

# Al Q8a

## Heems

Who you know fresher than Heemy, riddle me that  
The rest of y'all know where he is spiritually at  
Lyrically liquor shot, like he's spit from a gat  
But I don't glorify that, I dwell in the trap  
Louisville Kentucky, with drawing in the slammer  
Coke Boys t-shirt, dead like Osama  
Osama, oh mama, sorry for all the drama  
But you taught me bout the guala, told me to be bout commas  
Hi haters, our guns from Al Qaeda  
Naysayers, see you now or get you later  
[?] Taliban and Dipset, Taliban is Herman  
And alley man likes Spanish but German for certain  
Our guns aren't squirting, Trap-istan, we put our funds to work  
Murk them, heat under kurta when we hurt them  
6 feet deep, we put him under the dirt, dead  
You do work, you get work  
You do dirt, you get dirt  
You fuck around, with these boys  
No question, you get murked  
Hi haters, our guns from Al Qaeda  
Naysayers, see you now or get you later  
Hi haters, our guns from Al Qaeda  
Naysayers, see you now or get you later  
This for [?], simple dangers, toting [?] under the register  
And all illegal aliens, it's them that never registered  
I'm back on my old shit, baby I'm still Heems  
Still gooning with the Guyanese out in Richmond Hill, Queens  
I might move to the mountains out in Pakistan  
Until my own government will drop a bomb  
But you won't hear about it in no news clip  
Mommy they move quick, that's just how they do shit  
You do work, you get work  
You do dirt, you get dirt  
You fuck around, with these boys  
No question, you get murked  
You do work, you get work  
You do dirt, you get dirt  
You fuck around, with these boys  
No question, you get murked  
USA, USA, USA, USA USA, U  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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