

Superstitious

Asher Roth

Yo, yo, yo, yo, hold on, hold on, hold on
Check this out
Yo, the lyrics so hot they make my headphones sweat

That's right, I been with it
If you need it I can get it
But the way this shit gets vicious
Got me feeling superstitious

It's real, here the strong eat the weakest
I'm [?] while others walk with Jesus
We all know what beef is here, there's no secrets
Leaked by the same G you trust that heat with
[?] raised by rap and grown by rock
So it seems Jay's our dad, we learned from Pac
We weren't supposed to thrive, they thought us weak
There's a drive in our lines when they hear us speak
This is life, business, it must be held down
[?] rats get smelled out
We roll with bad girls, body be mad serious
Low in the whips, spitting Mobb Deep lyrics
We all thug now, chasing Goose with Hennessy
Knowing fools who rap just to boost identities
We all gotta go, stay lucid enemies
But the hate so strong that the ghost will never be

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But the way this shit gets vicious
Got me feeling superstitious
That's right player, hands up player
If you got a problem then man up player
We all on a mission, just stop, look, and listen
Duck out quick when it gets superstitious

Find a ghetto, pick a block, find a corner, pick a spot
Pick a town, pick a street, pick a house, pick a shop
Guarantee every city is filled with lyricists
Only reason I'm here is 'cause I didn't take it serious
Now that I'm here in this thing they call the industry
You think I'd be losing sleep, be beaten to my knees
Never will you see anybody more determined
I'm burning [?] bitches until the sermon's in urns
No busy turning, my brain is working, urging me to chill
With the heart of a lion I'm obligated to chill
I'm too scared to ever fail, never let up on myself
When I'm writing alone my life is such a living hell
It's like I'm living in a cell with nothing but padded walls
No paddings or straight jackets, my thoughts and that is all
Just battling my conscious though one of them is free
It's sick and twisted, my only competition is me

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Ayo, pacing back and forth, it hurts, still stressing
So money spent on weed is money well invested
Always getting tested, they pressing on your pressure points
Pessimistic test your limits then of course [?]
When I glance for help, rarely get a hand
Now I prance through hell, barely get a tan
Let me tell you who I am, it's the sword and [?]
Half-man, half-amazing, a quarter ridiculous

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