

# Hesher

## Hotbox

Forty ounce of green death  
Hella bottle mickeys  
Slow mode patio Emerald City  
Heavy metal parking lot, whip cream cans  
I slap that bass, she drop her pants.  
Long hair, don't care, jeans chain swangin'  
Thumbs out, crooked teeth, rock head bangin'  
Still toe docs tracking mud in the club  
Red carpet, don't give a fuck! Hook:  
Cause I'm druuunker than never!  
Turned uuuper and fresher  
I'm dooown for whatever  
I'm going, I'm going, I'm going  
Hesher!

I'm going, I'm going, I'm going  
Hesher! I might sleep barefoot on the beach  
I might really sleep barefoot on the beach  
I might hmmm hitchhike to Coachella  
Share my eatables and fill up your Corolla!  
I'm the second hand designer  
Type of alcohol to minors  
Kinda slurring of the cider with a gas station lighter, homie!  
You don't know me, less you know  
And if you do, you should no better  
Stay away from me, I'm fucking Hesher! I'm going, I'm going, I'm going  
Hesher! Trojan horse in the VIP  
One brown bag full of Texas tea  
Bathroom line too long  
I'm filling up that Avion Hook:  
Cause I'm druuunker than ever!  
Turned uuuper and fresher  
I'm dooown for whatever  
I'm going, I'm going, I'm going!  
I'm going, I'm going, I'm going!  
Hesher!

I'm going, I'm going, I'm going  
Hesher!

I'm going, I'm going, I'm going  
Hesher!

I'm going, I'm going, I'm going  
Hesher!

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