

# Az, Let's Toast

[talking]

I wanna toast, on behalf of y'all  
'Cause the more we get, the more we takin from other people baby  
Brooklyn!

Here's a toast to all the dons, dope fiends and hoes  
Long cons, diamond rings and the kings that blow  
To all the killas and the hustlas, some seem some low  
What the deal daddy, it's all good, get that dough  
'Cause a y'all, I praise clothes, jewels and cars  
Paid dues, been schooled but can't remove the scars  
Boxed in, it's my life now, part of the game  
On the streets with the hustlas who hustle the same  
Some of vein, let's toast to all the guns and the gangs  
All the wheelchair victims and the one's with the cains  
I'm numb to the pain, it's realness that runs through the vein  
Becomin sane, so many throwin slumb in the game  
So let us toast to the ones in memory of  
All the ??? jams we remember we love  
We remember we thugs, ???, Crips and Bloods  
Latin Kings, Five Percenters, thieves and pimps because  
Whatever makes the world go 'round, we down  
And we'll react as this world go 'round, we lounge  
So raise your cups to the real dogs that raised the pups  
And all the young chicks finally at that age to fuck  
The razor cuts, gun wounds that laid us up  
From the beef and all the streetsweaps that made us rough  
Made some suck, some wasn't made to trust  
So I toast to the east coast, the stage is us  
Throw it up for the niggas that could, hold it up  
Fold it up, if it's fast money, slow it up  
The streets need it, it's gangsta when the beats get pleaded  
Sleep, eat and breath it, it's the life, love it or leave it

[Chorus x2]

To the playas and the hustlas, pimps and kings  
Rich niggas sittin on mils with ice in their rings  
To the bitches and the real hoes, let's raise a toast  
Show love, who could take paper the most

So from the streets where the hustlin brought us to life  
From the beef and all the scufflin that taught us to fight  
The poisonous bikes, police gun wars in the night  
The whores in the night, fiends up four in the night  
Gave us new style, but some just became too foul  
Now it's two-thou', year two-thou'  
So I toast to the live that know they broke  
Cookin bag they own work and know they coke  
Roll they smoke, the underworld that know they loc  
It's the life when you catch strikes and hold no notes  
Nothin to lose for some that's all out for game  
Fued in school, show us all out in vein  
First chips niggas get, out comes the chain  
That's it, soon his name be, out the game  
It's the life, it's like dice, some win, some lose  
We pay the price but it's the life that the real ones choose

[Chorus x4]