

Bleezies-N-Heem

Mac Dre

Hello my friend, How you do my friend? What would you like?
Yes, what would you like?
I want uh... pack of backwoods... pack of backwoods
Give me a fifth of that privelege hennessy and uh... that's it
Thank you very very much

What you know about me? I'm Mac Dreezy
Call Hennessy, Heem, and a blunt a Bleezy
I keep a fat sack wrapped in a backwood leave
Smoke trees that make me look Japanese
Green seedless, mean when I'm weedless
Never in denial, I'm a fiend and I need this
Any day is a bad day for Mac Dre
When he ain't got it, they ask why he act that way
I smoke champ, cush and Man what's [?], bomb and sprayed
I can't fade a beezy who can keep a bleezy
Rolled for a neezy, I ask her What the feezy?
I gotta have weed, to go get weed
You don't like it, kiss my ass till your lips bleed
This ones for the club so I'm kinda like keeping it clean
Sing it with me ya'll, bleezies-N-heem,

I gots to have my dope
Every where I go
When they ask me what's my drank
I say heem and what you thank

I L-O-V-E H double E-M
I drink like ten of them things that swim
He's heeming again is what they say when I come around
I'll get dumb drunk and fuck up your compound
Your building your establishment
Mobbin' saying cuddie I'm hella bent
Oh what a feeling when your looking at the ceiling
And it's spinning and the earl starts spilling
I drink heem when I perk don't like Erk and Jerk
It don't work, when a nigga chillin'
Might spill it on my Abercrombie Fitch
Know I got the man not the liquor store witch
Well baby would you please run and get
Me another hennessy Fifth
Bleezies-N-Heem...

Fire up, let's get drunk
Get your cup fill it up, don't be no punk
A party ain't a party if every damn body
Ain't lifted, and a little bit tipsy
But don't drink and drive, I remember one time
My cuddie joogy, wrapped this fifty, rap this with me
And if you don't understand
You a inbred, your daddy and your uncle was the same man
I gotta have dope, every where I go
When they ask me what I drank, I say heem what you thank?
I gets heem in me, only substitute is remy
In Sac with Jimmy, or in Portland with Kenny
I'm danked out, drank out, can't talk, can't count
If I want some more I'm making baby pull her bank out

Who own a bomb boy? What do you mean?
Sing it to him ya'll, bleezies-N-heem