Apples & Bananas

Asher Roth

I like to eat, eat, eat, eat, eat, eat
Apples and bananas
I like to o, o, o, o, o, o
Opples and banonos
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Holy smokes, artichoke, art of Mozart
Sharp and no pop tart part hollow notes
Heat of cold, ' yo, that broth kicking, yo
Day like flow, daylight come, she go home, we got stoned
She got clo-no so I got dough
This is corner liquor store, flip my 'bitchin', moan
Switching pictures, bitches low
Sit your slow ass down and bow wow
I write rhymes with pants down all around town
So, so pow there's no doubt, I know now
Grow your own scout bro, right about now

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Papa chakra, pop lock and drop it
Block, block, get off, I'm rocking jackals, awesome
Talk to Jeremy Clarkson, clock stops the bus and pause
Who died and left Charles in charge?
Let me borrow your car and bring it back tomorrow and scared
I'm the gardener, bark, startle the dog, caught me off guard
Darn it, Mercutio, doogie chain, Gucci flow
Bootie blows fish but I really love sushi, though
Never on the first day, anyway

Used to bang groupie hoes, now I'm in a better place
Better late than never, better set her straight
Meditate, this center, any veteran needs a better maid
Let her stay, settle for the lesser pay
Like the sweater weather, but I still believe in yesterday
What's today? What's the space? Must've missed the bus, behave
Fuck it, what's the rush? We gonna walk it off the other way

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Lyrics submitted by Christine.

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