

# Out the Bottle

## Kamaiyah

These niggas can't fuck with me, and I'm startin' to feel like  
These bitches can't fuck with me, and I'm startin' to feel like  
These niggas can't fuck with me, and I'm startin' to feel like  
These bitches can't fuck with me How much I drunk last night? Shit, I can't recall  
Just know a stripper made a tip like a banker would  
I just drunk all night, fucked up all night  
So tell me what the fuck these bitches hatin' for  
They hate me, they hate Zay, why they hate the boy?  
Cause we makin' all the hits that they can't record  
Man my daddy was the shit, back in '84  
It's a god in your presence, better praise the lord  
I got a nigga goin' down like I paid him for it  
And I shine so hard that you can't ignore it  
I shine so bright, take shots all night  
You niggas so broke, you make the waiter bored  
We the team that the city really waitin' for  
The takeover, the city like it's waiting for us  
Once we on, they gon' be like, "Who came before us?"  
Once we on, bring y'all out, big money, shut it down  
You know me, I like to sip my drink  
And I ain't got no shame at all  
Bottle after bottle, I can't see  
But keep pourin' alcohol  
I'ma drink it out the bottle  
Woopy woopy woop, woopy woopy woop  
I'ma drink it out the bottle  
Woopy woopy woop, woopy woopy woop  
I'ma drink it out the bottle  
Woopy woopy woop, woopy woopy woop  
I'ma drink it out the bottle  
Woopy woopy woop, woopy woopy woop  
In the jacuzzi gettin' freaky  
I got a bad bitch and she love me  
Rosé, Dom P or the Hennessy  
Order Hennessy, order Hennessy  
We in this thang, bitch  
And your girl in my VIP tryna take a sip  
When she get that liquor in her, she be on that wild shit  
Tryna seduce a nigga cause she see we 'bout our chips, big money  
Beast mode, I got that Henny in me  
So I'm goin' full throttle like a hemi  
Got her body bustin' like a semi, got her beggin', "Gimme, gimme"

Tell her, "Hold up, I'm finna take a shot of Remy"  
Remy Martin, drinkin' in the Aston Martin  
All my niggas, we be flossin', flossin'  
Oh shit, 5-0 finna burp us  
All the bottles in the back, nigga, toss it You know me, I like to sip my drink  
And I ain't got no shame at all  
Bottle after bottle, I can't see  
But keep pourin' alcohol  
I'ma drink it out the bottle  
Woopy woopy woop, woopy woopy woop  
I'ma drink it out the bottle  
Woopy woopy woop, woopy woopy woop  
I'ma drink it out the bottle  
Woopy woopy woop, woopy woopy woop  
I'ma drink it out the bottle  
Woopy woopy woop, woopy woopy woop They ain't ready for the beef, that's what I said  
Cause every song gon' be good, if I sing  
You want beef? Shit, it's good, bring it my way  
I'll eat every rap beef like an entree  
We live every damn day like it's Friday  
Aww shit  
We live every damn day like it's Friday  
Aww shit  
Champagne, shake it up, you know that's my drink  
We poppin' bottles over here, live it up  
Fuck you hatin' ass hoes, I'm doin' my thing  
Fuck these hoes, nigga we don't give no fucks

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>