative automatic
No lie, we don't even drive no askin
Uptown we packin and we stackin (believe that)
Young Money Cash Money we the champion

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