

## Blues Traveler

### "Propose a Toast"

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(To the one who we all love the most)  
Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah  
This joint is dedicated to everybody dead and gone  
Everybody gettin it on  
Everybody locked up  
Everybody on the curb  
Everybody in the struggle  
It's gon' be aight  
We proposin a toast for all a y'all  
This one's for y'all man, for everybody, Yo

I neva know when it's my last shot to hug my pops  
A smart, hard workin mechanic, who loved his shop  
Always told me he lookin out on what's best for me  
And use the best of my descretion on my destiny  
And all during this phase, you expected straight A's  
I had F's, absences, and thirty late days  
I understood you thought about, puttin your son in the  
car  
Dad you know I'm sorry you had to find that gun in my  
drawer  
But why order me, tell me school was top priority  
Givin mad hints, thinkin like it's got to more to me  
Comin home from work, sometime ya mood was stable  
Stressed out, just able to keep food on the table  
And the way you handle things was like 'Marlon, I'm  
here to help'  
Moms be like 'I'm yellin for my health wit a belt'  
I'm tryna' share this wealth, besides my mom and my  
girl  
I propose this toast to the greatest dad in the world

(Hook) 2x  
Propose a toast if they here or not here  
All my niggas throw them bottles in the mothafuckin air  
Dead and gone or alive gettin it on  
Coast to coast, propose a toast, and God Bless  
(We propose a toast to those  
All the ones we love the most)

(Wassup Hap, chillin?)

Same ol', same ol'  
You know, tryna' turn this block into a volcano  
Blow it up!  
Sayin though, wassup wit you  
How's the crew and mom dukes  
(They aight)  
True, true  
Me, well, you know my moms died  
It's aight, go 'head and cry  
You get over it as time flies  
I did  
(Tears slid from his eyelid  
He got silent, then he said violent)  
My mom's is all I had!  
Time to pick the clip up, and do stick ups  
To cream whip up and somethin's triple up  
Been skippin up all nickled up  
Neck icecicled up, best part is  
Yo, I don't give a fuck!  
Kirk, you still rhymin?  
I see you got diamonds  
Look like sales is climbin  
Nigga, look at you smilin  
Kirk before I go, let me give this a cross  
At my wake, have my shirt off, and two bottles of  
Smirnoff  
Propose me a toast, I love you, adios

(Hook)

You was that nigga B  
And I miss you to death  
I couldn't maintain the pain when you left, e'ry breath  
A real nigga to the bone, but God called you home  
I know you B, know you oversea watchin over me  
We became cool when I used to cut school  
You were there to care, told me that my peoples  
upstairs  
Lookin out for me, and it wasn't even on yet  
Comin home wit freaks, I'm like 'Gene, are they gone  
yet?'  
Gave me the green light dude, go 'head and bang  
I ring ya buzzer if they come back, so do ya thang  
From there on it was gravy  
The Wreckin Crew makin hits, shit spittin in ya crib all  
crazy  
Ain't enough balls to express holdin stress  
Never the less, Gene, you was the mothafuckin best  
So I bring it to a closing  
Them bitch niggas stopped ya time  
But they can't stop this toast I'm proposin

(Hook) 4x

(talking)

Yeah, Yeah

This joint right here is dedicated to my man Showtime

My mothafuckin man Q

My man Gene Gotti

My cousin Ray, Jr.

All my niggas locked up that I ain't neva gon' see no  
more

All my niggas in the struggle

Yo this one's for y'all man

Word up

Yo, yo, propose a toast to all the homeless

Propose a toast to my father man

My man J Black

Aight

Ya'nah'mean

Mr. Dorsey

Everybody out there on the corners

Propose a toast, we proposin a toast for all a y'all man

Throw them bottles in the air, aight

Word up, propose a toast

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