

Dude (feat. Curren\$y)

Asher Roth

Dude

Yeah, yeah, chillin' in some shorts
Sippin' on a cold one, sittin' on the porch
Only chopsticks, I don't ever use a fork
Go for it, little dork, don't you know, I'm that dude
Yo, yo, born from a stork
Kung Pao chicken, you can pile on the pork
When I get bored, I just call up Scott Storch
House phone, no cord, of course I'm that dude
Cut my hair in two years
Drink beer, get weird
Get clear advice when my friends tell me get real
No deal, I be sippin' smoothies and shit
Gettin' stoned and then I go alone to movies and shit
Bolognese, homemade, only played croquet
In a cloak, and like old episodes of Soul Train
Run with the O'Jays, Whole Foods for the groceries
OJ, Moets, cherries and Yoplait
No way, Jose, Cuervo in a bear coat
Hair long, tomatoes, grow my ver' own
Barebone, dare you to out-stare a scarecrow
Blow whale's airhole, hair like scared werewolf
Get down, sheets got a high thread count
Red gown, gets drowned out by my med sound
Loud, TED talks on the iPad
Old search says Bang Bros., my bad
Good weed got be talkin' 'bout deities
Aphrodites, sucker for good lighting
And neat handwriting, sorta like calligraphy
Trick or treat at 30, dressed up as Jackie Tree
Niggas is clowns, I hand out styles like
I make them at home, beneath my
Workshop lights
Hundreds of these, it's nothing to me
At home over the stove, makin' these keys
Laughin' at these little niggas mimicking me
They slidin' down razor blades, landin' in alcohol rivers
I can't get with 'em, nah, Spitta chillin'
And I still claim Jets at your
Motherfuckin'
With a batch of pot brownies in the oven and some hoes
Comin'

Same old shit spinnin', just the toilet bowl different
Bathrooms bigger, bigger mirrors
Hoes seein' themselves in 'em and havin' twisted visions of us livin'
Coexistin', demolishing my pimpin'
None of that asking where I'm going
Furthermore, when I'm comin' back
No wine, no top hat, I still pull a disappearin' act
Never die, motherfucker, that's what I say
Gettin' money out your bitches every goddamn day
Homie said he want a show, I want 10 grand
I'mma need 10 more when my plane land
Baby never met another nigga higher or hotter
Bitch, just hit the weed, don't
Ask where I got it
In the presence of these international globe trotters
On the bus ballin' out in different towns with my partners
Life

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