

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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