

# Last Call

## DJ Ray

Yo, fuck you, Kanye, first and foremost  
For making me do this shit, muh'fucker  
Had to throw everybody out the motherfucking room  
'Cause they don't fucking  
I'd like to propose a toast  
I said toast motherfucker  
And I am  
(Here's to The Roc)  
And they ask me, they ask me, they ask me, I tell them  
(Mr Rocafella)  
Raise your glasses, your glasses, your glasses to the sky  
This is the last call for alcohol, for the  
So get your ass up off the bar  
The all around the world, Digital Underground, Pac  
The Rudolph the red nosed reindeer of the Roc  
I take my chain, my fifteen seconds of fame  
And come back next year with the whole fucking game  
Ain't nobody expect Kanye to end up on top  
They expected that College Dropout to drop and then flop  
Then maybe he stop savin' all the good beats for himself  
Rocafella's only niggaz that help  
My money was thinner than Sean Paul's goatee hair  
Now Jean Paul Gaultier cologne fill the air here  
They say he bourgie, he big headed  
Won't you please stop talking about how my dick head is  
Flow infectious, give me ten seconds  
I'll have a buzz bigger than insects in Texas  
It's funny how wasn't nobody interested  
'Til the night I almost killed myself in Lexus  
And I am  
(Here's to The Roc)  
And they ask me, they ask me, they ask me, I tell them  
(Mr Rocafella)  
Raise your glasses, your glasses, your glasses to the sky  
This is the last call for alcohol, for the  
So get your ass up off the bar  
Now was Kanye the most overlooked? Yes, sir  
Now is Kanye the most overbooked? Yes, sir  
Though the fans want the feeling of A Tribe Called Quest

But all they got left is this guy called West  
Better take Freeway, throw him on tracks with Mos Def  
Call him Kwa-li or Kwe-li, I put him on songs with Jay-Z  
I'm the Gap like Banana Republic and Old Navy, and, ooh

It come out sweeter than old Sadie

Nice as Bun-B when I met him at the Source awards  
Girl, he had with him, ass coulda' won the horse awards  
And I was almost famous, now everybody love Kanye

I'm almost Raymond

Some say he arrogant, can y'all blame him?

It was straight embarrassing how y'all played him  
Last year shoppin' my demo, I was tryin' to shine  
Every motherfucker told me that I couldn't rhyme  
Now I could let these dream killers kill my self-esteem  
Or use my arrogance as the steam to power my dreams

I use it as my gas so they say that I'm gassed

But without it I'd be last so I ought to laugh

So I don't listen to the suits behind the desk no more  
You niggaz wear suits 'cause you can't dress no more

You can't say shit to Kanye West no more

I rocked twenty thousand people, I was just on tour, nigga

I'm Kan, the Louis Vuitton Don

Bought my mom a purse, now she Louis Vuitton Mom

I ain't play the hand I was dealt, I changed my cards

I prayed to the skies and I changed my stars

I went to the malls and I balled too hard

Oh, my God, is that a black card?

I turned around and replied, why, yes

But I prefer the term African American Express

Brains, power, and muscle, like Dame, Puffy, and Russell  
Your boy back on his hustle, you know what I've been up to

Killin y'all, niggaz, on that lyrical shit

Mayonnaise colored Benz, I push Miracle Whips

And I am

(Here's to The Roc)

And they ask me, they ask me, they ask me, I tell them

(Mr. Rocafella)

Raise your glasses, your glasses, your glasses to the sky

This is the last call for alcohol, for the

So get your ass up off the bar

Last call for alcohol, for my niggaz

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