

## Beanie Sigel "H.H.E.H."

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### "H.H.E.H."

Ay Lo, run to the fridge and pop that other bottle of  
Cris' homey  
I'm off the weed but I'm back on my juice nigga  
Pour me up an ounce and a couple of th epurps

*[Beanie Sigel:]*

As I skate through the city in that black cuatro  
You fake Willies frontin like you got dough until I prove  
'em it's not so  
I shine like a brand new penny from that Franklin Mint  
That black Masi', it don't make no cents/sense  
But to drive and make dollars, your pockets flat like  
tires  
Your money still ALL SLOW like new drivers  
I pop more than the collar  
You niggaz poppin cheap-ass bottles of Moet  
That bullshit Chandon, that little chick on your arm be  
long gone  
When she recognize a real don  
I'm in the club in the cut sippin on aged grapes  
Laughin at them brolic car thieves, in their slim-ass  
jeans and Bath' Apes  
Lookin half gay, halfway out of the closet  
You don't believe me, nigga ask Sway  
What the fuck is that? You niggaz need to be slapped  
Whoever co-signed bein a sucker wasn't stacked

HHEH! *[echoes]*

HHEH! *[echoes]*

*[Beanie Sigel:]*

Uhh, sit back, relax, let's rap for taste  
Track 10 from the fits, peep my old head face  
You see if real niggaz respect it, the squares gon' rep it  
I'm guessin, that's why this bullshit keep progressin  
But I ain't stressin, nigga class in session  
I'm here to teach you a lesson like KRS'n  
"Criminal, Minded, you've been blinded"  
Lookin for a nigga like Sig', you won't find it  
I'm a dinosaur~! You niggaz more like

What I look for in a whore, heh, PUSSY!  
Nuttin more, nuttin less, I'm nuttin to second guess  
I'm him, point blank period, the end  
When I'm long gone, they gon' dig up my bones  
And study my poems and learn I was MORE than the  
gun in the song  
Even though I spit a gat  
Quicker than I spit a rap, now go 'head sonny, run  
along

HHEH! *[echoes]*  
HHEH! *[echoes]*

*[Beanie Sigel:]*

Now when that sizzurp in my system, ain't no tellin  
Will I bust that four-fifth and, catch another felon'  
I'm a thug by blood, not just off drugs  
Even though I love, that purple mug  
UHH, drunk off syrup, perks and zanees  
Spit a word make a bird lose her skirt and her panties  
(and them panties)  
I know it's been a while, since I left a stain on your brain  
Gave you some game that you can gain from  
I'm here to end it now  
Break the cycle of that bullshit same ol' same, that  
these lames run  
It's a shame it's they names where they came from  
These niggaz fly-by-nights, they couldn't fly my kite  
Tie my shoes, lace my boots  
They money run short, they couldn't chase my loot  
Paper small like Coupes, I'm that Sport sittin butter soft  
He nothin but a boss - who? Me - Sig', but of course

HHEH! *[echoes]*  
HHEH! *[echoes]*

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