

Ayo she's poetic justice just when you had enough
Bust in [?] hustling [?]
After a long night of acting up
She comes walking in when you all packing up
Packing some or a little more than usual
Hair done, her make up on, [?] shoes and all
[?] starts wiping their mouth, they trying back with it
Passing with that ass and tits, body type immaculate
On some sassy shit, want some [?] and grits
Now I'm picturing me in it while she wiggle her hips, she giggle a bit
Fit like the head cheerleader
So the head check it every second in the mirror
I steer nearer, give her a look of "Oh yes, I want it ma'am"
Of course you know a woman love a confident man
So here I am, ready and willing to cash it all
After all I'm a pimp, you can call me Asher Roth
Nice to meet you all

I'm a player
Like the smooth skin ones with the ring in the tongue
Like to get it til it's done
I'm a player
Get your dance on, cutie, when the tan's on duty
Mami, shake that booty
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Now she started touching on every limb that my body offers
Awfully turning me on with talk about her thoughts
My thoughts were influenced by sexual needs
Held off the erection elected a second to speak
So I sat her down with a dutch and some [?]
She acting like she knew him well, sipping while she asking
Questioning my actions, the base of my attraction
I laughed and said "Your abs look like you're friends with Atkins"
With that I suggested to hit the exit sign
'Cause this chickenhead's breast and thighs ready for some exercise
Push ups and crunches, whatever step is next in line
Hook up and touching, let's combine our X and Y's
And beside the fact that we could hit my place
And all she whispered in my ear "What the hell we looking for?"
I don't know, mami, just follow me
We-we can get lost right now

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She walked through the front door fronting like she own the place
Rested on the sofa and said to light the fireplace
Hey, you need to eat or drink something
Or duck out the room, slip in something more comfortable
She came back in with boxers blocking her box
My favorite rock T-shirt on blocking the top
I'm ready to rock but I gotta set the mood in style
Lit candles, pump jams by music soul child
My heart's wild, thumping, pumping with adrenaline
Wonder if this ever ends if we can be friends again
Tonight I'm your gentleman, assisting in your fantasies
Please until you fall asleep, see if you could handle me
Could this be true love moving between the covers
The two of us build trust turn into two lovers, but
When I awoke there's a note right by the phone
It said "Ash, I gotta go, my man's waiting at home"

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