

Obie Trice, Cheers

[Intro]

A lotta' mathafuckas man...

Who Green, Shine Stringer, Keith Stringer Lawan, U Serv, Little Randy

That's what I'm doing this for...

[Verse 1]

Yeah... we aint here to mourn, we here to celebrate.

So this one is for all my dogs who didn't

make it in the struggle man I's remember

when I was on the Ave. clutching them dimes

Gut touching my spine, busting my

rhymes Feeling like im living in them lost times,

No sight of the future

Damn right, I would shoot ya, palm tight on a rooster

Old in the face cause this hold on my case

Got my growth at a fast pace Old folks like "O?

Oh he's a bad case,

He won't last; his track record will do the math

Crack Solicitation on the avenue is not new to you

Listeners but this is true

listen up I got a spew at it and keep it all truth

or else i might as well give this up

Feel me now, from rocks to pow pows,

glocks to pow-duh I dun did it all so i clutch my balls

And notice they still here, so Obie is still here

So Kobe, here's to

you and daddy's new career

[Chorus]

So grab ya cups of Beer!

put em up lets Cheer!

Here's a toast to all my soldiers who aint here

This is it my nigga this what we boast about

Get your bottle homie po' some out

Now grab ya cups of Gin! put em up lets Win!

Here's a toast to never looking back again

This is it my nigga this what we boast about

Get your bottle homie po' some out

[Verse 2]

Now i understand every man got a story to tell

Buy fuck it i got a story as well

Growing up it was niggaz either buried or jailed

Popped by "Dirty Harry" or popped by the cops for the llelo

Locked in a cell, who's to blame?

When I was raised in this hood when my crew was slain

Only a few remains. you talk about struggle

With your bubble gum life style,

nigga fuck you I'm here today for fam that passed away

Bodies' deep six nigga flesh decayed

Real cats, who had techs to spray

Babies to raise, missed them cradles n went straight

To the grave, that hood life is in me

So I, sip that remi while my pockets scream gimmie

Let me get air, im guaranteeing ya'll feeling me

Straight from the block to the industry

[Chorus]

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[Outro]

Yeah! All my homies thats deceased, rest in peace

My nigga Champsky, lil Green Pink Funk you'll be home in a minute nigga

We get it popping' I got a chance to speak to the word nigga
And I aint stopping, straight off the crab. 313! (ohhh yeah)