

# Wiz Khalifa and Currensy, Bottle Poppers

DJ Fresh, DJ Fresh, DJ Fresh

A lot of motherfuckers be in the studio stressed 'cause they lyin'

It's tough to make up lies, nigga, this our life

East Side on mine

Just like every time

L, L

Interior like white wine

We don't wear jeans in here

Slidin' in my sweats, these was fifteen hundred, you ain't got fifteen dollars

In the club takin' pictures with bottles, not even poppin' 'em

Handin' 'em back to your big dawgs and now you just watchin' 'em

This that fly doctrine, me and my Pittsburgh partner, Slim

Uh, can't hang if you don't swang

My gang do anything, I came to bring the pain

My strain is self-explained, you lame

And can't get it off of you yet

I toss up the set, bosses only, come correct

Horses in my bet

Porsches growlin' loud, big money portions

You made it off the porch, I let nature run its course

Play the game hard as a sport, we up and down the court

In the field, shit is real, houses in the hill

Hundred dollar bills fallin' out the sky, keep the liquor chill

Chrome grills, insides clean, that's just how we live

Quick to make the paper appear

Got your chick puttin' up silverware

Keepin' that weed smoke up in the air

These sweats was fifteen hundred, you ain't got fifteen dollars

In the club takin' pictures with bottles and never poppin' 'em

Handin' 'em back to your big dawg, now you just watchin' 'em

This that fly doctrine, me and my Pittsburgh partner, Slim

And you can tell which car's mine

Cabriolet and Italian design, interior white wine

I don't wear jeans in here, I'm slidin' in my sweats

These was fifteen hundred, nigga, you ain't got fifteen dollars

In the club takin' pictures with bottles, not even poppin'

Handin' 'em back to your big dawg, now you just sittin', watchin'

This that fly doctrine

Take pictures like my Compton uncles, now they think I gang bang

Fool, I just be low ridin'

Everywhere I go, for sure, I bring that East Side in

Always outside ridin' while them other crews hidin'

Got magenta tinted diamonds, my Rolex windin'

First class seat reclinin', whack ass rapper feature declinin', I am

These sweats was fifteen hundred, you ain't got fifteen dollars

In the club takin' pictures with bottles, not even poppin'

Handin' 'em back to your big dawg, now you sittin', watchin'

This that fly doctrine, Andretti and my Pittsburgh partner, Slim

Yeah, that's them

They gon' let us in

Got KK and Andretti in these joints

These motherfuckin' joints is like

We smokin' like three hundred dollar joints basically at this point

I don't know if you ever had a three hundred dollar joint

You hangin' 'round the wrong folks