

Toast To The Good Life

Juvenile

It's a celebration I didn't made it past 21 feeling like a top gun
I'm still standing above the ground, you know it's going down
My family good, my people stroot, just shob is a motherfucker obligate
Make a toast to the good life, make a toast to the good life.

Man, I swear I be like the robot,
Programmed to get money and stop only when I run out
Models on the table in case a nigga get thirsty
Models by the table feel like five years Thursday
I'm a fly nigga, I know what you like, women
I'm on my Louis Vuiton burgen, it's quite leaning
They say my snigger here in his thirty till the life's finished
I tell them big 'cause I'm a classic, I like tennis
Jordon, burdon, juby, you can say the rest
Burn down the novelty minus the big in that
No swine as the alcohol in grand that
Looking for that clean pussy that no other man has
I come to sort the game up, I'm tearing it
Forget the man with the suit, you're about to learn it
I'm on my green like a God force and I'm celebrating, let's start it off with a shot toast.

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All I do is wash money in my main time
Is better say I got a new at least I lay swag
Feeling good, my people just got released home
I need to rap when I'm telling about this threesome
Just money, black cards chris honeys
Make everybody gather alone but you risk none
Prick runners, that's what I came up around
But ask a nigga some, nigga tear your wheel for the run
Big stonner, cardiac clean the leans
I spend the summer in a Hummer when I'm in the bends
Still rolling, even after the wheel stops
Fuck jill and drop it down at the hill top.
I be shaping the sex, I'm in the lean up
Small in the stomach and I ain't even did a sit up
Nino, I'll be doing me in this golf curse
And I celebrate, let's start it up with a shot toast.

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And it feels so good, God damn it, it feels so good, man
I'm out to rearrange my motherfucker shit, man