Females Welcome

Asher Roth

Hold on, did you see the Farrah Abraham porno yet? Yo, I'm glad that's not my girlfriend, man, I'll tell you that much

My smart bitch is my main hoe My smart bitch is my main hoe No more, no more My smart bitch is my main hoe No more, no more

Where those females at? The ones that never got below a B in class Down to smoke some chronic, but she know she don't be needing that Feeding facts, knitting, re-reading The Great Gatsby Fights with Bill Simmons and differs with Bill Plaschke Snacks be flax seed, almonds, and soy milk But could dominate a Big Mac, no napkin, won't spill Takes naps and chills, uses emojis and Nutella Listens to good music, but didn't go to Coachella No, nope, never got Talking Head tickets Vinyl of Art Tatum, knows lyrics to Big K.R.I.T. On some country shit, southern comfort shit, getting drunk and shit Dancing on the tables, having fun and feeling wonderful Don't want to be a player, she's requesting Big Punisher Didn't wanna say it, but I think that I'm in love with her Couple more sangrias and I'll want to put a son in her Wolfgang Amadeus, better play it when I cum in her Brain it be the greatest, though she doesn't play sports When she picked her favorite player, she said it was Frank Gore Bakes and makes sports, can play like eight chords 'Cause her parents made her take piano lessons until fourteen

Now my smart bitch is my main hoe 'Cause them lame hoes, ain't feeling them no more No more, no more, no more Now my smart bitch is my main hoe 'Cause them lame hoes, ain't feeling them no more No more, no more, no more

She popping molly, just wants to party Don't know that the shit's for the lost and gotti Like Zach Denardi 'cause she likes attention But I bet one day need an intervention For the drugs and sex, girl's a mess Better know when to slow, keep your hoes in check Keep your head on your shoulders and don't forget That sloppy bitches get no respect

Why don't you know? Take it slow Work it hard Take it far Why don't you know? Take it slow Work it hard Take it far

Boy, I can see it in your face You're all over the place Can you stand up straight for me, yeah Getting back on track if you want me back Do the sweet talk Do the sweet talk

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