

# 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)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>