

Trina, I Got A Bottle

(feat. Missy Elliott)

SOUTHERN SMOKE!
Moe miney meenie inny [x3]

I got a bottle, I got a cup
I got ice, so what's up
Walk in the club when suicide close
Feelin like money cause I collect dough
Moe miney meenie inny
Wheres that patrone and hinney
I been sippin on cabonney that shits so strong
Like paris hilton, gotta carry me home
So full, so far gone
Forgot where I parked, n lost my iPhone
Still lookin good and pretty bad bitch in every city
Rocks, diamonds, I got plenty
Ice for the cup, now pour the hinney
Escorted in the club, I brought the whole team
Ain't no guest, but it's a rockstar theme
Everybody lookin of course it's the queen
They admirin the crown, and the 10 carat ring
I'm known for pimpin these rappers
Especially to get a nice walk on my actin
When they actually think that I'm feelin em
That's wen I take they money, then I'm killin em

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Watch me get ghost in the phantom
Somethin like a pimp like david banner
PIMP
I crooked letta crooked letta I crooked letta
Crooked letta I humpback humpback
I, am so off the chain
Spyin bottles ain a thing
Plus I'm gonna make it rain
So much money think shes insane
You a 7 digit nigga if u holla at a brah
With a 7 digit figga u should come in by da bah
I'm talkin bout bottles, cabolley
I'm wet and hott like lava
I'm switchin 4 lanes in range
Hangin at da coupe talkin money ain a thing
Comin all out my shirt on champain
Damn lil miss trina off da chain

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I don't swerve I spin
Grab a pearl grand ten
I'm so stinky stinky rich,
My damn dogg drive a benz

Tied up blue diamond shoes
Shinin suits, liverachi boo
Stuntin on you, like boo who you
I'm a icon ya bitch I though u knew
I only drop bombs, hatas b like uh-uh
Girl who she think she is
I'm is wut u want is
Girl I don't want yo man but I'll yo man
Yo man and his friend they both my fans
U don't understand miss deameanor ain playin
Wen we go out to eat I got yo man payin

crbt2('Trina','I Got A Bottle')

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