

## Numbers

Asher Roth

Y'all fuckers bore me  
Don't wanna talk about mechanical royalties  
I wanna talk about orgies and forgery  
World Wars and some things more important  
Than some record stores pretending there's only four dwarfs  
I'm a word's worth, four score, some odd years ago  
I appeared like a miracle, maybe you didn't hear me dog  
Hear me g, hit you with some shit you never heard before  
Heard before, Ash Roth, rap's own herbivore  
Lord of sore Sportsmanship, throw shit when I don't win  
When things get grim, I'm Jim... Harbaugh, times are hard brah  
I'm tired of playing hard ball, bartered with a strong arm  
Tall broads, large bra, hard on, flaw, I ball like James Hardon  
Little off, chance he was gay, then he went straight  
Only pause for long when I stand at buffets  
Blonder than Dolly Parton that's in a Pamela phase  
Stamina swate, handsome, my advantage is fate  
Haters gon' hate but all they say is "damn it, he's great"  
(Damn it, he's great) Famished, need a sandwich to taste  
I like my ham with cheese and mayonnaise  
Mind your manners on dates (Standard procedure sheriff)  
Yeah, my plan is to wait, sip of Brandy while you standing  
Come and stand in my place, sham and embrace  
Let's keeping it go merrily, listening, I'm terribly  
Little George chopping down the cherry tree, true  
There's a moment in youth when growing ensues  
Not only are you growing but you show and improve  
Low and behoove, I'm sowing that my flowing in proof  
Yeah, merlowing ain't the only thing that slowly improves