

Mac Dre "Bleezies-n-heem"

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[Mac Dre talking]

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... thats it

Thank you very very much

[Verse 1]

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 aint got it, they ask why he act that way

I smoke champ, cush and ???

Man whats ???, 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 dont 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 yall, bleezies-N-heem,

[Chorus x2]

I gots to have my dope

Every where i go

When they ask me whats my drank

I say heem and what you thank

[Verse 2]

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...

[Chorus]

Fire up, lets get drunk
Get your cup fill it up, don't be no punk
A party aint a party if every damn body
Aint 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 yall, bleezies-N-heem

[Chorus x2]

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