

## Asher Roth "Goodbye"

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Fuck that woadie  
Your joints be hot? then let me rap on it  
I'll be the cream of the crop  
Jimmy got crack corn  
I do this hippity-hop shit with a cast on  
Sipping my flask dogg  
This be ash roth  
A couple of cats that I should ash on  
So go and roll your joint: make it a fat one  
And tell your homies the live spittin is back on  
Yeah I'm back dogg, holding my sack hard  
Act hard, shit, I'm an artist  
You park cars for part shifts  
Armpits, large park, hardly miss, start to finish  
Blow you apart with star ships  
Playing starfox, black ops on black tops  
Hot black socks when camouflage won't hide ya  
I'm a cyclops when I bop, I find ya  
One shot lift your waka flocka top

Stein fox meets einstein, rhymes is mindfuck  
Mine luck as 9 lives dies: your time's up  
9 bro, I shine, blind bind and hind luck  
Don't choke, you old folk, bloaky grind schmuck  
John kruk in the motherfucker, one nut bustin on em  
? suckin on em, gums got nothin on em, punks stop  
frontin on em  
Do it as the one son, run young? rumpa pum pum, no  
pun

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