

## Paradise

Asher Roth

I got a text message the other day, saying Asher Roth was through, and the Greenhouse Effect legacy is dead.

So I hit Dram, then I called Asher, and I said we got some unfinished business to handle.

Let's show 'em how it's truly done.

So to the nonbelievers: Greenhouse Effect Volume 2 is finally here.

I don't want to go to work, I just really want to bang, bang, bang on the drums all day

No shirt, no shoes, all good, cause hey, hey, hey that's a feel-great

We can go to the beach, float in the sea, smoke weed, and lay in the shade

Case of the brew, ice-cold, keep it cool, but there's only one rule: no dudes, all babes

Margarita, pina colada, Corona, [?], tequila, vodka

(Oh my gosh) Can't tell who's hotter, all the butt cheeks in bikini bottoms

(Ow ow ow) Yeah, that's right, watch it turn from day to night

Faded in my Ray-Bans, baby, I can't even say it right

(Ha ha ha) Live it up, fuck it, I don't need a cup

Catch me in the ocean drinking potion from a coconut

And this is the life, we got it, we got it going good

This is the life, we got it, we livin' like we should

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I'm a play in the waves, and fake I'm in danger, and tell CJ come save me

Catch fish with a bait, and eat it with steak and a couple of crab legs I'm craving

And when I'm stuffed and fat, with Jimmy Buffet hat

Turn it up, I'm getting drunk in my Jimmy Buffet hat

Can't get enough of that, feet up in the sand time

Cutie Bobby super fly, showing me her tan lines

Around the camp fire, singing to the breeze

I can't ever lie, nothing beats on the beach