Last Call

Kanye West

Yo fuck you, Kanye, first and foremost
For making me do this shit motherfucker
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
And they ask me, they ask me, they ask me, I tell them
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 wallThe all around the world Digital Underground, Pac
The Rudolph the red nosed reindeer of the Roc
I take my chain, my 15 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 niggas 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 10 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 LexusAnd I am
And they ask me, they ask me, they ask me, I tell them
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 wallNow 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 oooh
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 loves 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 niggas wear suits 'cause you can't dress no more
You can't say shit to Kanye West no more
I rocked 20,000 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 WhipsAnd I am
And they ask me, they ask me, they ask me, I tell them
Raise your glasses, your glasses, your glasses to the sky
This is the last call for alcohol, for my niggas
So get your ass up off the wall

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