

## Angelica Grimes

### "Cheers"

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[Obie Trice - talking]

A lot of motherfuckers man  
Lou Green, Shyne Stringer, Keith Stringer  
Lawon, Goo 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 gotta spew 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-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] - w/ ad libs

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, where  
my crew was slain  
Only a few remains, y'all talk about struggle  
With your bubblegum lifestyle (\*scratching\*) nigga  
fuck you  
I'm here today for fam passed away  
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 y'all 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 KF Ski, 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!)

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