

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
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

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, 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

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
Hold on, 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