

Dear Heather

Action Bronson

(This that beautiful shit)
She got the bathwater running, honey smelling like some almond milk
Lavender and cocoa nib, hop on a pogo stick
Don't mind her, she's only here for taking photos, shit
Unless you wanted to jump in all on the low, low
I love your pussy lips, the fatness and the shape of 'em
And plus they got a little shake to them, many times forsaken 'em
Improper use had led you to the doctor many times
In the past year, keep the flask near
Drink away the sorrows, reaching for tomorrow
Dip out of the country with this time that I have borrowed
Never to return again but you could write me with the feather
To my number one fan, I love you Heather

You've got me feeling so fine
And I can hardly find the time, yeah
Tomorrow's so far down the line
So sit yourself down and unwind

This year, I took a hundred flights
Which mean my girl cried a hundred nights
Hundred groupie hoes I gave the pipe
But I still found time to get my paper right
Big money on it, tell 'em go and count the pile
Man I swear to God this life is wild
You be creative and they take your style
Lot of bitches out here lame, they just in denial
We keep it cool but she hot as hell, we make it melt
She got me living with a feeling that I never felt
And every day we smoke the dopest dope that has been dealt
I had to leave because I'm getting booked just like a show
She told me I'm a learn that some people ain't worth the help
And you show them the ropes, they go and hang they self
And I gotta listen to anything that Heather say
I gotta stay shining, don't wanna see Heather gray
Aye

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