

Heems

"Soup Boys"

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[Intro: Heems]

Yo, yo Soup Boys
Queens shit (Queens shit)
(Soup Soup Soup Soup) Alright

[Verse 1: Heems]

Indians jersey and an Om on my necklace
Outside Van Buren I'm parked in a Lexus
Waiting for the man, I'm waiting for a gram
I'm waiting for the man to put a gram up in my hand
And I'm looking fresh, you'll never find a flyer steeze
I'm in Richmond Hill smoking with the Guyanese
Hindus getting higher than a mother fucking fire kid
Punjabis wild, yo, Himanshu is a Shayar man
They're throwing stones at the Mosque
I'm in tune with goons that's stoned at the Mosque
I'm throwing stones in the zone with my box
You eating stones I'm seeing drones up top
Like that drone cool, but I hate that drone
Chocolate chip cookie dough in a sugar cone
Drones in the morning, drones in the night
I'm trying to find a pretty drone to take home tonight

[Hook: Heems]

That drone cool, but I hate that drone
Chocolate chip cookie dough in a sugar cone
Drones in the morning, drones in the night
I'm trying to find a pretty drone to take home tonight

[Verse 2: Heems]

Timberlands on, polo rugby on my back
I'm outside John Bowne, I'm parked in an Ac
I'm waiting for Jay, Jay got the yay
And when I see Jay all my problems go away
Now I'm drinking with my cousin bars we bum rushing
Drinking White Russians with Russians in Flushing
We can tussle if they look at my cousin's girl
You couldn't last a day in Thurman's world
Moving in Carlos, Carona, taper
If they talk about us, they about to get shanked up
I wake up I'm listening for them to say Hindu

But no problem, then I do like Him do
I'm stoned, I'm stoned at my parent's house
White boys throwing stones at my parent's house
They dot-busting, hate crime, race war
I'm high as space dog, wild as three caged boars

[Hook: Heems]

[Verse 3: Heems]

I'm rocking Nikes, Timeport Motorola
In front of Cardozo, Toyota Carola
Puff holder, Coca Cola, Back-seat scroller
Back street stroller, hash-tree roller
Chloe bhatura eater, he the holder
He the chosen heathen, he honing in Hodo(?)
For Ransom, my Temple look like a mansion
Hindu centre, we be praying we be dancing
On the boulevard, right on Kissena
We rolling green up, from Mecca to Medina
They throwing stones at the temple
Got me drinking too much, got me going mental
Like that Drone modest, but that drone flawed
All of them drones do what those drones want
Drones want to wild and drones want to kill
Drones want your dome and your bone and your grill

[Hook: Heems]

Soup Boy

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