

# Bottoms Up (feat. Nicki Minaj)

## Trey Songz

Yeah  
Come 'ere  
(Ohh Ohh Ohh)It's Mister Steal-yo-girl  
(Oh Oh Oh)It's Mister Steal-yo-girl  
Ay girl, ay girl, ay girl  
LeggoBottoms up, bottoms up (up)  
Ay what's in ya cup?  
Got a couple bottles  
But a couple ain't enough  
Bottoms up, bottoms up (up)  
Throw ya hands up  
Tell security we 'bouta tear dis club up  
Bottoms up, bottoms up (up)  
Pocket full of green  
Girl, you know I love the way you shakin' it them jeans  
Bottoms up, bottoms up (up)  
Throw yo hands up  
Bottoms up (up), bottoms up (up), bottoms up (up), up (up), up bottoms  
You know what it is  
Girl we back up in this thang (thang)  
Money stay in my pocket  
Girl I'm like a walkin' bank (bank)  
Tell me what you drank (drank)  
Tell me what you thank (thank)  
If I go get these bottles we go alc'hol insane (insane)Callin' all the girls (girls)  
Do you hear me  
All around the world (world)  
City to city (city)Cheers to the girls  
Throw deuce to the guys  
Na I got a chicken and a goose in the ride  
Getin' loose in the ride  
Hatin' ass nigga you can move to the, move to the, move to the side  
Bottoms up, bottoms up (up)  
Ay what's in ya cup?  
Got a couple bottles  
But a couple ain't enough  
Bottoms up, bottoms up (up)  
Throw ya hands up  
Tell security we 'bouta tear this club up  
Bottoms up, bottoms up (up)  
Pocket full of green  
Girl, you know I love the way you shakin' it them jeans

Bottoms up, bottoms up (up)  
Throw yo hands up  
Bottoms up (up), bottoms up (up), bottoms up (up), up (up), up bottoms My vision's blurred  
(come 'ere)  
My words slur (come 'ere)  
It's jam-packed (yea)  
A million girls (ay)  
And I ain't try'na lead em  
We drunk so let me be your alcohol hero Callin' all the girls (girls)  
Do you hear me (girl)  
All around the world (world)  
City to city (yeah) Cheers to the girls  
Throw deuce to the guys  
Na I got a chicken and a goose in the ride  
Getin' loose in the ride  
Hatin' ass nigga you can move to the, move to the, move to the side Bottoms up, bottoms up (up)  
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Pocket full of green  
Girl, you know I love the way you shakin' it them jeans  
Bottoms up, bottoms up (up)  
Throw yo hands up  
Bottoms up (up), bottoms up (up), bottoms up (up), up (up), up bottoms Uh yo  
Could I get that 'Tron? Could I get that money?  
Could I get that coke? Could I get that Henny?  
Could I get that margarita on the rock-rock-rocks?  
Could I get salt all around that rim-rim-rim-rim?  
Trey? I was like, "Yo, Trey?"  
Do you think you could buy me a bottle of rosé?"  
Okay, let's get it now  
I'm wit' a bad bitch, he's with his friends  
I don't say hi, I say "Keys to the Benz"  
"Keys to the Benz?" "Keys to the Benz!"  
Ma'fucka, right, yeah, weed to the ten  
If a bitch try to get cute, I'ma snuff her  
Throw a lot of money at her, then yell "Fuck her!"  
Fuck her, fuck her, then yell "Fuck her!"  
Then I'ma go and get my Louisville Slugger  
'Scuse me, I'm sorry, I'm really such a lady  
I rep Young Money, you know, Slim, Baby?  
And we be doin' donuts while we wave in the 380  
We give a lot of money to the babies out in Haiti  
Yellin' all around the world, do you hear me?  
Do you like my body? Anna Nicki

Rest in peace to Anna Nicole Smith  
Yes, my dear, you're so explosive  
Say hi to Mary, Mary and Joseph  
Now bottoms up, and double my dosageBottoms up, bottoms up (up)  
Ay what's in ya cup?  
Got a couple bottles  
But a couple ain't enough  
Bottoms up, bottoms up (up)  
Throw ya hands up  
Tell security we 'bouta tear this club up  
Bottoms up, bottoms up (up)  
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Bottoms up, bottoms up (up)  
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Bottoms up (up), bottoms up (up), bottoms up (up), up (up), up bottomsBottoms up ...

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