

# Wiz Khalifa, Pop Bottles

Yeah!  
You motherfuckin' right  
Taylor Gang, star year

I'm all out with it, I ain't low key  
In the club, all drinks on me  
Shorty in the club with her eyes on me  
So I pop one bottle, pop two bottles, pop three  
Do your thing and the rest on me  
Just look at my swag so fresh, so clean  
A young star, everybody know me  
'Cause I pop one bottle, pop two bottles, pop three

Everywhere I go, all the hoes know me  
Heard me on the radio, see me on the TV  
Plus they know I got cheese  
So I pop one model, pop two models, pop three  
Step up in the club, couple grand on deck  
It's like a light show, hundred grand on my neck  
Tell the waitress I'm tryna get sky  
So I drop one thousand, drop two thousand, drop three  
Interest in my blunt, know I'm smoking that ray  
Got a good green plug, I get high all day  
Screamin' fuck security  
I'mma roll one swisher, roll two swishers, roll three  
See a fuck nigga hatin' low key  
Heard about Loney they don't know about Breeze  
They some knock-out king  
For me they'll drop one hater, drop two haters, drop three

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Me I'm getting mine, I'mma ball 'til I fall  
I'm a fool with the women, I'm a dog at the mall  
All black chuck tees  
I'mma cop one pair, cop two, then I'mma cop three  
Fresher than a mug, there's some 501 jeans  
Twelves in my chuck got my trunk on B  
I'mma pick up my speed  
Then I switch one lane, I switch two lanes, now that's three  
Niggas goin' nuts, paper sluts everyday  
Now wizzle hoes fucking for free  
And I don't play with no E  
Niggas pop one, then they pop two, dawg but not me  
I'm only rolling that green  
And the star life's really all that it seems  
And when I drop my CD  
I'mma sell one million, sell two, then I'mma sell three

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