

# Jim Jones & Ron Browz, Pop Champagne

(ron browz)

e ther boy

hey, how we ball in the club i know u hate it  
mami dancin on the floor i like she naked  
when she layed up wit chu i know she fake it  
all the girls give it to me  
i aint gotta take it  
oh  
pop champagne  
ohhh  
pop champagne  
ohh  
we pop champagne  
ohh  
we pop champagne

we need more bottles tell ma hurry up  
tell em ron browz here, hottest in america  
gimme 16 bars and u know ill tear it up  
know its me when u see the spur in ya area  
and she call me all night cause u cant get it up  
on my neck  
on my wrist  
everything is blitted up  
drinkin bottles of that clique till i spit it up  
only gettin one life so u gotta live it up

if you in the things im in  
shawty we can be friends (hey)  
shawty we can be friends (hey)  
but right now

i wanna see u dance see u dance  
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(jim jones)

when i go to the deala you know i cop that  
brand new roly and the roof drop back  
came thru harlem like the roof top back  
money in the bank man u kno i stop that (stop that stop that)  
now we trya get up in the club  
tryna tell me no cus we rollin wit the thugs (got money bitch)  
so i flash a couple a dollars  
tellem we only want tables and we buyin out da bottles  
but cha'll kno the order  
tell em 10 rozes and a few cold waters (right)  
trolley trone and a couple of lemons (lets go)  
ten thousand dollas stuffed up in my denims (what else)  
standin on couches  
couple of womens (ay baby)  
we was ballin hard(its early)  
it was just the 9th innin(yup)  
i told shawty we could be friends(yup)  
and your friends could meet my friends(what else)  
we could do this on a weekend, on a weekday  
we could do this on the freewayy  
get it in a freak way  
Shit, we could get it on three way  
black berry two ways

souped up cars on the thru way (yup)  
we superstars no lupe  
we could do this like a duet  
yall be the singers im the mic  
let me deal it nice  
this was in the car  
while i was stoppin at the light

(ron browz)

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(juelz santana)  
(ite, we dancin)  
baby i wanna see you work  
see you dance  
without no shirt (no)  
without those pants  
pop champagne  
aint a damn thing change  
spray it in the air  
make it champagne rain (haa)  
buckets of ice  
keep the champagne cool (cool)  
mommy got a body  
see that damn thing move  
but, its no sex in the champagne room  
says who?  
baby i brake all rules(yea)  
bring it here  
and i brake off you  
she see me in vip  
i wanna brake on crew  
(face it)  
when she wit you she lyin  
you bet she fake it  
when she wit me  
she like it  
she never fake it

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