Cheers

Charlie Bird Parker

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 stuggle
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

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/