

# 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  
Nigga never harm me

[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]