

## Dude

Asher Roth

Dude - yeah, yeah, chillin' in some shorts  
Sippin' on a cold one, sittin' on the porch  
Only chopsticks, I don't ever use a fork  
Go for it, little dork, don't you know I'm that dude?  
Yo, yo - born from a stork  
Kung Pao chicken, you can pile on the pork  
When I get bored, I just call up Scott Storch  
House phone, no cord, of course I'm that dude

Cut my hair in two years, drink beer, get weird  
Get clear advice from my friends, tell me get real  
No deal - I be sippin' smoothies and shit  
Gettin' stoned and then I go alone to movies and shit  
Bolognaise, homemade, only play croquet  
In a cloak and like old episodes of Soul Train  
One with the OJs, Whole Foods for the groceries  
OJ, loaves, cherries and Yoplait  
No way Jose - Cuervo in a bear coat  
Heirloom tomatoes, grow my very own  
Bare-bone, dare you to out-stare a scarecrow  
Blow whales air hole, hair like scared werewolf  
Get down, sheets got a high thread count  
Red gown gets drowned out by my med sound  
Loud - Ted Talks on the iPad  
Old search says "Bang Bros" - my bad  
Good weed got me talkin' 'bout deities  
Aphrodite, sucker for good lighting  
And neat handwriting, sort of like calligraphy  
Trick or treat at 30, dressed up as Jackie Tree

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Niggas is clowns, I hand out styles, like...  
I make 'em at home beneath my workshop lights  
Hundreds of these, it's nothin' to me  
At home, over the stove, makin' these keys  
Laughin' at these little niggas mimicking me  
They slidin' down, razorblades landin' in alcohol rivers  
I can't get with 'em, nah, Spitta chillin'  
And I still claim Jets at your ma'fuckin'...  
With a batch of pot brownies in the oven and some hoes comin'  
Same old shit, spendin', just the toilet bowl different  
Bathroom's bigger, bigger mirrors  
Hoes seein' themselves in 'em and havin' twisted visions of us livin'  
Coexistin', demolishing my pimpin'  
None of that askin' where I'm goin', furthermore  
When I'm comin' back, no whinin', no Taipei

I still pull a disappearing act - L  
Never die, motherfucker, that's what I say  
Gettin' money out your bitches every goddamn day  
Homie said he want a show, I want ten grand  
I'mma need ten more when my plane land  
Baby never met another nigga higher or hotter  
Bitch, just hit the weed, don't ask where I got it  
In the presence of these international globetrotters  
On the bus, ballin' out in different times with my partners

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