

# Cheers

DJ Drama

Yeah, a-ha

Yessir!

This is for the fly Spanish girls

With the Fendi Spy Bags

Haaa!

Yessir!

Uh-huh, yo!

Welcome to the city of vespers and exotic bitches

Cocaine condos and I'm on tour of the places I chill't

In this gorgeous city that the white drug built

They don't buy judges; they build courts

This here is the Wild World of Snort

Where they took pie paper and built the skyscrapers

Fuck flypaper, with paper we just fly!

And the look like weed smoke in the sky

Dollar signs on my back pocket; who am I?

The ruby watch like reverse suicide

\$2 million, dog, when I bought it, I was like "Do or die?"

Yeah, nigga, we above palms

Still ghetto, and sip our Patroose out a straw

Driving 'round Miami in that "Susie Love Ricky,"

Abbreviate that! (SLR!) Uh-huh

Catch me in all-white, the Rover orange like a Frito

Uh-uh, papa, me not What I look like, birdfeed? Beat it, chico

You wanna have me sitting down, meeting with Judge Ito?

Ill wishes, while your happiness veneers

Sugar-coated comments, think it's what I wanna hear?

I won't say much, only what you need to know

The GNG4 for me stands for "grow."

Here's a toast for all my good health (Cheers!)

Here's a toast for prosperity and wealth (Cheers!)

I did so much great shit for myself

So much more to come, we only just begun!

I love so much, I don't know how to hate

I'm young and rich, man, I'm tryin' to celebrate!

Cheers, niggas!

Cheers, niggas!

We got the best grass, and bottles by the case

I'm young and rich, man, I'm tryin' to celebrate!

Cheers, niggas!

Cheers, niggas!

R-E-U-P G-A-N-G, Ziploc P!

Raise the arm of the champion, look at the face of victory

Pulled off the biggest coup in hip-hop history

The game was a mystery

I got my Sherlock on, Holmes, and now I sees clear through the trickery!

they tell a duo the illusion is this rap shit

Truth is, I'm repackaging that shit

Four years of chemistry, you thought it was my misery

I was right at home like Merlin with his wizardry!

I fishscaled 'em, then I XXL'd 'em

Just imagine the pressure, whole time the Feds trailin' him

Never stopped the coupes callin', the roofs fallin'

The levee's broke, I flooded blocks like New Orleans!

S.O.S., sell o's or starve, nigga  
Ki's vanish, Copperfield, voila, nigga  
(Yeah!) Take a look into my diary  
The real reason your favorite rapper admired P!  
You wanna be me!

Yep, M!  
I don't spar with rappers, all y'all Jaspers  
Shuck 'n jive, tap-dance for Massa  
Don't ask us, just ask the masses  
Who got tutored? Who taught classes?  
In my absence you are underclassmen  
Fuck the flow, y'all jackin off fashion  
Bathing Ape hoodie, BAPE's the shoe  
Guess that's what they mean, "monkey see, monkey do," huh?  
Oh, thought he'd run with the flow  
But I couldn't give you skill if I left it in my will, bitch!  
They on our heels, real shit  
FBI always trying to take a flick  
But we pose on the Feds like they paparazzi  
In Italy's Milan, telling the waitress, "Grazie!"  
Every bit the Don, cuz, who gon' stop me?  
My guns speak Spanish, they go "Papi, papi,"  
Ooh!

(Gangsta Griz-illz!)  
DJ Drama!  
AMG!  
And like that  
We gone!  
This just the beginning!  
I'm just getting started!