Choices

Asher Roth

This shit is jammin tho..
[Asher Roth]In here bloody and muddy
I?m smashing bottles of bubbly
Run for cover, brother
This thing here b-bout to get ugly
Under a submarine bares the kitchen cupboard be
Californication agin? more than David Duchovny
You making my Jack a double please
Serve it with the knuckle cheese
Crocodile Hunter and some Buddy Lee Dungarees
Barney Rubble, trouble lover, something Hubble never seen
Floating like a butter wing stinging like a bumble thing
I love it when I hear them scream, eat it like a tangerine
Make you feel uneasy like your feet up on a trampoline
Don?t be so deceiving with your penis eating fantasy
My semen is the meanest, undefeated when I plant a seed
Hatin on me, hatin on me, wait for my decay
You gon have to wait longer, I won?t ever go away
It?s like they say: you go to Vegas and most of it will stay
You in dirty with some herpes, is it worth the price you pay?
You deserve it little twerp, on the verge of something great
Til some overrated lames in the game got in the way
I?mma have to take it over: James and D Wade
It?s neither the Black Sheep, would you look at David Spade?
Yeah I?m here to save the day, Caped Crusader, Super 8
If you?re squeamish at proceeding I suggest you look away
Yeah, beat it, best believe it when arena takes the stage

You need a lighter when I feed em a liter of Tanqueray
Teething a type of pain, 18 is the riper stage
It ain?t easy to fight the feeling when dealing with hype and fame
Leading the life of caine, I?ll leave him and swipe his chain
Breathing, nice to meet you
Good evening, glad you came..
[Action Bronson]First of all, don?t ever say a fuckin thing about the homie
Call a favor in and leave your dyke mother very lonely
You a phony doggy, holy shit
Know the flow exquis-
Eyes low, one-handed I control the whip

No reservations needed to get the table
I walk in, the chef calls me ?Chef? that?s my label
? infuse the oil, basil
Standing like a man in situations, get disabled
A lot of hundreds in the jacket pocket
Know I blast the rocket, lift you in the air, just like an astronaut is
Lack the passion novice, we play on All-Madden
Old glow jackets, Navajo padded
Been a grown man since the day I was born, you strange and deformed
You sit at home while I get paid to perform
Now we put em on the Greyhound, 85 dollars
Better choose wise bitch, you fuckin with some scholars
Old Impalas, jumping like Rasheed Wallace
Smoking joints like a barbecue pit
I?m honestly sick, some would say retarded and shit
My mind sharp cause I eat garlic and shit
Swervin the whip quick, little dick..

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