

# TOAST

EST Gee

Yeah, yeah  
Yeah  
Yeah  
Yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah  
Yeah  
Tay Keith, fuck these niggas up  
Yeah

Tryna get the whole thing back  
Get a long Cadillac  
If the police spin, then we toast  
I done came a long way  
Travelin' in the car like traffic in a four way  
Halfway to a whole  
It just take long to bring back  
And the load ain't stamped  
It's drought, fall straight to the floor  
Wishing my dog came back  
Long live Nate, man  
In the club, we spilling out mo'  
Two-fifty cash, I chose in the tote  
I ain't none of these rappers they broke  
Two-fifty cash, I chose in the tote  
I ain't like none of these niggas they broke  
Two-fifty cash, I chose in the tote  
I ain't like none of these rappers they broke  
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Took you back for a 2021  
Like twenty somethin' guns  
In the twenty, our guns from the shop  
Wasn't no security or nothin'  
Just me and my youngins'  
We gon' kill' em if we run into an opp  
Topping that mix  
Like work your wrist  
Trap hard in the bricks  
No cream of the crop  
When I see a rock, codeine, red wock  
When dude spoke on me, and he end up shot  
When bruh switched up, and he end up popped  
I sat back and watched, I'ma take my spot  
I can't be stopped, I'm locked in this spot  
One whiff of this, and it's clearing up snot  
Even back then, I was holdin' my chin  
Knew I was gon' win, no way I'm not  
Back when my momma got sick  
Had to give up minus ten  
Would've gave up my life to save her

I can't change it, I'ma gangsta  
Gun slangin, cold caser  
Waited patient, niggas ain't come  
Tough, don't tell me, come with eight guns

Number one in the wakeup  
When I spend some to make some  
When my best friend was a H bum  
Nobody made it where I came from

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When I come through the city, need a ticket for the show  
'Bout the same thing I made for the smoke  
Next day air, in the rain or the snow  
I done buck 401, so I can buck for one more  
Ask for more, and I'm telling 'em "No"  
Look what they did when I didn't have hope  
Right for the ball, went flat and my dawg  
Turned back, if they ask why I'm cutting his throat  
I gotta keep it close, even when I'm at a show  
Niggas shirt get soaked out here thinking I don't  
Thought I felt turnt, then I upped my dose  
Me, James, Baby, like five, ten hoes  
Bring J home, bop down, not ghost  
Then it's drop tie, rake us for the goat  
Had to flip flop white black on the truck  
Tell these lil' punks in the streets I'm trump

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