

## **Sporty Thievz**

# **"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 discretion 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

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)

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)

(What's up Hap, chillin?)  
Same ol', same ol', you know  
Tryna turn this block into a volcano  
Blow it up, sayin' though, what's up 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 nickeled up  
Neck icecycled 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

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)

You was that nigga B and I miss you to death  
I couldn't maintain the pain when you left, every 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'

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)

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All my niggas throw them bottles in the mothafuckin'  
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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)

Yeah, yeah, this joint right here is dedicated to my man  
Show time, 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, you know what I 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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