

Yung Joc "Bottle Poppin"

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I pull up to the club, jumpin' out of Rovers
Lookin' like a car show, that's the way we roll up
Dope boys showin' love, all the hoes know of us
Need extra security, they know they can't control us

I see some niggas hatin', I keep that Super Soaker
So I VIP my way, standin' on the sofas
Now watch me demonstrate the way a playa 'posed to
I done buried your weight, you know we throw them
toasts up

Say you're gettin' guap, well, shawty, we ain't heard
bout it
Finna set up shop, well, we ain't even worried 'bout it
Word on the block, oh, they say you servin' pies
I think you need to stop, I got some killers that'll get
that work up out 'em

I don't got love for you busta's, unless you my kinfolk
Yeah, you smell that fruity fruit every time the wind
blow
I throw away that chump change, I'm all about that
bigger dough
Joc, he a hood nigga, just like Gorilla Zoe

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When the money start droppin' all the hoes start jockin'
When them hoes start jockin' bottles start poppin'
When them bottles start poppin' you know that we're
not stoppin'
I'ma keep bringin' bottles then them models start
flockin'

I'ma throw a stack, she gon' throw it back
I pop the rubber band, she gon' pop her back
She know that I ball, she gon' grind the wall
She gon' bust it open for me and my dawgs

Got boys in the club comin' fresh from the trap
Watch them boys cuff their girls 'cuz they know we got
them stacks
We in the middle of the flow from blowin' cush packs
I got my workers in the bathroom sellin' pill packs

Now the 40 don't stop 'cuz they know we got that guap
She gon' make her booty clap and I'ma throw another
knot
When the money still phat they know that it's a wrap
Bottle poppin' over here, tell the DJ run it back

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When my nigga Steve died, you know we popped them
bottles
Niggas tried to run and hide, we went lookin' with them
choppers
Now it's time to take a ride in that all black Impala
If you nigga think I'm lyin' I put that on my momma

And that's why every time his birthday come up
I'ma hit the town from sun down to sun up
Buy a couple rounds 'til they all get drug up
For my nigga I'm a clown like the number 1 stunner

Yeah, we in the club, my niggas on a pill or two
Throw that bitch a dub, tell that hoe I'm feeling you
Pour her some of this bub, yeah, that's what I'm finna
do
And then I ask the question, "Shorty what you're in to?"

Then she started blushing, told me bring a friend or
two
A whole lot of rubbers, we gon' cut her like a Ginsu
Flexin' 'bout some money, that's the shit beginners do
She know I'm gettin' money and she wanna be a winner
too

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