

Birdman, Pop Bottles

(Intro: Birdman (Lil Wayne))

{Start with straight shots and then pop bottles} (ya) brrr
{Flirt wit the hood rats then pop models} (uh-huh) believe that
{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
(Look like I got on a championship ring)
Cuz I ball hard (no bitch we ball harder)
I am the Birdman (and Im the J.R.)

(Verse: Lil Wayne)

Okay start wit straight shots and then pop bottles
Pour it on the models, shut up bitch swallow
If you cant swallow, shut up bitch gargle
Straight up out the water wit my Mark Jacob's goggles
Im fresher than a muf**ka, yup Im a muf**ka
No I wouldn't take ya girl but I shall take her tongue from her
Could you tell I love woman, like no other woman
Oh Im sorry sweetheart, I thought you were my other woman

(Hook: Birdman (Lil Wayne))

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(Verse: Birdman)

Now as I recline behind my desk
I aint got a lot of nikes but I got a lot of cheques (money)
Got my own shoe brand new on the set
Went from sittin in 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 throw my hood on they back
So many niggaz from ya hood on they back
Thats why we so paid and it be like that
I rather pop a bottle, befo I pop a gat

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(Verse: Birdman)

Yea, only sippin red champagne
White-tee red hat red bandana
Uptown, choppers struck upon ya
F**kin wit the Birdman we choppin yo companion
F**kin wit my son and we run up in ya mansion
Chopper make music, bitch start dancin
Stunna man back so you know the circumstances

And Im cookin up the Carter 3 no advances (youngin)
All my cars automative automatic
No lie, we dont even drive no askin
Uptown we packin and we stackin (believe that)
Young Money Cash Money we the champion

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Ya Did.