Last Call

J. Cole

Yea, warm up!
La-la-la-laaaa, la lala la lalaaaa
Yea, ay yea Fayettenam
Now I am, hey and they ask and they ask and they ask and I tell them, here's to Fayettenam hey
Hey and your glasses and your glasses and your glasses
To the sky is, yea this is the last call for alcohol
This is the "Warm Up"
Yea, look now to the few niggas out there who heard my last shit
Which if I must say so myself that was a classic
I never been the type to ride my own coat tail
But its obvious Im here to stay, a fucking hotel
I came up, I warmed up!
The next up, I blow up!
If you aint peep the trend by now with each rap I go up
Look all he wanted was a deal so when he got it he just faded
But tell me whats a deal when you want to be the greatest?
So Jay I appreciate it, hell of a stepping stone
Wonder if he see it in my eyes Im trying to get the throne
Wonder if the people know how many nights I spent alone
Making beats writing rhymes, thinking deep fighting time
Im getting better but wasn't getting younger
And all that time can make the most confident nigga wonder
But never doubt it or allowed that shit to phase me yo
Just switch my thoughts up like the stations on the radio nigga now I am
Chorus
Hey and they ask and they ask and they ask and I tell them, its the Fayettenam hey
Hey and your glasses and your glasses and your glasses
This is the last call for alcohol
This is the warm up!
So get cha back up off the wall
Verse 2
Yea, now may I never slip up or let my grip up
I know my girl be praying "Lord just keep his pants zipped up!-
Now if some groupie bitch is on his dick then make its stiff up, at least give the nigga common sense to wrap his dick up"
Toast the spliff up, our glasses then sip up,
We fly past they look up
They don't last we give up
They don't blast we clip up then empty

And indeed we hit the target yea these niggas think they the shit and they aint even farted yet
Style incomplete like a garbage ass quarterback
My office is forreal ah fuck sack, niggas getting coffin in the Ville
Way too often and it feels wrong
New York Niggas fuck with me I got em singing Ville songs
I guess its only right cuz we grew up singing they shit
BIG shit, Mase shit, Nas shit, Jay shit
Time for a Carolina nigga to take his place with the greats
A slim nigga making bold statement
Ay J. Cole how you do that there?-I hear you blowing up my nigga
Im like ,true that yea,
In NY but smile everytime I flew back there
That Carolina, Fayettenam oh yea my crew back there
I go home been so long they saying, "you back here?-
Took a turn for the worst boy don't move back here"
Don't do that! Yo who that?
He rep the Ville when he spit it told you he be back with a record deal and he did it
Nigga, fuck spinning on my pivot homie, im finna travel to the reps blow the whistle on me
I got a whole fuckig city that's just sitting on me
But yea it fits on my back , my state is sitting on that
Will I drop? I think not I get up while they stop-like a sleeve on tank tops
they aint give it all they got so they flop
so hey watch, how Im finna take their spot
Now im starring and they not-let me show you how to stay hot
I play not man Im killing em' even your idols feeling em' dog
The same nigga who used to chill in the mall
While they were still in the mall, I was up there spilling my rap
The hero fighting villians just to put the Ville on the map
Now I am
Now I am, hey and they ask and they ask and they ask and I tell them, here's to Fayettenam hey
Hey and raise your glasses and your glasses and your glasses to the sky and..
This is the last call for alcohol
(Talking)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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