

# Cheers

Obie Trice

Yea

We ain't here to mourn

We here to celebrate

So this one is for all my dawgs that didn't make it in this struggle man

Is remember when I was on the ave clutching them dimes,

Gut touchin my spine,

Bustin my rhymes,

Feelin like im livin in them lost times,

No sight of the future,

Damn right I'll shoot ya,

Palm tight on a rooster,

Old in the face cause this hoe on my case,

Got my growth at a fast pace,

Old folks like "Oh, oh he's a bad case,

He won't last this track record will do da math"

Crack solicitation on the avenue,

Its not new to you listeners but this is true,

Listen up,

I gotta spew it and keep it all truth or else,

I might as well give this up,

Feel me now,

From rocks to pow pows,

Glocks to pow-da,

I dun did it all so I clutch my balls,

And notice they still here so Obie is still here,

So Kobie, this ta you and daddy's new career

So Grab ya cups of (Beer)

And Put em up let's (Cheer)

Here's a toast ta all my soldier's who ain't here

This is it my niggas

This what we boast about

Get ya bottles homie post em out

Now grab ya cups of (Gin)

Put em up let's (Win)

Here's a toast to never lookin back again

This is it my niggas

This what we boast about

Get ya bottles homie post em out

Now I understand every man got a story to tell,

But fuck it I got a story as well,

Growin up where us niggas either bury the gel,

Popped by Dirty Harry or popped by the cops for the yayo,

Locked in a cell,

Whos ta blame when I was raised in this hood wit my crew in slain,

Only a few remains,

Ya'll talk about struggle,

With yo bubble gum lifestyles,

Nigga fuck you,

I'm hear taday for Fam passed away,

Bodies deep 6 nigga,

Flesh decayed,

Real kats who had text to spray,

Babies to raised,

Missed them cradles went straight to the grave,

That hood life is emmy,  
So I sip the remmy while my pockets scream gimme,  
Lend me ya ear,  
I guarantee ya'll feelin me,  
Straight from tha block to tha industry  
C'mon!

So Grab ya cups of (Beer)  
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