

## Uncle Murda

### "Poppin Bottles"

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My section in the club, Remy, Rose  
When your maw ready say go, okay  
Everybody pop a bottle, make that thing go "bow!"  
Everybody pop a bottle, make that thing go "bow!"

See him standing on the furniture doing his thing  
Tell the club owner, fuck yo' crouch, Rick James, nigga  
Pop a bottle, make that thing go "bow!"  
Let her drink it 'til she drown, got a girl goin' wild, pop a bottle

Bring the 1738 Champagne, the boss switch  
Gettin' money, make it rain, buy a bottle, pop a cork  
Dork, if I may retort  
I ball just as hard tomorrow as the day before

I pop bottles but I don't pour, save the glass for gash  
We ballin' on a budget, fuck it, let your glasses rise  
I'm straight to the head with mine, why you acting surprised?  
Ask any ho who know me, all I do is smash and ride

Buckets of bubbly, shake it up and let it splash in her eyes  
Ain't no subtraction, only cash to divide, we gettin' money  
Bank roll super-sized, whether rain, sleet, sunny  
Let the good times roll and the bottle keep coming

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Yeah, okay, bring that shit to papa

I heard you talk 'bout other niggas, them other niggas  
no matter  
The tag team back, bitch, boom shakalaka  
Me and Weezy run this shit so bring me one soda and  
vodka

And a Fiji for my nigga 'cause the police probably  
watching  
Man, probation is a bitch, but goin' back is not an option  
We be sonnin' all these niggas, put they ass up for  
adoption  
Man, we start with straight shots, then get the bottle  
poppin'

We be working all night, telethon shit  
Roll a super skinny one, Chanel Iman shit

Ooh, that's that fire, that's that "have you calm" shit  
You with a lot of dudes, that's that Elton John shit

Ahh, to each his own, I like a fruit that's grown  
I like a bad bitch from a decent home  
Me and Tip, it's that pimpin' that we preachin' on  
And everybody tryin' to listen, nigga, speakerphone

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I know the sucker wish the judge woulda threw the book  
at me  
'Cause I show up to the club, super cool, look at me  
Everything brand new, you get money, like who?  
Spent 150 on my car and my Audemar, too

When I walk up in the spot, ain't nobody saw you  
They see me like, "There he go", look at you like, "Ahh,  
boo"  
Bought every bottle at the bar, shawty, you know how I  
do  
I take 'em all across your noggin', I ain't finna argue

I'm still big shit poppin', nothin' changed but my clothes  
Triple digits in my pocket, rubber band bank roll

Tell a bitch I take you places where your man can't go  
Can't be, he ain't doing shit, if he ain't me

Can't you see the difference 'tween us when I walk into  
the door?

Got twenty-thousand worth of ones, start letting that  
money go

Let it fly, throw some twenty when my one running low  
Fifty stack, I'mma show you how to ball, triple that

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