

Perfectionist

Asher Roth

Sitting on the couch with my head in my hands I need to think
Think fast, need to set up a plan to get big
Lick already said I'm the man I know this
But it's hard being my own fan
I'm so thick, thick headed when it comes to the flow
My secret weapon
Said to go cause there's no better time than
The present, not a second time to get a stepping
What's a hustle for a hustler if it's the wrong direction
I take a sec making all the right corrections (Yeah)
Full inspection make sure it's perfected
Some neglected saying I'm obsessive
But a record ain't a record less it really is impressive
I've been infected with the sickness of perfectionist
Like if you grab a hips and twist it while your're sexing it
It feels betta betta use of the erection
Every lesson, very welcome
Baby don't you even mention it

Cause if you're trying and ain't working
And you just don't get it and it sound well
Just won't flow, just won't flow
We'll recognize
Real you can bet cause the music
Come from my soul
From my soul, from my soul
I said the music comes from my soul
Sick with it games with it
Till the limits see
Asher Rosh ain't no joke
Ain't no joke

I see the visions bigger than the big picture
Doing division with figures of Dirt Diggler
Weed an liqueur play the role of an addiction
But afflicted for the sick shit
I still remain a stickler
Slick thinker, quick picker upper
Bounty hunter for the runners and
I found about a hundred of 'em
They be dumb enough drugging them
With bubble gum I cover them, and smother them,
And then I tell their mother on 'em
Getting grounded for sounding like a
Clown not allowed out the house for
Bringing our sound down, kick out
Vanished from the town but reprimanded
May be granted while they handed me my crown
Bow down start respecting it
New rules in effect and you all should expected it (That's right)
New schools is erect
Ash Roth be the president (Why?)
Cause I'm a true perfectionist

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Kiss my ring is a B-Mac thing
I'm on a (Road To The Riches) like a (G. Rap) thing
Young and jump from the corner then he got (king)
Look who ran through your (castle)
And scooped your (queen)
I ain't your average little rapper young scrapper
I ain't a backpacker
I'm an (Original Gunn Clapper)
I (Buckshot Shorties) and turn their (Moon) (Blacker)
Snap like cameras in dark room rappers
Who arm full metal jacket
You niggas (Hamburger Hill), get your platoon captured
You in deep water this harpoon practice
Your dudes is cactus, cartoon rappers
I draw on niggas like stick figures
Get the picture, huh, I ain't easy to trace nigga
You should expected this from two rap perfectionist
(B-Mac and Ash Roth) We rap our ass off

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