

Pabst And Jazz

Asher Roth

Lackadaisical, paps and radio
Playing the latest Johnny Coltrane up on the Casio
Making me make my lady moan
Smoking strain of OG, roll trees
Sounds hot when you say you're stoned
Lost and faded though, a Miles Davis flow
Lots of soul, how's he know? I suppose
In the cold without a coat, it's so cold, kid is froze
To the toes, and the more, anything is possible
I'm rocking massimo like I'm a Aussie bro
Drinking Foster's in the back of Billy Bob's Camaro
But ya not so artsy though, this ain't a show
Party with the barbies just started up a cardio
Probably go unguarded if I could like I'm
This is where my heart is to my darling then I'm sorry yo
I'm Marcus Garvey mode, I ain't gon' argue yo
This one be the hardest like it's starving in the arctic so
Stop the [?] the kids who try to box me
Obviously never stop me on my quest with Asanti
We Giovanni, Dolce and Gabbana, Don't you need line up a up on
the vinyl thought you needed a reminder

I'm raping the beat through writing, G and letting it be the li
fe of me
Rhyming it nice and climbing the pipes and letting the dope enl
ighten me
I'm hyping G (spaz), right go for the shot for 3, swish
Buckets, puppets on Mr. Rodgers' Neighborhood ain't nice as me
Like it B? (Not.) Tough. Blame Rich for throwing me audible cra
ck
I catch lack in the D, suggest you audible that, break chill
You know you a fan my man, you love it in fact
baby stay in the building, you stuck in the shack, God damn!
Chill
Never the last remaining, loving the real and loving the rap
Never the stacks, honeys be loving the steez, of course I'm lov
ing them back
You can catch me putting my flag on top of the hill and puffing
a black
Killing the flows, fa sho, give 'em those and they right
In them shows, TZ, be the pros, it's fact
So fast, I dash, catch up, and stack
Give them the jazz and the cash
Give them that, it's a rap