

Obie Trice, Cheers (Ew Yeh)

(Obie Trice - talking)

A lot of motherfuckers man
Lou Green, Shawn Stringer, Keith Stringer
Lawon, Gu serve, Little Randy
That's what I'm doin this for (EW YEAH!)

Yeah .. we ain't here to mourn
We here to celebrate
So this one is for all my dogs that didn't make it in the struggle man
(EW YEAH!)

(Verse 1)

I's remember when I was on the Ave. clutchin them dimes
Gut touchin my spine, bustin my rhymes
Feelin like I'm livin in them lost times
No sight of the future, damn right I shoot ya (ew yeah)
Palm tight on the 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'll do the math
Crack solicitation on the Avenue is not new
to your listeners, but this is true, listen up
I got a spew of them, keep it all truth or else
I might as well give this up, feel me now
From rocks to pow pows, glocks to pow-der
I done 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 your cups of beer
Put 'em up let's cheer
Here's a toast to all my soldiers who ain't here
This is it my niggaz this what we boast about
Get your bottles homie, pour some out (ew yeah)

Now grab your cups of gin
Put 'em up let's win
Here's a toast to never lookin back again
This is it my niggaz this what we boast about
Get your bottles homie, pour some out (ew yeah)

(Verse 2)

Now I understand every man got a story to tell
But fuck it, I got a story as well
Growin up where us niggaz either buried or jail
Popped by "Dirty Harry" or popped by the cops
for they yayo, locked in a cell
Who's to blame when I was raised in this hood, when my crew was slain
Only a few remains, ya'll talk about stuggle
With your bubblegum lifestyle (*scratching*) nigga fuck you
I'm here today for fail, pass the way
Bodies deep six nigga, flesh decay
Real cats who had techs to spray
Babies to raise, miss them cradles went straight to the grave
The hood life is in me
So I sip the Remy, while my pockets scream "give me"
Lend me your ear, I'm guaranteein ya'll feelin me
Straight from the block to the industry (C'MON)

(Chorus)

(Obie Trice - talking)

Yeah .. all my homies that's deceased rest in peace
My nigga Calski, Little Green
P Funk you'll be home in a minute nigga, haha, we get it poppin
We got a chance to speak to the world nigga, haha, and I ain't stoppin
Straight off the craft .. 313

(EW YEAH!)