

AZ**"Let Us Toast"**Visit "[Let Us Toast](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[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 f*ck
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 n*ggas 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 n*ggas sittin on mils with ice in their rings
To the b*tches 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 poisinous 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
Feud in school, show us all out in vein
First chips n*ggas 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

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