

High PD

Asher Roth

Uh, hmm
Alright, alright, alright, I got this
Chill out, bro, shut up, shut up

What seems to be the problem, Mr. Ocifer?
It's Ash Wednesday, we're just off to church
Yo son, save the small talk, I just caught the word
That two kids on the road stolen lots of herb
With all due respect that a cop deserves
I'm at a loss for words, well that'll cause concerns
A little birdy through a tip and y'all fit the description
And plus the car reeks loud like the woofers be hitting, so where is it?
Okay, I give in, thank my parents and religion
If I spill it gonna need my rap forgiven
See me I'm on this rarely snitching, but sergeant just listen
There's a professor who made his mission cultivating Citgo, this man's a real sicko
Making all the kids grow for diploma quid pro
Trying to make them quarterback the pack into the end zone
Not sure about his end goal but I had to score first
Behind the lines I hit the spot up, Kyle Korver
Heh, I guess it's easy as that
Son, I applaud your two cents kid, ain't no nickelin' that
You sold the plug so I ain't charging you for being a rat
In fact, keep a nug or two but I'll be taking the pack
Better haul ass 'fore I switch it's sick I'm letting you go
Better watch your six 'cause I got blue for all the black on the road
Ain't meaning skin, I'm talkin' hue of your clothes
Now y'all be safe 'cause I ain't saving no ghosts
I just be making 'em, so get to the road

What the hell happened? It all got so drastic
Just from me binging and skipping these classes
Focused on puffing, not passing
It lead me to capping to captain who highjacked the package
And jettisoned me
Now the tank is back on empty
Hope the word don't reach the students, know they'll all resent me
Greed's an Insta-model occupation's strictly tempt me
Blame that bitch for all the envy in the Gen-Z
So what the man's a little zenny, Mr. Teddy Talk
Birky's with the peppy walk, lager's with the heavy froth
While he's reading Karl Marx, hoping we don't move to Mars
'Fore we CPR ours
Might just know it all on some Nardwuar

Yo, these stupid little kids, dumbasses
I'm out here doing lord's work while they're cutting classes
And sagging their pants acting like damn bastards, I had to daddy 'em
But I'm a nice guy, I let 'em go without attackin' 'em
Now I got their pack and opened that and saw a new hue
This ain't like some shit you see on screens, it's like some voodoo
I'm lifted off the smell alone, station said return but now I'm yearning for
the pheromones
What the fuck I care for? I bleed blue
Still ain't get my share of finer things that I can see through
This shit probably easy to grow

I'll get some cheap dudes to keep you growing to trees and sell you for a steep due
Ayo, I'm loving what this greed do, man

One-two click in this gone
Gotta think quick 'fore I slip and it's done
I'ma do right while I do what's wrong
If I take this hit I'ma blow that bomb

With the greenhouse in shambles and the retrohash now in the hands of an ill-intentioned megalomaniac, Professor Roth has been forced to cancel his classes