

TOAST

Trap Beckham

Let's make a toast
This for my old ho's y'all some ho's
This for the people who used to be round who ain't no more
On ya way to the top, everybody can't go

Hands on ya knees
Fuck it up dance to the beat
We outside put ya hands on da street
Scrub the ground like it's '93
You can move one cheek lemme' see
You can move both cheeks lemme see
You can throw that shit back lemme' see
You ain't givin' up cat lemme' leave
Ask round they'll tell you 'bout me
I Never been a trick but I got 'em up my sleeve
Me cheese used to pull 'em by the 3
Nowadays if I pull up it's a fee
Sippin' on something that's free
Everywhere I go they accommodate me
Award shows need to nominate me
I don't care if everybody and momma hate me
Cause I'm in the groove
Everybody good don't fuck up the mood
Order my drink by the two I don't wanna think bout the shit I been through
Everything will be cool
I'm tryna' live in this moment with you
That just how I move
I got ya back they don't want it with you
Gotta love it
Remember days we ain't have nothing
None of these hoes wasn't fucking
The shit changed all of a sudden
U gon' learn
One thing 'bout them tables they turn
You a lame that's a name u earned
Dis a bridge u don't really wanna burn

Let's make a toast
This for my old ho's y'all some ho's
This for the people who used to be round who ain't no more
On ya way to the top, everybody can't go

We gon' celebrate 'til it's hella late
They hella hate how we elevate
And I'm fly as fuck on u featherweights
When my fit fresh I am never late
The people with me they can tell u fake
I ain't see ya when ya made the jealous face
They tried to get ya had to tell 'em wait
You play wit da dough I gotta bake the cake
We made it out, never gave a doubt
Fuck the lazy route took the crazy route and we paved a route
I been that nigga never chased the clout
Somebody had to end the drought
You woke me up I was in the house
Put the work in took my feelings out
The rap game spit ya in and out

I can't sit around I ain't finna pout
I hop on the beat put the skates on
When I make songs it don't take long
Gimme' three blunts and a pint of liquor
I can do this shit all day long
I been doin' good if a nigga act out then I might black out like Akon
I need my pockets fat like fazion
Said I just gotta make it like trey songs
Gotta watch these niggas might go behind da back like rajon
She don't wanna be saved, why the fuck you tryna' put a cape on
And my chick hot blazin', the whole meal caliente Cajun
With dem heels she a amazon, got a real nigga feeling amazin'

Let's make a toast
This for my old ho's y'all some ho's
This for the people who used to be round who ain't no more
On ya way to the top, everybody can't go