

# Make a Toast

Ace Hood

This is no longer music  
It's a celebration homie

Let's make a toast (Toast)  
To the young don  
And to the gangsters, until they postpone  
To all the hustlers, that's on the cash grind  
To those we lost to war and looking for a lifetime  
I do it for the G's, I do it for the streets  
This one for history, I'm toasting this to me  
Glasses in the air! (It's a celebration baby)  
I'm toasting this to me  
Glasses in the air! And this for history

True story I was born into the Lord's glory  
Hustle and ambition, vision first class ported  
And that's according I was cordial on my first formal  
Trying to make a mill' coming off of four quarters  
I am so Florida Marlin in my own water  
Swimming with the sharks, slaughter anything by the  
Feeling like an orphan, never knew my real father  
Guess that's why I'm going harder than my role model  
Signed to the biggest label that enable Carter  
Now they paying Hood out there to my armor model  
And every Ace of Spades bottle till the last swallow  
Only taint to ever trained to get the last dollar  
Black flag scholar, Louis Vuitton don  
A hundred for the watch, just waiting for the right time  
I just realized in my money state of mind  
I'm on another level devils meet me in the sky

I used to wake up morning, yawning where I want to be  
People I want to meet, and places I've been dying to see  
No hope of selling coke or dope, I'm going back to sleep  
Now I awake with paper bags, cash under feet

Throw up the W to represent my dynasty  
And all honesty the prodigy see no defeat  
Keep all apologies, the modesty is all to me  
It's ruthless mindframe is the way to be  
I burn a hater, blow the ashes on his daddy feet  
May he be deceased, look until you see the beast  
While I could see you getting rich and niggas envy me  
It's deeper than the rap, the realist shit a nigga speak  
Private planes take me everywhere they wish to see  
And Khaled taking me to heights they only wish to be  
Flyest without a wing, the American dream  
It's a bird, it's a plane, naw it's just me

Shout out to Khaled, shout out to Def Jam  
Shout out to We the Best, what up Dollas and Deals?  
Shout out to A.D., what up Fo' Fifth?  
What up Kitgo? What up P Bo?  
Blood no go, what up A.C.?  
I love you Blonde D, I love you big sis'  
I love you little sis', I love you 2Pac  
And I will never stop, let's toast to the top

Ace Hood baby!  
This is no longer music  
This is a celebration baby  
I've been introduced to the finer things in life  
Thank you Lord  
Thank you Lord!  
Khaled! I told them  
Make a toast to them  
Hi haters!