

Angie Martinez F/ Busta Rhymes**"1 Million Bottlebags"**

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- Ridenhour - Robertz - Gary G-Wiz - Depper -

One million bottlebags count 'em
Think they can bounce the ounce
And it get 'em
Yo black spend 288 million
Sittin' there waitin' for the fizz
And don't know what the fuck it is
An oh lemme tell you 'bout shorty
He about seventeen lookin' like 40
Treats his 40 dog better than his g
When he gets a big b-o-t-t-l-e
Oh he loves tha liquor
But look watch shorty get sicker
Year after year
While he's thinkin' it's beer
But it's not but he got it in his gut
So what the fuck
Yo niga what's up
Now he's hostile to a brother lookin' out
But I ain't mad I know what he about
He's just a slave to the bottle and the can
'Cause that's his man
The malt liquor man
One million bags count 'em all
Other man gets happy
Watch the killas drink 8 ball
Don't know a damn thing
But his breath stinkin'
Then I ask a question you brother
What the fuck is you drinkin'
He don't know but it flow
Out the bottle in a cup
He call it gettin' fucked up
Like we ain't fucked up already
See the man they call Crazy Eddie
Liquor man with the bottle in his hand
He give the liquor man ten to begin
Wit' no change and he run
To get his brains rearranged
Serve it to the home they're able

To do without a table
Beside what's inside ain't on the label
They drink it thinkin' it's good
But they don't sell the shit in the white neighborhood
Exposin' the plan they get mad at me I understand
They're slaves to the liquor man
Back to my homeboy shorty
He can drink it down
And think nuttin' about it
Pass it around and get tha 40 dog buzz
At the same time
Shorty can't remember what day it was
Say I'm yellin' is fact
Genocide kickin' in yo back
How many times have you seen
A black fight a black
After drinkin' down a bottle
Or a malt liquor six-pack
Malt liquor bull
What it is is bullshit Colt
45 another gun to the brain
Who's sellin' us pain
In the hood another up to no good
Plan that's designed by the other man
But who drink it like water
One and on till the stores reorder it
Brothers cry broke but they still affordin' it
Sippin' it lick drink it down oh nooo
Drinkin' poison but they don't know
It used to be wine
A dollar and a dime
Same man, drink in another time
They could be hard as hell and don't give a damn
But still be a sucker to the liquor man

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