

Palm Trees

Flatbush ZOMBiES

[Hook: Meech]

So much grams, unzip the bag
Dip in my hand
Then i palm trees
So when you throw shade
Nigga never harm me
So much grams, unzip the bag
Dip in my hand
Then i palm trees
So when you throw shade
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[Verse 1: Meech]

Lions don't lose sleep over the opinion of sheep
On the road to the riches
Money sticking to my cleats
I am moi, magnifique
Skinny... Darky Meech
Niggas with the most opinions, usually have the least
It's funny how now rappers be on the druggy shit
Downloaded my tape, sat back, study shit
Acid pack a hundred hits, shrooms, caps and hash bricks
Trippy like that destiny child shit, on 106
This white bitch, had the f**king nerves to call me a nigga
When she the one paying the surgeon
For her lips to get bigger, do you get the bigger picture
She's intact with my nigga, you sneak dissing
Taking jabs, get your boxing on
'Cus you ain't get the word, I'm black leather in the octagon
This shit is straight absurd,
Do not hate me 'cus your life is shitty
I show no pitty you turd
You better off in the dirt, naw
You better off dead, like the title of my...

[Hook: Meech]

[Verse: Zombie Juice]

Everyday, me and Mary J
You might say I'm addicted
But me, I'm truly lifted
Stoned so loud, you can hear me in the crowd
Smoking girls out, sour by the ounce
Mary never cheat me,
Mary not a backstabbing bitch
That don't lie and deceive me
Spread it even!
Hash wax in the evening
Dabble, die trying, on the road to Zion
Damn, they try and stick me for my paper
They tryn'na take me under
I've seen it through the vapors
Jealous ones killed envy
Got a couple real with me
And my bitch, will talk some shit
And smoke the kill with me
Meech will hide the body, enough of that tho'

They sayin' talk is cheap
So I'll be smiling when we meet
They screamin' Zombies, out in England
But I'm on the block with Mary, pushing and dreaming
Ah, ah ah ah, I'm feeling myself
Dizzle, fo' shizzle my nizzle spittin' riddles on instrumentals
Trippy life, brought it in the...
Feel my appetite (Feel my appetite?)

[Hook: Meech]

[Verse 3: Erick Arc Elliot]
Could be your mans, or be your fan
Or be your pen, pay your dues
Man i gotta choose, whether I
Lose or win this, for a friend
Can't determine the difference
The instance they see you peaking
They pussy leaking fluid
My nigga, what is you doing
All black in the back of a buic
...as I'm making murderous music
We don't rep the same things
Nah, don't bother confuse it
So much stressing on my brain
Momma think I'mma lose it
Human vagabond...
Stole your panties in my carry on
Why you hating niggas acting...
Honest bro, f**k your publication ese
I'm a third wheel, aritech blow your mind
Set stress but won't swell
ooh yes, I smoke kill
I'm crack, you smoke grills
I pack, you dope deal
In fact, I'm so chill
I'm never of the...
Six stitches to your image
Not offended, when you call me genius,
so all that means is...

[Hook: Meech]