

Buddah Bless, Masta Killa, Solomon Childs, U-God

"King Toast Queen"

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[Intro: Johnnie Taylor "Ain't That Loving You (For More Reasons Than One)"]

But I love the way... that you carry yourself...

Even love the way... you wear your hair...

Ain't that loving you' (Ain't that loving you')

Baby, ain't that loving you' (Ain't that loving you')

Baby, for more reasons than one...

[U-God]

Roses are red, violets are blue

On one knee sucking your hips, up in your poo, boo

Got a flu, cuz I'm loving your candy lips

Tight as a glove, when we lock, understand me, miss

We made love in our socks, Hawaii was our last trip

Water splash the ass, right between the rocks

Dreamy fox, your hard nipples, yo, I kissed them

As if a spring fountain came running through like
sprinkler systems

Your eyes twinkle, I'm your victim

Your hot jacuzzi love, unplugged, Stephanie

Her pops, don't like black people, that's why she left
me

Especially, fucked me, test me, then stressed me

[Buddah Bless]

You got some tig ol' bitties, you every bit of pretty

You come from Cakillac, or just to see me in the city

You got the oh my goodness, you got the oh my
goodness

You bootylicious, ma, your doggystyle is oh my
goodness

I see your nipples peaking, I got Victoria off the hook

No she telling every local single secret

You sweating and you moaning, I'm wetting and I'm
grown in

I'm biting my lip, ma, your head game got me zoning

Wanted to thug you at first, now I love you the worst

Every man in his right mind, wanna fuck you on Earth

Your fragrance got me floating, your patience got me
open

The type of dame to give you brain, playing video

games and smoking
Forever and a day, my love song, my babe
The love jones'll stay, when you love zones a way
Forever and a day, love song, my babe
Love jones'll stay, love zones the way

[Interlude: Johnnie Taylor "Ain't That Loving You (For More Reasons Than One)"]

I let love slip away...
Now all that I can say...
Is hear the toast to a better day...

[Masta Killa]

This is King Toast Queen, we touch glasses
Sipping the finest imports, burn murs and Love
Supreme

[Solomon Childs]

Peace to my forefathers, stories of King Solomon
Autobiography, momma, this is my reference
Been up north twice, avoided the pins on the last
setting
Ghetto cambaret, watered down charteney
Not only brought up, aknowledge yourself
Momma said you my boy, so avoid the negative
gassing
Ain't no future in flashing, everyday struggle, who
asking'
I live amongst snitches, who love when po-nine kept
Who was in the projects blasting, old timers
Whispering how I'm a dead man standing, a star of the
track heads
Pushing stolen video parts, God body, but still love
criminal parts
The girls ate pork, all winter then had asses in the
summer
Millionaire dollar run-up, rolling on the roads that Allah
paved
Word around the hood, Mary J. Blige would say
Solomon Childs, ghetto celebrity, top grade, nuh...

[Outro: Johnnie Taylor "Ain't That Loving You (For More Reasons Than One)"]

I let love slip away...
Now all that I can say...

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