

# A Toast To The Good Life

## Fabulous

A toast to Mr. Tagalucci  
And zippin open Louis duffle bags of lootchie  
Braggin loosely 'bout baggin hoochies  
No logo's on the clothes but the tags say Gucci (nice)  
And everybody raise your glasses  
The beautiful tits, and amazing asses  
Bring cigar cutters and the trace of ashes  
To money burials, hideaways, and staches  
Thanks to DEA's gettin slick  
They used bad tape, the charges didn't stick  
The lawyers, Ebanks, Sadler  
Life's a bitch and I probably coulda had her  
Here's to no witnesses  
And playing dumb like "I dunno what this is"  
Unforgetful that's why I keep my shit full  
Along with alarm systems and pitbulls  
Good food, still need seasoning  
Gangsta POV, that's how we sees things  
It's talked about with good reasoning  
Over good steaks and sweet measlings  
Yeah  
Beef is just a entre  
Put stacks on the boy like his name Andre  
All the shootouts and the killings  
Sympathy for bad guys, rooting for the villians  
I put my money up, loot is in the ceiling  
And two baby .9's that look cuter than some children  
Cheers, blood sweat and tears  
No room for emotions and fears  
It's the way, nothing more to say  
I make the call, we can go to war today  
This is Loso's Way  
Follow me into Loso's way

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