

# 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.omusic.in/>