

Bad Day (ft. Jazzy Pha)

Asher Roth

Uh, and it just keeps goin (yeah)
And it just keepsSo I'm in the airport getting ready to leave
Heading to a friend's wedding in the N.Y.C.
But my head has been spinning, I'm forgetting to eat
All this jet setting has been really getting to me
It's already 11:20, I'm ready to sleep
But instead I end up sitting in a 27-C
An aisle seat, fine by me
But the guy that's inside's always trying to pee
With a wild child behind me, he's crying and keeps
Flipping out and kicking at me while he violently screams
So I silently plea, oh God, please
Let there be a honey sitting 27-B
But of course some morbidly obese
Beast is in the seat that wheezes when he breathes
Dude sitting D is at least three deep
And he keeps telling me what is wrong with his knees (I got bad knees)
Osgood-Schlatter, just need water
But for a bottle they charge two dollars (what?)
And when I thought that it couldn't get worse
I forgot my iPod[Chorus]
I'm having a bad day
Nothing ever seems to go my way
Everybody needs to go away
Why? Because I'm having a bad day, yeah
Hey hey, and it just keeps going (keep going)
And it just keeps (going on!)
And it just keeps going (keep going)
And it just keeps (going on)So four hours and turbulence
We land when I'm about to turd in my pants
But the captain has "Seat belt fastened"
So my ass is just passing gas and
Then at last I escaped from the plane
When I'm minutes away from clinically insane
I make my way towards baggage claim
When I hear a high-pitched voice scream my name (Asher!)
Some dumb bitch I went to high school with
While she's sweating she's telling me she likes my shit
I just smile and think, 'bout how great it would be

If I could just hit this chick with a quick leg sweep (leg sweep)
So I pick up my L.L. Bean
And beeline for the next taxi
In need of weed, and boxer briefs
But my bag's only got Maxi's[Chorus]I check in to my hotel room
And I pick up my cell phone to dial the groom
Tell him my mood and I'm ordering food
And I'm probably gonna stay in and watch a movie
But the tube has no HBO (what?)
So anything I want, yo I'm paying fo'
But I'm lame and broke, so I'm laying in a robe
Watching that "Little People, Big World" show
Right then there's a knock at the door
It's my last hope for a Spanish whore
Who will change my sheets in exchange for penis
"Hi, I've lost my cat; have you seen it?"
Jesus, this day is the worst
At least I can give Little Me a jerk
And then go to sleep, healthy and disease-less
It guess it could be worse; but I'm just[Chorus]Hey, and it keep going on yo

Songwriters

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