

Trees

Baby Bash

Let's take it to Miami, daddy, out to Miami
Let's take it out to Georgie, sugar, Atlanta, Georgia
Let's take it out to Cali, daddy, to California
Let's take it New York and meet a gang of New Yorkers
Cause I love 'em all
In and out of the mall
In and out of some cars, that I, just barely bought
What, ever it be
Cash or currency
Mami can take picture, I promise to say "Trees!" (Trees!)

Dun, guh-dun-guh-dun-gun, dun
Let's take it down to Texas, where they be gettin' wreckless
Dirty dirt
Dun, guh-dun-guh-dun-gun, dun
Let's take it to Chicago, back, to Colorado
Here we go
Dun, guh-dun-guh-dun-gun, dun
Let's take it overseas to France and Germany
On the radio
Dun, guh-dun-guh-dun-gun, dun
Sugar, it's on me, forget what the cost be
Shake ya thang, now

Ain't nothin' wrong with a little bit of lightweight thang
They want me to sound my name (WHO BE US!)
Autograph
V-Town, all the phat
Take a picture with ya phone number, not attached
Off to Sweden, I was leavin' them with horn attacks
Somebody gets to clownin' and we all of that [laughing]
This muh'fucker got jokes
On the way
To the show
With my folks
Na-da-da-da-da
From the Bay, to L.A., down to Monte Ray
Tejas, where the trill players don't play
To all you Unsigned Hype, without a limelight
Here's a sneak peak
For your ass when the time's right

Damn, diggy-diggy, damn, damn
Mami over there's off that chingy-chang, chang
Where you from
Cali, they do the damn thang
I'm a take ya to Texas
Where they slow it down, mayne
Forget crackin', screw and chop it, to make a profit
Miami, Atlanta, the land of the Choppers
Where they used to pump bass to keep the fiends crunk
Now we get crunk when the bass pump (What?)
They ain't ready for what's about to happen
?? put it down with Dominicans in Manhattan

Dite, que venga
I got the Latins on lock
From Puerto Rico to Cuba, this is somethin' they can't stop (Como!)