

Bad Day (feat. Jazze Pha)

Asher Roth

uhh...
and it just keeps going (yeah)
and it just keeps...(Verse 1)
So I'm in the airport getting ready to leave
headed to a friends wedding in the NYC
but my head's been spinning, I'm forgettin to eat
all this jet setting has been getting to me
it's already 11: 20, I'm ready to sleep
but instead I end up sitting in a 27C
an aisle seat, fine by me,
but the guy that's insides always trying to pee
with a wild child behind me that's crying and keeps
flippin out and kickin at me while it violently screams
so I silently plea "Oh God, please,
let there be a hotty sitting in 27B
but of course a morbidly obese beast is in the seat that wheezes when it breaths
dude sitting D is at least three deep and he keeps telling me what's wrong with his knees
Osgood Schlatters, just need water
but for a bottle they charge two dollars
and when I thought that it couldn't get worse, I forgot my ipod.
(Chorus)
Ohh.I'm having a bad day, nothing ever seems to go my way
everybody needs to go away, Why? Because I'm having a bad day
uhh. and it just keeps going, and it just keeps...
and it just keeps going, and it just keeps...(Verse 2)
so 4 hours of turbulence
we land and I'm about to turd in my pants
but the captain is seatbelt fastened
so my ass is just passin gas'n
and at last i escape from the plane
when I'm minutes away from clinical insane
I make my way towards baggage claim
when I hear a high pitch voice screaming my name
some dumb bitch I went to high school with
while shes sweating she tells me that she likes my shit
I just smile and think about how great it would be
if I could just hit this chick with a quick leg sweep
so I pick up my L.L. Bean and B-Line for the next taxi
in need of weed and boxer briefs
but my bags only got Maxis
(Chorus)(Verse 3)
I check in to my hotel room

and I pick up my cellphone and dial the groom
tell him my mood and how I ordering food
and I'm probably gonna stay in and watch a movie
but the tube has no HBO
so anything I want I'm paying fo'
but I'm lame and broke so I'm laying in a robe
watching that little people big world show
right then there's a knock at the door
it's my last hope for a spanish whore
who will change my sheets in exchange for penis
"Hi I've lost my cat, have you seen it?"
Jesus, this day is the worst
at least I can give little me a jerk
and then go to sleep, healthy and disease-less
I guess it could be worse but I'm just...(Chorus)

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>