

Running Away

Asher Roth

(Verse One)

A cold war
Colder than four Coors
Extorted and sold short
Curious, poor George
Fury is four
And this is the floor
It's like the story of the tortoise
Or delivery stork
Ultimate warrior
More Mickey Rourke
It's been reported there's a shortage of the barbecue pork
I try to ignore it like somebody who snores
But it's important
Can't afford it
Like a four door sport
"I'm euphoric,"
I retorted
I've been bordered up by border
I'mma sort it out in order
I don't need your support
I don't give a shit
Not interested in anybody's listening
Do it for the gist of it
It's just what my condition is
(Chorus)

(Verse Two)

And yeah I'm having trouble sleeping
It's definitely my fault
Is it another reason I'm completely in downfall?
Maybe it's just the season
Mercury rounds off
Right on my mid heathen
Yeah I'm secretly "wow, Roth"
Telling me this is freedom
Then I need you to vouch for it
Feel like life teasing me
Feeding me South Park

Fighting to keep the peace
Maybe need to get out more
This machine cheats
Time to even the route score
Stuck in the downpour
Alone and I'm outdoors
Hoping that it won't keep going though
Moving the doubt for
Realer than who you keep around
Sure to look out for
So you can tell it's found
Never leaving without yours
I sure
(Chorus

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