

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  
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