

# Insurance

Asher Roth

Last night took a trip down to the corner store  
Needed rolling papers, bag of chips, and a granola bar  
Cruised the aisle for some chocolate and coconut water  
When he burst in told the counter to open the drawer  
Stuck the piece to his teeth as he insisted  
"If you know what's good for you, I think that you should listen"  
But he didn't, attendant was resistant  
That's when he flipped the switch and said "I guess I'll pick off the store"  
He turned around and searched the store with frantic eyes  
Of course he locked on mine, I was the only one inside  
Come on kid, it's time to go for a ride  
Flashed his piece and me and said don't you be trying nothing  
Tied and blindfolded threw me in the trunk  
Stunk of gasoline and stale cigarette butts  
I'm thinking "fuck man, fuck man, this is just my luck"  
My stomach telling me this be my last one  
Think to myself what the hell I could have done  
Should have run  
Yeah I bet it wasn't a loaded gun  
Breathing heavily speeding up over 70  
Settled on dead meat, don't even believe in heaven, B  
Then 20 minutes at least, when tires screech  
Oh please, police, but my hope has gone weak  
Opens the trunk, "get up, " he tells me  
Walk a couple paces then throws me to my knees

I ain't even try to hurt no one  
See it ain't my finger on that trigger  
Visualize but I ain't got none  
Now I paid my bail but it just got bigger  
Silence gimme sugar try to run  
But it just got worse, now I just can't reverse  
It's a target sitting on my back  
The cops on me, yes I'll never be free

Okay there's substance in my reefer raps  
They getting heard across the map  
I'm running shit, take a lap  
Sleeping on me, take a nap  
But know them dreams about me bad  
Knowing I'm awake getting money that you never had  
I'm doing what I want so homie I ain't never sad  
Do what makes you happy even if it makes them niggas mad  
And they gonna talk about you, at least you staying on their mind  
Tell them to get off your dick and to get up on that grind  
Trying to keep up with me, they just gonna get left behind  
Homie I'm the fast forward, make you want to press rewind  
I keep them on the chase, knowing that I'm in first place  
I keep up with my pace, you should keep your sneakers laced  
We breaking ankles, crossing over, sneakers you can find  
That gold up on me, Rolly homie, saying it's my time  
And don't try to fuck with my plans  
Catch a bomb like you trying to take a run through Iran, damn

Damn, niggas been shot  
Them pos be locking up the team and shit is hot

For your home block it's no more weed and no more rock  
My pockets hurting, heard you eating, what you got  
Driving in circles, make a leaner with my watch  
I'll speed and fuck at the cops  
I'll keep your cousin watch, I'll steal it  
And my Glock's out swerving  
Hawks caught us by the place where we were surfing  
And brought us in cause we ain't have insurance, fuckers