

## Pass That Dutch

Asher Roth

I'm modest, the most mouse  
But your style's honestly gotten me grossed out  
Don't know how many a cocks run your mouth  
And the copies of your album you're buying, they don't count  
Low-brow talent is profound  
Brolic-y bro, yeah my body of work is so stout  
No doubt, organically grown, sold out  
When my own sound make for a properly worn crown  
Yeah, my language it low languish  
It's so strange it makes aliens learn English  
It's so strange just like the pants on the Lone Ranger  
It's so strange just like the canklles on Bojangles  
So dangerous, Ringo had met Rambo  
Drank a handle of Jame, when we taught 'em how to tango  
Way I'm slinging my ammo, think I could light a candle  
When standing up on a banister and landing on a mantle  
Mickey, Minnie, spitting Riperton  
I'm kicking shit exquisite cause I'm sick of looking in  
Just in case you missed it I'm gon' rip this shit again  
So all the haters listening gotta listen to him again  
Mary Kate taught me S&M in the LES  
Hell, he'd body, yes, let's begin  
Equestrian, call a quest to Questlove  
To get drums, but guess what? Request snubbed  
Gut check, regret less, regress none  
Best bet is to get dressed and get some

(Time to get out of bed man, gotta rock and roll... let's go!)

A phenomenon is what I be on  
Doin' shotty rips with hottie chicks and talking body armor  
Got an awesome arsenal, I don't need a bodyguard  
With some bits of (barti in him?) but I got a car alarm  
(Woop woop!)

Time to make the party start  
Yeah, but once we start the party, sorry kids, we party hard  
Already barred, I've been blacklisted from the bar  
Yeah, but disregard the part about pissing in Clinton's yard  
I'm a track star, I'm faster than Pat Stark  
That has to grab a stash after crashin' his dad's car  
On par when the city has gone dark  
It ain't selling tickets, the visitors gon' starve  
En garde, kids wanted an encore  
Bong guard, get bitches in on tour  
OnStar, the commissioners on board  
When I asked for permission to ditch and he said sure (Yeah, sure)  
See y'all be going to war  
I'm ordering more Porsche's on the Bora Bora shore  
While the girls explore sorta like Dora Dora  
More curls, more curves, obviously more grown up  
Yeah but hold up, won't ever compromise  
Even if it means the end of me and leaves them outta...  
Outta time, outta line, I'm outta limelight  
Need to poured my gin and tonic right before I rhymed  
Got my manager on hold  
Get rid of all the Styrofoam on the radio  
Adios batty boy, yo you gotta go

Me and the hot shit, we stay symbolical  
While I'm riding my exotic animal, Amalfi coast  
(Wheee!)  
Giddy up, getting up with Olivia with the pretty butt  
Get enough before I give it up  
Getting stuck, thinking 'bout how I'm a finish up  
When there's really no limit to how much I don't give a fuck  
For the love, I'm only doing this just because  
With a little sense of humor to loosen but who's the judge  
Who's the rush? Aww, who was the last to touch?  
Man you ruining my groove, move it and pass the dutch