

# 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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