

A Toast To The Good Life

Fabolous

A toast to Mr. Tagalucci
And zippin open Louis duffle bags of lootchie
Braggin loosely 'bout baggin hoochies
No logo's on the clothes but the tags say Gucci (nice)
And everybody raise your glasses
The beautiful tits, and amazing asses
Bring cigar cutters and the trace of ashes
To money burials, hideaways, and staches
Thanks to DEA's gettin slick
They used bad tape, the charges didn't stick
The lawyers, Ebanks, Sadler
Life's a bitch and I probably coulda had her
Here's to no witnesses
And playing dumb like "I dunno what this is"
Unforgetful that's why I keep my shit full
Along with alarm systems and pitbulls
Good food, still need seasoning
Gangsta POV, that's how we sees things
It's talked about with good reasoning
Over good steaks and sweet measlings
Yeah
Beef is just a entre
Put stacks on the boy like his name Andre
All the shootouts and the killings
Sympathy for bad guys, rooting for the villians
I put my money up, loot is in the ceiling
And two baby .9's that look cuter than some children
Cheers, blood sweat and tears
No room for emotions and fears
It's the way, nothing more to say
I make the call, we can go to war today
This is Loso's Way
Follow me into Loso's way