More Cowbell

Asher Roth

In the meadows where we grow the rose petals
And we sip a glass of Merlot
While I blow the Portabello
Like Cruello with a Cigarillo
Hello, Listen Up
This is Asher from the Morrisville
A little North of Truck
What the fuck?
Oh you didn't know little homie flow?
He a pro, Use a little more
You's a little slow, how slow?
Little Kelso.
Smoking elbows?
If so, let me know I'll just give you my cell phone
Hell froze, Elmo, I'm sticking like Velcro
So, you ain't got the pasta you don't get the Pesto
Presto, Go to infinity and beyond it
Rhyme shit spitting gets imprinted on your conscious
Ash, shit, this world's sitting in your palm
And it's important that you know this
So you never get it wrong
Says my Mom as she reads the Tarot cards and the stars
This called me to go and be a motherfucking boss, Ricky Ross
Look at Paul Roth, kid is all talk
He's a narc, he's a lost cause
Fuck em cut em off
But this dog's off his leash
I'm showin yall my teeth when I speak
Yeah, I mean I bring Prometheus heat
Lean in your seat
You'd think that they'd be leaping to see
A commercial MC keep an ear to the street
Because Jeez
We sick of watching all this shit go on
But this song ain't done yet, so son you start marching
A marksman, Part Marge, Part Bart Simpson
But the other parts Descartes, Bars is raw wisdom
A lost art. I talk part of a larger mission
But you'd rather slack off with Sharks than pay attention

So Bark Bark, another subpar spittin'
Yeah, my time is limited and I refuse to waste a minute
So finish,
Bustin' Ass, Snuffaluf-gas
In the cab huffin' grass, Fuck it I puff puff pass
Enough of that, Oughta buy out the suckerin' succotash
Sup with Ash? Yo, what happened?
Yo, I heard that fucker cracked
Yo, I heard he was abducted they put something in his ass
Well, I heard he had a run-in with a bear and got attacked
Now, Where'd you come up with that
Run and tell your mother that this motherfucker's back
Paper or plastic? Nah. I bring my own bags
Now how you want to pay for that? Straight cash
Evil Laugh
Yeah, I've been playing phone tag for the last
6 months with my label, Tell them fools to call me back
I play charades sippin' chardonnay fifty times a day
Feeling great, can't wait to taste the marmalade
Fade away, Himalayan retreat to find me
Good grief. Loose leaf? I treat it like Bruce Lee
Who's he? Why y'all keep seeing truth in 2D?
My speech be like I mixed Rufies with Kool Keith

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