

# Oops (feat. D.A. Wallach)

## Asher Roth

[Hook: D.A. Wallach]

Caliente Poblano

Tobasco to the head

[?]

But I probably should go to bed

And you know that pops a model

But I ride with my mom instead

So I'll probably be fine tomorrow

But tonight I'm better off dead

[Verse 1: Asher Roth]

[?] don't catch dad in a bad mood

Act cool in a fat suit with a satchel

Rap [?] grass roots holy mackerel

[?] stack [?] with a [?]

It's track two, pack fuel in a parachute

What you rather use yo, the mule or the pair of boots

Prepare the troops to lose, paraplegic

Parents get duped by loose pledge of allegiance

He's pure genius, speech undefeated

Hold on to your seat, believe me you're gonna need it

Neat shit but gee, I rather take a ski trip

Get sea sick when I deep sea fish so

Flea flicks [?]

Cause me and Lil B look a little Jesus

It's ridic- what we do for free shit

Turn on your TV, I think you should see this 'cause

[Hook: D.A. Wallach]

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[Verse 2: Asher Roth]

Jeez [?] don't throw your feces

Please keep the [?] with the three piece

Speech never ceased, won't leave til I three-peat

Be lowkey smoking weed in the [?]

It's me [?] Speak Easy [?]

Like Leaky Lea but she might think I'm creepy  
Three strikes yikes, need to tighten up the lead  
I'm the nicest in the league but the [?] thinks I'm [?]  
It's like yeah right, still sucking on a teet  
When I be up on the beat, leave the seat up on you geeks  
My martini up her knee, better suck it up and leave  
Use a rubber when I hump her, double pump it up in peace  
Don't be such a dweeb cause I'm from another breed  
Jeez cover when you sneeze, at least turn the other cheek  
[?] while at supper with my neice  
But please don't tell her mother, be in trouble for a week[Hook: D.A. Wallach]

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But tonight I'm better off dead[Verse 3: Asher Roth]  
[?] super nice with the yo-yo  
[?] go to a show, say he dope though  
Hoes go "whoa" ever since I went solo  
No more jokes though, gotta get the dough-dough  
Flow home grown lawn mowing in [?]  
Bath robes and open toes, sip on cocoa  
Mojo all on my home so no photos  
Flow so woah, make the bros go homo  
Toto and Sara Crowe drink Four Locos  
And throw clothes [?] to jump pogo sticks  
Oh shit yo, don't forget the glow sticks  
And red slippers cause I only need a couple soul flicks  
No place like home though, I get nostalgic  
Only cross the road so I can get some more chicks  
No goal though, oh well dude we noted  
That's the way it goes in the show biz, homie[Hook: D.A. Wallach]

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