

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