

Eggs Florentine (ft. King Mez, Remy Banks)

Asher Roth

Top dollar, holler if you got it
Since the rottweiler, I been making solid head noddors
Shiiit
How 'bout it? Modest and methodic
Would it be a problem that I never graduated college?
Kiiid
Ha! Got 'em. Kinda like Sada-dem
They shot 'em, spot 'em, coming out the garden, with his momma,
Kiiids
Hippopotamus, pot I got is awesome
Blossom
Crossing the pollination of Ryan Gosling
Beat and coughing, swimming with the dolphins
Talking like I'm Mr. Marinate but that'd be jargon
Use your noggin Bobby, this is my preorgative
Ask if I'm the nicest and you'll get a bunch of bobbleheads
Follow this, unexpected journey, on some hobbit shit
All around the world, in your city bet I'm rockin' it
Take a nice drop straight from Sucassin
They gass my spass, breaka breaka sirchu blacka
Knock around the block, kill a knicker bocker
Spittin' realer hip-hop, but listen to Joe Cocker
And hypocrisy, either you a sprinter or a jogger
If it's ninth grade, kid you'd be locked inside your locker
Yeah, knock knock, father of The Rock get me out of this
You don't like the Roth you're a communist
Unrealistic flow, business-minded as aristocrats
Hungry as (?) like gimme yo lunch remember that
Niggas slang crack like the family can't get killed from that
Think they ready for beef and never read nutrition facts
College cut a nigga the price of all that tuition whack
With a grand heel, like a nigga bringing The Pistols back
And I'm right on target with topics, bringing precision back
Everything you see artificial I'm bringing vision back
That's on my honor, I'm giving you coke, more so than Tijuana
She older than me but you buy her flowers I see you want her
Don Juan a quarterback to all you pom pommers
How you gon' harm a terminator you ain't John Connor
Boy, I'm sorry that's just the writer in me

Could also be that boiled blood line that's probably in me
And if you like a bag and she with me that's probably Fendi
But it was probably a gift and she gave it to me and missed it
Keeping soul round me
Crack the window light the reefer, bro I need to vent
Got some things up on my mental that I need to flip
Seems I can't repent, now haunt me when I'm bent
I felt like I'm a saint, so mama feel like I'm heaven sent
And crispest thoughts that I deciphered into s
Some days I'm feeling worthless, I know I got a purpose
And I know I'm supposed to be here just trying to scratch the surface
These songs will make utilizing the talent I was birthed with
Missed from the purple haze fogging up my brain
Bathin' Ape camo'd down like I'm Major Payne
In London coolin' out high and up with James
With a team of British ducks whilin' out like I'm Bombay
Dog, I know about light
Spent weeks out in Europe thrice times
I mean what I say
Who else do I need to persuade that I'm one of the illest niggas spittin' today
Queens we in the building
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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