

Asher Roth "Choices"

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This shit is jammin tho..

[Asher Roth]

In here bloody and muddy

I'm smashing bottles of bubbly

Run for cover, brother

This thing here b-bout to get ugly

Under a submarine bares the kitchen cupboard be

Californication agin' more than David Duchovny

You making my Jack a double please

Serve it with the knuckle cheese

Crocodile Hunter and some Buddy Lee Dungarees

Barney Rubble, trouble lover, something Hubble never
seen

Floating like a butter wing stinging like a bumble thing

I love it when I hear them scream, eat it like a tangerine

Make you feel uneasy like your feet up on a trampoline

Don't be so deceiving with your penis eating

fantasy

My semen is the meanest, undefeated when I plant a
seed

Hatin on me, hatin on me, wait for my decay

You gon have to wait longer, I won't ever go away

It's like they say: you go to Vegas and most of it will
stay

You in dirty with some herpes, is it worth the price you
pay?

You deserve it little twerp, on the verge of something
great

Til some overrated lames in the game got in the way

I'mma have to take it over: James and D Wade

It's neither the Black Sheep, would you look at
David Spade?

Yeah I'm here to save the day, Caped Crusader,
Super 8

If you're squeamish at proceeding I suggest you
look away

Yeah, beat it, best believe it when arena takes the
stage

You need a lighter when I feed em a liter of Tanqueray

Teething a type of pain, 18 is the riper stage

It ain't easy to fight the feeling when dealing with

hype and fame
Leading the life of caine, I'll leave him and swipe
his chain
Breathing, nice to meet you
Good evening, glad you came..

[Action Bronson]

First of all, don't ever say a fuckin thing about the
homie
Call a favor in and leave your dyke mother very lonely
You a phony doggy, holy shit
Know the flow exquis-
Eyes low, one-handed I control the whip
No reservations needed to get the table
I walk in, the chef calls me "Chef" that's my
label
? infuse the oil, basil
Standing like a man in situations, get disabled
A lot of hundreds in the jacket pocket
Know I blast the rocket, lift you in the air, just like an
astronaut is
Lack the passion novice, we play on All-Madden
Old glow jackets, Navajo padded
Been a grown man since the day I was born, you
strange and deformed
You sit at home while I get paid to perform
Now we put em on the Greyhound, 85 dollars
Better choose wise bitch, you fuckin with some scholars
Old Impalas, jumping like Rasheed Wallace
Smoking joints like a barbecue pit
I'm honestly sick, some would say retarded and
shit
My mind sharp cause I eat garlic and shit
Swervin the whip quick, little dick..

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