## 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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