

## Toast

Master P

A lil' skinny nigga, call me underdog  
Hanging with my partners, parking out expensive cars  
It's funny how the rock could change a nigga life  
Went from sleeping on the floors to mattress, fucking overnight  
Took grandma to the church, had to pay my ties  
100 G's to the preacher, should've seen his eyes  
My aunty cry every time when she see me strapped  
But these lil' niggas will kill you, life is just one trap  
Keep my pistol cock homie, I don't fuck with cowards  
Took my bitch out the hood, here's a million dollars  
Put my trust in God and I love haters  
'Cause every time they talk shit, nigga, I get paper  
Watch your enemies, you even got to watch your friends  
Peter told Jesus he love Him then he did Him in  
Bias calls this shit last year, man, this shit funny  
Real niggas that turn bitch behind a lil' money  
I thank God for my partners, my nigga Joey  
'Cause when I was hurting he ain't talked shit, he said pitch and throw it

Yeah, let's make a toast to this real shit  
You know all the bullshit we had to deal with  
Started off with crumbs, we had to build bricks  
I pray 20 years later that I'm still rich  
Road enough swisher to this real shit  
Still praying for the patience not to kill shit  
Started off with crumbs, we had to build bricks  
It's no limit to this real shit

It's the untouchable, grew up on a hostile  
So it's nothing for me to kick in the door and fuck with you  
Tie you and your bitch up then hop in the truck with you  
You die on your way to the track, the knife stuck in you  
This next ball for Rihanna, I'm fucking you  
Gangsta hit it doggie style with Chris Brown bumping through  
Love bitches, smoke weed, cut pie, sold dope  
Drove Rraris, parked Masis, crooked on Appalachian slopes  
Hey yo Peter, you ain't seen a nigga like this be  
But these auto memoirs are the go rope, Hollywood ever then the white boys I  
sold coke  
Crazy motherfucker, my conscience for a logo  
Ice tea and them bricks, I've been fucking with coco  
11 years old, I had a triple beam before I had a GI Joe  
Birds spotting boatload, that bitch life and a show cold  
It's hard to trust hoes, you see what happened to Old Show  
Yeah, ain't no limit to this real shit  
Master and them P's says 12, it's time to kill shit

Yeah, let's make a toast to this real shit  
You know all the bullshit we had to deal with  
Started off with crumbs, we had to build bricks  
I pray 20 years later that I'm still rich  
Road enough swisher to this real shit  
Still praying for the patience not to kill shit  
Started off with crumbs, we had to build bricks  
It's no limit to this real shit