

Blow Yr Head

Asher Roth

Man, I don't know
I'm just trying to have fun with it everywhere I go
Truth be told I just got caught up in a bunch of nonsense
Trying to take the fun out of my back pockets and stuff
You'll never take my freedom, you know?

Yo, Ash stop fucking around, yo where's the album?
Your second try never came out my man, how come?
You were like the coolest guy, now we want Malcolm
Who out here too loud, you need to turn it down some
Chill, not now son
Your doubt can't jeopardize my outcome
I style like I'm stretching out in Shaolin
Man of many sounds, I come around
They ask "Who?" like Pete Townshend
I'm O-Town meets Andre 3000, either way keep bouncing
It's wild, I don't even leave the house
And I don't feel the need to reason with you children
Needs to be arousing like a jousting match fouled him
I ain't counting that, astounding how I'm rounding out my alphabet
We ain't even rowdy yet
[?] ain't made himself a [?] yet
Bout it since we started smoking salvia
Cruising in a golf cart on the gulf coast with a GoPro
And my bro knows, why old folks go 'There goes that Bozo'
My flow like J. Flacco getting tackled by fat dude
Who grabbed [?] on a back road in bath robe with a bad cold
Homie, I'm that cold
Ash, I just walk around with an afro
And a gavel and I laugh more than a jackal
Crack up, pistachio
Graduate, forget to flip that tassel
My bad yo, that's too much of a hassle
Casserole with Castro
Stash gets blown like it's a gastro, you gassed though
More like watching grass grow
I can be an asshole
I rather just hang out in my castle, blast Outkast
Yo Elroy, where's Astro?
Bet if the Jetsons had a best friend from Def Jam
And Geffen and wed them, I would be the best man
Get it? I'm a breast man
Stick my face right between that chest and
Motorboat those cocos you know it though
Don't no one wan' go toe-to-
toe... rototiller... photos off your motorola phone are terrible
Terrible, Terridome, territory, terrory
Dude from 90210, tornado made of hammer domes
Sharin' poems here, smell my pheromones
Yeah yo, my hair's long
I don't even care homes
Takes these earphones, put them on your eardrums
Here's some of this red rum, you ready boy, here it comes
You ready boy, here it comes

On a full ride to Florida State, too high played it safe
Could've been Flo Rida, my bad, my mistake

Should've started Footloose, the new Kevin Bac'
The way I play chicken in busses with no brakes
And Busta was on break, taking a pay cut
I play cuts from my stuff, make everybody go nuts
Now everybody say "Whaaaaat?"

What was that? That was fun
Let's do that again