

# Laundry (feat. Michael Christmas & Larry June)

## Asher Roth

[Intro]

Yo, can we bum a cigarette?

Yeah, go ahead

Alright, you ready [Verse 1: Asher Roth]

[?] I could be a Transformer

[?] out of order

On the corner selling porn, Jack

Thumb on my plumbs, I'm a real Jeff [?]

Set, cut the check, wanna move to California

Married and divorced all up in the same summer

Susan Summers and the [?] hand warmer

Cam corder on, drive me home Land Rover

Aristocrat, beurocrat, diplomat

Listening to Juelz, it made me wanna rap

Now I'm on his track and these girls all on me

Telling me my perfume smells like clean laundry

Dog Bounty Hunter [?] his drier sheets too

Clean underwear got me feeling brand new like woo [Hook: Asher Roth]

Smells like laundry (Fresh), smells like laundry

(Back when you was asking me to rap

And girls smell fresh like laundry out the pack)

Smells like laundry (Fresh)

Smells like laundry (Fresh), smells like laundry

(Back when you was asking me to rap

And girls smell fresh like laundry out the pack) [Verse 2]

Now they smell like Henny and some reggie in the sack

Jazz in the background, cigarette ashes

Niggas spend money on spinners

Laundry detergent, expensive ass dinners

Niggas used to buy Backwoods for the lil ones

It sound like Harlem Shake, I'ma kill 'em

Got-ta-got-ta-nah-nah Otis

I feel like Jigga in a Focus

Backpack with a twan sack they ain't noticed

Cause out here you could smoke weed in the open

Don't be a menace to church

And don't ask how niggas did work

Cause every time I got a stain on my shirt

I was coming out the mud like I was digging on dirt [Hook] [Verse 3]

[?]  
All black looking like I'm up to something  
I don't give a fuck, I'm still mobbing on 'em  
[?] I might slide on 'em  
Now the phone ringing, that's the bitch calling  
She just hit a lick and I need it all  
She was in the town, I was in the [?]  
Checked twenty bands then I killed the throat  
I met a bad hipster bitch [?]  
One thing that Larry hates is hating hoes  
[?] smoke, bad bitches, stripping, [?]  
Now it's two in the morning and the bitch catting off  
Smelling like fresh laundry when I'm on a bitch couch  
Hit my nigga Chuck phone then I [?]  
Got a wammy in the kitchen, hundred thousand in the couch  
Nigga smellin' like laundry[Hook]

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