

# More Cowbell

## Alfred Concert Band

In the meadows where we grow the rose petals  
And we sip a glass of Merlot  
While I blow the Portabello  
Like Cruello with a Cigarillo  
Hello, Listen Up  
This is Asher from the Morrisville  
A little North of Truck  
What the fuck?  
Oh you didn't know little homie flow?  
He a pro, Use a little more  
You's a little slow, how slow?  
Little Kelso.  
Smoking elbows?  
If so, let me know I'll just give you my cell phone  
Hell froze, Elmo, I'm sticking like Velcro  
So, you ain't got the pasta you don't get the Pesto  
Presto, Go to infinity and beyond it  
Rhyme shit spitting gets imprinted on your conscious  
Ash, shit, this world's sitting in your palm  
And it's important that you know this  
So you never get it wrong  
Says my Mom as she reads the Tarot cards and the stars  
This called me to go and be a motherfucking boss, Ricky Ross  
Look at Paul Roth, kid is all talk  
He's a narc, he's a lost cause  
Fuck em cut em off  
But this dog's off his leash  
I'm showin yall my teeth when I speak  
Yeah, I mean I bring Prometheus heat  
Lean in your seat  
You'd think that they'd be leaping to see  
A commercial MC keep an ear to the street  
Because Jeez  
We sick of watching all this shit go on  
But this song ain't done yet, so son you start marching  
A marksman, Part Marge, Part Bart Simpson  
But the other parts Descartes, Bars is raw wisdom  
A lost art. I talk part of a larger mission  
But you'd rather slack off with Sharks than pay attention

So Bark Bark, another subpar spittin'  
Yeah, my time is limited and I refuse to waste a minute  
So finish,  
Bustin' Ass, Snuffaluf-gas  
In the cab huffin' grass, Fuck it I puff puff pass  
Enough of that, Oughta buy out the suckerin' succotash  
Sup with Ash? Yo, what happened?  
Yo, I heard that fucker cracked  
Yo, I heard he was abducted they put something in his ass  
Well, I heard he had a run-in with a bear and got attacked  
Now, Where'd you come up with that  
Run and tell your mother that this motherfucker's back  
Paper or plastic? Nah. I bring my own bags  
Now how you want to pay for that? Straight cash  
Evil Laugh  
Yeah, I've been playing phone tag for the last  
6 months with my label, Tell them fools to call me back  
I play charades sippin' chardonnay fifty times a day  
Feeling great, can't wait to taste the marmalade  
Fade away, Himalayan retreat to find me  
Good grief. Loose leaf? I treat it like Bruce Lee  
Who's he? Why y'all keep seeing truth in 2D?  
My speech be like I mixed Rufies with Kool Keith

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