

# J. Cole

## "Last Call"

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Yea, warm up!  
La-la-la-laaaa, la lala la lalaaaa  
Yea, ay yea Fayetteenam  
Now I am, hey and they ask and they ask and they ask  
and I tell them, here's to Fayetteenam 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 Fayetteenam 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, Fayetteenam 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 Fayetteenam hey  
Hey and raise your glasses and your glasses and your  
glasses to the sky and..  
This is the last call for alcohol  
(Talking)

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