The Lounge

Asher Roth

Verse 1
I got a question, what's a rapper look like? Is he tan? Is he black? White?
Is he blacked out, high on the crack pipe?
Or more the cats that'll ride on the half pipe?
Don't want to act like I know about the rap type
Cause matter of fact I can't grasp who rap likes
With their cash do they stash for retirement?
Or go for things like rides and diamonds?
Another question (what's that?)
How do they dress?
Are they best cut threads or are they spend less
I'm interested, it's caught my attention
Yo, does everybody rap get arrested?
And with they sex, do they all have hoe's?
Or do some have a girl that they learn and they grow with?
I like to know, what makes a rapper?
It might be me, but I don't think it matters?CHORUS
What does he look like?
Nobody knows?
He's just a rapper, in plain clothes
When the curtain falls, after the show
Where does he go? Nobody knowsVerse 2
Yo, now it's your call, short, fat, or tall
What if he's a she and not a he at all
Or does a broad have to a be a C at least
Or can it be decreased if she real up on the beat?
And is she realer if she raised in the street?
Or can they still feel her if she raised in CT?
And if they spit do they have to have kids?
Or can they have a Mom, a Dad, and little sis?
And in the morning do they have to have grits?
Or can they favorite breakfast be eggs Benedict?
It makes me think, is there a rappin' type?
And if so, yo, what's a rapper like?
And do they sell drugs? Or go to school?
Cocaine or college, tell me what's the rule
I'd like to know, what makes a rapper?
It might be me, but I don't think it matters.CHORUS
What does he look like?

Nobody knows?
He's just a rapper, in plain clothes
When the curtain falls, after the show
Where does he go? Nobody knowsVerse 3
My name's Asher (Hi Asher)
And those who care to ask, I tell them I'm a rapper
But I don't look like it, not one bit
I'm short and thin with some pale ass skin
Got one girlfriend, and I love her,
With two sisters, a father, and a mother
I guess I'm different, like no other
But you can't judge a book by it's cover
I write about what I feel c live
My boys like to say I'm the realist it gets
Sometimes I feel like-..?
Maybe flip the script on some ROYGBIV
Whatever the mood, no matter what I listen to
I always do me, never do you
I'd like to know, what makes a rapper?
It might be me, but I don't think it matters.CHORUS

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/