

Make a Toast (featuring Adrian P. Taylor)

Ace Hood

This is no longer music, it's a celebration homie. Let's make a toast (toast), to the young don,
And to the gangstas until they post pone,
To all the hustlas that's on the cash grind,
To those we lost to war lookin' for a lifetime,
I do it for the G's, I do it for the streets, this one for history,
I'm toastin' this to me, glasses in the air (it's a celebration baby),
Glasses in the air, and this for history. True story I was born into the Lord's glory,
Hustlin' of their visions, to first class ported,
And that's accordin' and I was corgile on my first formal,
Tryin' make a mill' comin' off a four quarters, I am so Florida,
Marlin in my own water, swimmin' with' the sharks slaughter anything by them,
Feelin' like an orphan never knew my real father,
Guess that's why I'm goin' harder than my role model,
Signed to the biggest label that enable Cartier,
Now they payin' Hood at that to my armor model,
And every Ace of Spades bottle to the last swallow,
Only taint forever trained to get the last dollar,
Black flag scholar, Louis Vuitton don, a hundred for the watch,
Just waitin' for the right time, I just realized in my money state of mind,
I'm on another level devils meet me in the sky. Let's make a toast (toast), to the young don,
And to the gangstas until they post pone,
To all the hustlas that's on the cash grind,
To those we lost to war lookin' for a lifetime, I do it for the G's,
I do it for the streets, this one for history,
I'm toastin' this to me, glasses in the air (it's a celebration people),
Glasses in the air, and this for history. I used to wake up in the mornin' yawin' where I wanna be,
People that I wanna meet, and places I've been diein' to see,
No hope in sellin' coke or dope I'm goin' back to sleep,
Now lie awake with paper bags cash under feet,
Throw up the W to represent my dynasty,
And all honesty the prodigy see no defeat,
Keep all apologies the modesty is all to me,
It's ruthless mind frame is the way to be,
I burn a hater blow the ashes on his daddy feet,
May he be deceased lookin' 'til you see the peace,
Well I could see you gettin' rich 'cause niggas envy me,
It's deeper than a rap the realest shit a nigga speak,
Private planes take me everywhere they wish to see,
And Khaled takin' me to heights they only wish to be,

Flyest without a wing, the American dream,
It's a bird, it's a plane, naw it's just me. Let's make a toast (toast), to the young don,
And to the gangstas until they post pone,
To all the hustlas that's on the cash grind,
To those we lost to war lookin' for a lifetime,
I do it for the G's, I do it for the streets, this one for history,
I'm toastin' this to me, glasses in the air (it's a celebration baby),
Glasses in the air, and this for history. Shout out to Khaled, shout out to Def Jam, shout out to We the Best,
What up Diamonds and Deals, shout out to A.D.,
What up Fo' Fifth, what up Kit Go, what up P Bo,
Blood no go, what up A.C., I love ya Blonde D,
I love ya big sis, I love ya lil' sis, I love ya 2Pac,
And I would never stop, let's toast to the top. Let's make a toast (toast), to the young don,
And to the gangstas until they post pone,
To all the hustlas that's on the cash grind,
To those we lost to war lookin' for a lifetime,
I do it for the G's, I do it for the streets, this one for history,
I'm toastin' this to me, glasses in the air (it's a celebration people),
Glasses in the air, and this for history.

Songwriters

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