

1993

J. Cole

Ayy

These motherfuckers, man, yo

(Elite, Elite, Elite)

Check it

Yo, check it out, ayy

Since 1993 I've been smoking weed, ask about me

Niggas know not to, oh, wait, niggas know not to, oh, fuck, ayy

Roll up and pour me a drink up, let's get fucked up

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Roll up and pour me a drink up, let's get fucked up

Roll up

Uh, I'm drunk at a party, ain't put down my cup

The fuck is my water? I pick this shit up

Then drank all the water and threw this shit up

It's ash in my cup, I'm mad as a muh', huh

I push pack like USPS, you is a bitch

Ayy, yo, yo, shut the fuck, ayy

Don't even rap, nigga, you

Ayy, hold on

Hold the fuck up, nigga

Tell me why you wanna come get high tonight

I only got one reason, I'm top dog tonight

I let the broads borrow my room and I got caught tonight

Drunken partying, slobbering, 'nother sloppy night

Always fight with my mama, but look, on my leave night

I'll call her, when I'm a baller, I promise that I'ma score you

Until then, I'ma ignore you, it's nothing personal (Sorry)

I'm just tryna fuck a couple girls and go

Can't do that while I'm on the phone

I'm not a mother's boy, I'm a motherfucker

Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy, hold on, hold on, nigga

Can I smoke? Can I smoke? Can I smoke, nigga?

(Oh-oh-oh-oh)

Roll up and pour me a drink up, let's get fucked up

Roll up and pour me a drink up, let's get fucked up

Roll up and pour me a drink up, let's get fucked up

Roll up

Yeah

Sittin' sideways, side steppin' side bitches

Side eyes, light skin, need stitches, mind your business

You're slurring, my baby, you're surfing, no turfing

My girl drippin', dirty whispers in my ear

I don't mumble

ABC your way up out the convo

Lookin' for sluts, oh?

Oh, I know a couple

Bro, bro, bro, bro

Ayy, bro, bro, bro, bro

Ayy, nigga, come on, like
Nigga, stop rapping, start passing
(Oh-oh-oh-oh)
Like can I? My nigga

Roll up and pour me a drink up, let's get fucked up (Bro, bro)
Roll up and pour me a drink up, let's get fucked up
Roll up and pour me a drink up, let's get fucked up
Roll up

Look, okay the weed so strong it got me stressed
The stress so strong it got me weak
I'm so on, it threw me off (Yeah)
I'm throwed off, yes indeed
I threw up after my threesome
On my threads, had to leave the crime scene like criminals do
She wanna come to my crib and give me a genital smooch
Typical, typical, get the piccolo, skididdle, skedaddle
I sling peen like Colossal
That mean king save the queen from the castle
I grab the saddle
Prisoner to prescription, it's changed, jackal, Jack Daniels
Shawty tryna tell me

Motherfucker, ayy, didn't I say? Nigga, ayy
We can't rap, nigga, we smoking weed
Stop rappin', nigga, this is not a rap session
We gettin' high

If I smoke a blunt right now
I'ma be on 285 with my pants pulled down
Around my ankles
Still no stranger to the blunt smoke, gun smoke
You niggas don't want smoke
No guts like that Swisher we just smoked
We cutthroat, niggas...

Hold, hold on, hold on
Wait, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait
, wait, wait, wait
Hold on, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait, ayy, wait
Shh, shh, shh
Wait, wait, wait, okay
Watson, Watson, stop
'Cause this nigga J. Cole, he done grew some dreads
He think he smoke now
Pass the blunt, nigga, stop rappin'
That's the end of the song, nigga
This the end of the session, we goin' home
I just called my Lyft
I just wanna call the, I mean hit the blunt, I mean
Let me try one more time