

# Troubled Life

Asher Roth

It was late on the week, I just got off  
Part time job, worked too hard? I don't think so  
Check my messages, Joey at a place we can go  
Called him back, said I might roll, maybe not  
Got home, laid low, checked the score to the game  
Called my man, told him about Joe's, he heard the same  
Said he heard it's insane, people there be stressing  
Now I told him give me a minute and I'll be there to check it out  
I showered quick as shit, that's all I needed  
Threw on some jeans and a tee with it, nothing special  
Smoked some weed up and rolled a blunt tight  
Took a few puffs to get me feeling right, it's essential  
Took off, told my girl I'm [?] chill the night  
Yo I never really lie but I had to  
[?] see I'm telling 'em I'm single  
[?] girl is feeling me, you know how I do

This can't be real, I must be dreaming  
This troubled life is not for me, man  
Somebody pinch me, I think I'm sleeping  
Time is wasting, I gotta get up  
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Hold up, say what's up to my thugs in the front  
Yeah we finished off the blunt then we went [?]  
At once there's a bunch of tough talk all up on me  
Saying they gon' beat my ass ever since they saw me  
Hardly wasn't worried 'cause surely I wouldn't back down  
Dude was in a fury, it ain't no looking back down  
He pushed first, I pushed back  
Swung, turned, I punched him back  
A couple hooks and then a jab, I'm too much  
Before I can do more there's a knock at the door  
"Nobody move, hands on the floor" Hell nah  
I'm stressing 'cause I'm messing with a year of probation  
Possession of herbal essence and public intoxication  
Why would I sit waiting and blatantly get arrested  
I could [?], get away undetected  
Not to mention my family would never even find out  
I just need a place for the night to chill and hide out

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So I took off full force through the back yard  
First over the fence but fell on my back [?]  
Got back up and then cut through the neighbors  
Tossed the weed and the rolling papers, no biggie

Ran for a little, stopped to rest  
It's probably the weed smoke that stopped my breath  
But stop the press 'cause the cops are hot on my ass  
Little did I know the whole time they followed my path, fuck it  
Ran all the way down to Walnut Street  
Check the status of the cops, they hadn't stalled a beat  
They had caught up with me, said if I move they'll shoot  
Now I'm thinking to myself "What the hell do I do?"  
Oh well, put up my arms and I turned around slowly  
Hoping I wouldn't catch more charges than Kobe  
Once that police car came, sirens and all  
That's when my alarm went off, I was dreaming

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