Charlie Chaplin

Asher Roth

I lay around on a rainy day
Ashing in the sheets
Hold them down and just fade away
Happy little feet
I want to try to drown whatever's happening to me
I walk with out a sound, Charlie Chaplin on the beat
Probably never figure out what is up or what is down
What is now, or what it's all about
So I chill and look around
It's in the air, it's in the sound, it's in the year
No doubt, show us what's got bounce
Curl up next to the girl right beside me
Slide up all inside it
Ride it, reall really ride it
Let it fly higher than a motherfucker
We just set it up direct, get our message from the clouds
The rain's getting stronger as I hit it harder
Ms. Marijuana, she's a superstar
Doing what she want, upper echelon
It's the fond of this Family Matter from Dupont
Come on baby, let it flaunt
How it never gets better than this, just have kids
Oh but wait a minute, turn it down, burn it down, learning now
Talker of the town talking up a storm
This the calm before it
Call Dorothy, tell her bring the courage
Ain't a thing that could deter it
It's the Earth, it's the universe
Working in perfect cursive through one person, let it burn
Word, and after Asher ash get passed to me
Whoever can last the smoke deserves a toast
Raise your glass to me
Last a cut of your currency and let the current be
Car in need of speed has got me in a flow, like the current beat
I'm fried, my mind is on the skillet
if you feeling naughty don't conceal it
I'm feeling it too
What you willing to do
You spilling the truth by moving on it

I like them girls that rock Jordans but could Louboutin it
Moving smooth like lube is on it
Prefer a real woman, but tonight I like hoes
You feeling frisky, you got a man, you feeling risky
You feel the whiskey, please don't try to kill the will to kiss me
Miss, I got a fear of miles and a fear of vows
I'm not trying to share a house but we can share a couch
As of now we just here to have a good time
And if we're meant to go further then we should grind
But don't press it, don't stress it, just let it go
I said it before, follow the flow from the man of cold
You sipping Petron, try not to throw up in my place, cause
Girl you got that bomb, hope it don't blow up in my face
Welcome to this time and
All my green like Kermit
Mobster, pimping gang monster, Herman
I believe in multiple wives, like a Mormon
Especially when she got them thighs, I want to go in
black and gold Trojans
Attractive hoes, try to hold a moment
My pimping game gotta roam, no lids
Manifest where the bed bitch, from the low end
Dime from the hundreds, manifest with no hands
Mackin DNA, my pimples sway, they go in
Y'all blow money, I prefer to blow strands
Elevated gism, macking game promotion
Shit, yup the ism in this bitch
Only spending money made from tipping in this bitch
She attracted to the gizzle, forgive me for your bitch
But she chose the manifest, it benefit the skim
Low Coronas, searching for that meaning of life
And a shot of Jameson, poison I was playing in
Pride I was laying in,
broke rubber what I came in in
With the lateness, we conceive greatness
And when it's war, please be cautious of them smiling faces
I'm moving wise and smoking Bible scriptures in my Bathing rocks
And as we walk Luke,
I guess it's all Revelations
That's relics here, soothes your relatives, rhythm salacious
Ripping, when it's nude beaches to that naked eye
Plain to see that naked truth, naked gun if you criticize
Tune toes down, my mind still in orbit
Only fear is hell, I'm straight out the dark what God's thinking now
So I guess I've seen the light, trying to follow my fate

Some people don't see it 'til the medic trying to make they pupils dialate
A submarine deeper than the rap
And I don't hear the bullshit, homie, this song Charlie Chaplin

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