

# Cheers

## Art Van Damme

A lot of motherfuckers man  
Lou Green, Shyne Stringer, Keith Stringer  
Lawon, goo serve, little Randy  
That's what I'm doin' this for  
Yeah, we ain't here to mourn  
We here to celebrate  
So this one is for all my dogs  
That didn't make it in the struggle man  
I's remember when I was on a ave, clutchin' 'em dimes  
Got touchin' my spine, bustin' my rhymes  
Feelin' like I'm livin' in them lost times  
No sight of the future, damn right I shoot you  
Palm tight on the rooster  
Old in the face, 'cause this hold on my case  
Got my growth at a fast pace  
Old folks like Obie, oh, he's a bad case  
He won't last, his track record'll do the math  
Crack solicitation on the avenue is not new to your 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 powder  
I done did it all, so I clutch my balls  
And notice they still here  
So Obie is still here  
So Kobe here's to you and daddy's new career  
So grab your cups of beer  
Put 'em up let's cheer  
Here's a toast to all my soldiers who ain't here  
This is it my niggaz this what we boast about  
Get your bottles homie, pour some out  
Now grab your cups of gin  
Put 'em up let's win  
Here's a toast to never lookin' back again  
This is it my niggaz this what we boast about  
Get your bottles homie, pour some out  
Now I understand every man got a story to tell  
But fuck it, I got a story as well  
Growin' up where us niggaz either buried or jail

Popped by 'Dirty Harry' or popped by the cops for they yayo  
Locked in a cell  
Who's to blame when I was raised in this hood  
Where my crew was slain  
Only a few remains, y'all talk about struggle  
With your bubblegum lifestyle, nigga fuck you  
I'm here today for fam passed away  
Bodies deep six nigga, flesh decay  
Real cats who had techs to spray  
Babies to raise, miss them cradles went straight to the grave  
The hood life is in me  
So I sip the Remy, while my pockets scream, 'Give me'  
Lend me your ear  
I'm guarantin' y'all feelin' me  
Straight from the block to the industry  
So grab your cups of beer  
Put 'em up let's cheer  
Here's a toast to all my soldiers who ain't here  
This is it my niggaz this what we boast about  
Get your bottles homie, pour some out  
Now grab your cups of gin  
Put 'em up let's win  
Here's a toast to never lookin' back again  
This is it my niggaz this what we boast about  
Get your bottles homie, pour some out  
Yeah, all my homies that's deceased rest in peace  
My nigga KF Ski, little green  
P-Funk you'll be home in a minute nigga  
We get it poppin'  
We got a chance to speak to the world nigga  
And I ain't stopping  
Straight off the craft, three one three

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