

Toast To The Kings

Boldy James

We on now baby

227

Hutch, Habbie, SNS

Holla at your boy

Blockworks

By the time niggas realize what happened, it'll already be too late

By then niggas'll be long gone you hear me?

Mafia, what else?

Let's get it

Let's get it

Soul of a God, heart of a slave, blood of a king

King of the D fell asleep had a drug dealer's dream

Dreamed that I one day made it out, shit I done seen

Make it hard to sleep at night while I'm spiking this cream

Palming this piece so tight hope everything go right

My country boy said he need more pints

Niggas know me from Detroit I live that speed boat life

Plugged in with the source, should receive 4 mics

Casino dice, Motor City cee-low nice

Drop a Sweet Sixteen I'mma need four Sprites

Lean on ice, we don't swipe

Screaming fuck the police (Fuck 'em)

Never let 'em read your rights

Penthouse elevator, 33 more flights (We up)

To the top a nigga made it 'member sterling toes basement

Use to have a leaky ceiling couldn't see no lights

It's fire you see, I am the light, (Uh-huh)

ConCreatures (Let's get it)

Black excellence, hand on the Bible

Said I wouldn't make it, drive on full throttle

Toast to the kings, I wear my crown cocky (King James)

Just like that 40 we on top but we'll still pop it (Baahh)

Y'all complain but y'all don't live this life (Uh-uh)

Black label keep my glass on ice (Free my bully boys)

Y'all complain but y'all don't live this life (Uh-uh)

Black label keep my glass on ice (R.I.P. my ConCreatures)

It's street life behind the music, behind the scenes

Behind the mic, behind the jewels and the diamond rings

Behind the ice, the highfalutin, behind the bling

Whole crew shining, never wanna out shine the team

I drop jewels, got signed by my guy from Queens

Got sued for my whole advance, never got booed

I love my fans from Japan to the Bayou

Try who? Not with this Daewoo under my HighYou

I keep fire, street-fighter like Rayou

Speaking through the wire, while you preaching to the choir

I'm the king of the rock, the fiends call me sire

Twenty keys in the spot, hundred g's in the dryer

Off of Fenkel and Meyers rocking designer and it's by PEW

My money wreak of Dolce Gabana, my Rollie sky-blue

If I ruled the world what would I do?

Buy Alyssa Milano an ass fat as Erykah Badu's

Black excellence, hand on the Bible

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Toast to the kings, I wear my crown cocky
Just like that 40 we on top but we'll still pop it (Baahh)
Y'all complain but y'all don't live this life
Black label keep my glass on ice (Bully boys)
Y'all complain but y'all don't live this life (Yeah)
Black label keep my glass on ice (ConCreatures)

You say you wasn't with me then (Uh)
Forget you when I make it (Uh-huh)
I wear my crown cocked 'cause ain't nobody finna take it (Nope)
Hell yea I got drive like a car without brakes (Uh-huh)
Everybody trying to eat whole squad got a plate
You see everything change when a nigga blow up
Well pop will have you leaning I ain't even poured up
Hell yea I walk around with my hand on both nuts
You say that you don't like it? Bitch I feel like "So what?"
I'm a king nigga (Let's get it)

Royalty pump through my veins so we bleed different
Blew a 40 piece on my chain to see my piece shimmer (Chain)
Navy-blue "D" fitted trues with the 3 stitches (Yup)
Put away the Pelle its about to be a mink winter (Cold)
I keep Kimber even though I got a heated temper (Bo)
Katrina always seem to make a nigga reconsider (Caine)
Money a murder for hire for that illegal tender (Yup)
My hustle determines what my family gonna eat for dinner (Let's get it)

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