

As I Em

Asher Roth

Take me as I em my friends, ain't gon' change,
Wont be no Em, rock these songs,
Rock these shows, only good life I know

I was in seventh grade when I heard the Slim Shady LP,
Ya my mom brought it down when I was ironing, irony,
Getting out the wrinkles, just a little kid in middle school,
Sink my teeth in anything just to think I'm cool, riding the bus,
I feel the rush but I still don't give a fuck,
Ya I wish I could agree but I've already had enough,
I've already given up from playing the same game,
Every interview I feel like I'm saying the same thing, like,
Em was great, yea he paved the way for me,
He was inspiration for everybody from A to Z,
But they keep relating me, I cant get away,
Chasing me, (all day long), I hear it, (all day long),
And now the masters thinks that Asher wants to be a Marshall Mathers,
They say "Ashers not a rapper, na hes actually just a actor",
Cause we have the same complexion and similar voice inflection,
Its easy to see the pieces and reach for that connection,
Every minute, each hour of everyday,
Im constantly on the fence defending my own name,
Explaining we are not the same,
Not much that I can say, except that im sick of it,
Critics arrogantly sparked up a flame, its on

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Now don't get it twisted, I've definitely benefited,
Its like suddenly everyone wants to hear what I've been spitting,
Its so different, the image they don't get it,
Its simple I'm just a kid who wants to rap to make a living,
But Em was in it way before I committed ,
And his lyrics were the shit so I really gotta come with it,
But each critics been picking apart my writings,
And if its not up to par then Ashers par is just a gimmick,
Is it my fault must I be more convincing?,
Y'all talk all you want, never halt me from my mission,
Using his ammunition, would you please keep dissing me,
(all day long), I hear it, (all day long),
And yea the haters wanna hate because I made it and I'm famous,
But until you take my place,
Y'all never know what it takes to make a record for respect,
Take a second before you inspect,
When you look like someone else then what the fuck do you expect,
I just want to be accepted as the illest in the game,
But its harder for an artist creating his own lane,
That's anonymous with his rhyming and combine with perfect timing,
All the time all that's declining and about to explode

So fuck it that's all I got, there's nothing else for me to say,
If I don't confront the problem it will never go away,
Unless it is addressed there is nothing left for me to do,
Its impossible rejecting an elephant in the room,
Say goodbye to all the bullshit, notions preconceived

Sworn to all the wrongs, could of swore they knew me,
If you have no further questions and cant think of other thoughts,
Then let me introduce you to Asher Paul Roth.