

## Easy Mo Bee f/ Busta Rhymes, Chip Banks, Raekwon, Roc Marciano

### "Let's Make A Toast"

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[Intro: Roc Marciano] Yeah, wassup? Roc Marc', whatup? Flipmode y'all Easy Mo, whatup baby? One love, kid Bless me on this track right here Wu-Tang baby, whatup? Rock' Marc' representin yea Feature baby [Roc Marciano] Yo, yo Testimonial flow, ceremonial head on the trophy, nigga Tryin to ghost me, froze like frozen meat, the mosey on down So low key, load up the soldier beat, diplomacy blow up the freestyles Written or sold release, supposed to be wild Some low-key shit, police stick, BLAOW! Suffer the bust of your meat, that ain't the least of it The beast is a dick, freakin this, believin this, the secret is Beat at this so we can live and feed the kids You get your feet off kid, don't spring a leak at this Cuz in these streets, king of New York, stee Like Biggie Smalls was this all good I could see Sit on my political strength, like Merrill Lynch Thorough be my orchids, read your book Defence thee, speed off the word Magic, magic, marker thirsty, have to sling crack Stack a fortune, back from off of me Lord Slow the fuck up, snuggle behind me tryin to blind-side me We sippin wine and feelin high and mighty While Irish Rose, when I'm livin in the show Somehow I know, and want that white beast to bring a blow, yo [Chorus: Busta Rhymes] You just smoked, nigga Till ya choke, my nigga Violating get your fuckin face broke, my nigga Strive for the most til we all gross, my nigga Rep for all my dogs from coast to coast, my nigga Let's make a toast, mo' money Let's make a toast, my nigga Let's make a toast, nigga Let's make a toast [Busta Rhymes] We be the high post niggas who rocks the most niggas who pops the toast niggas, who drops the most hittas Possessed one of the most venomous tongues Lyrics is bio-hazardous, bite the forbidden shit, get disasterous My mathematics too difficult for niggas to figure out like calculus Unpredictable flow be miraculous Funny niggas study, while y'all smoke in your nine blunts And figure how we'll be doin it for the next nine months Spit a million bars, that you wonder where the hook at More sparklin shit to look at, now

where the jooks at? Climb the success ladder of the  
most successful crook cats Down Memory Lane with a  
thousand grams of cook crack Every now and then I  
look back, sometimes I put back For once millionaire  
niggas, who's strive to get their look back Clean up a  
local hoodrat, make sure that kids, they turnin their  
school books Got thrown to pay to get their books back  
In the meantime I hold a good stack, and do the  
observation To reassure my motzerella conversation  
Witness, have a soul, business now We the benefactors  
of this whole shit, we in this now Yo, my niggas feel  
how we consistently spit fire Or get shattered and  
splattered if they caught up in a cross-fire You know we  
give it to y'all, livin for y'all And when we blow shit, you  
know we did it for y'all [Chorus] [Raekwon] Eh yo,  
bright, add on, mad-hatter with a rag on No niggas  
cause God to spaz on Major hieroglyphics, blood thirst,  
merchants up to nurtzes Gun shot Kennedy down, we  
workin black churches Spit fire, Bailey's with the taste  
Rastle of the last capsule, you ain't sellin if you natural  
Underwater boat in the lake, we five boroughed out  
Grace started rally, start barrel on the stage, yo My IV  
on, drop a teaspoon with receivin like Herald on a  
balloon, start twirlin in saloons du' Spray up a galaxy,  
with hot wax, no consilary ax Similar to John, worthy of  
the cracks, duke About to blossom and deminish shit  
Staten Island twist this, sublinder, relentless,  
Schindler's List Grill in my shines, fly Nike's on Shallah  
invite me on, yellin in the twell, "what the fuck he on?"  
Just a taste of this, bass gracisness, yo Lay on the  
floor, sayin prayer, your reward one Holdin me hon',  
controllin me hon' Your chore, check out the Roley dunn  
[Chorus] [Chip Banks] When you hear the slow breathin  
That is the cat from Mally Gramp camp out to say  
somethin intriguing Man I spit a rhyme that's hot to  
death And stop ya breath, pop in this cassette then nod  
your neck Y'all know y'all been blessed with the God  
Banky, Baby, I rhyme greatly Smash your crew, don't  
have me spit a rash at you My cash'll do, diver chief will  
blast at you You bastards, you be heavy hittas, and y'all  
niggas 'll love to get rid of us, but our cash flows so  
ridiculous You take pictures and snap shots even of Mr.  
Santana in the drop Jag, with the cop mag squeezin  
Haters on the side eyein hopin that I crash the whip for  
no reason When the drama comes, the white flags,  
they bring them out Stupid pricks they don't know  
what's this thing be 'bout Better change your route,  
'fore I have to mash your mouth or get your arm all  
twisted out like Steve Stout's Let them cowards try to  
come between this thing of our's See how fast I turn  
them fake hard rocks back to flowers Here's a word

from your sponsor, Banky ruley marka Number one  
Cream Teama, I flow meana [Chorus 2X]

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