

Fallin' (Asleep on the Bread Aisle)

Asher Roth

I remember Way Back I mean way back ages.
Eighth grade I think, feels like yesterday.
Bowl cuts was the craze I was crazy
Long blond hair all over the place.
And I'm pale as I ever was baby face,
With a frame like a skeleton. Skinny kid,
No friends still love by everyone.
No shit I was cool, I had plenty fun.
World wish I would grow up big, no not built,
But they said, drink my milk.
Didn't get no where switched up diet.
Started having hip hop.
Pop's didn't like it. Wanted more Springsteen, Earth, Wind, Fire.
Felt that was fine but to rhyme had to try it.
Couldn't hide the fact that I wanted to rap.
Bought Jay Z CD wit my own pension.
And that was back in 98 wit the Langley sniffing, money ain't a thing.
And even though I couldn't relate,
I kept studying, and listening and stuffing my face.[Chorus: x2]
I don't, feel like I'm falling (cause I'm so high)
I don't, feel like I'm falling (cause I'm so fly) And then came High School started picking up a mic thought I
was cool.
My friend said yo homie, you know that your white dude?
I said what for real? Yo its all good.
Cause like this, when I tried it, liked it, flipped it, hyped it.
Insisted the mic be positioned just right.
Just like that 9th grade footy heard, straight from the Philly burbs.
Feel me? Pretty sure.
Suburban threat was the name, we would really work,
Steady spending the day spitting silly versus.
No curses, righting bout our girlfriends.
Ball point pen, head spinning like a whirlwind.
Getting on the mic, I'm a wizard like Merlin.
Breaking barriers, tearing walls like its Berlin.[Chorus: x2] And I think it was the summer of 12th grade?
When Uncle C passed away leaving us empty.
And it hurt, real bad, disturbed, real sad.
But we had to move on so in fact real fast,
We wrote this song about falling ones, miscues,
And the misuse of words used to dis due.

So true.
In a serious face I'm convinced god works in mysterious ways,
Like everything happens for a reason.
I had to believe it, cause that explains why the leave us.
As in people that mean everything.
I got love for them all, they'll be their if I fall But.[Chorus: x2]

Songwriters

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