Last Call

Sir Shree

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 Rudloph 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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