

## Palm Trees

GoldLink

Underneath the palm trees  
You can leave your worries  
I don't need nobody  
You and me together  
Run away from mommas  
Still live witcha' momma  
That's alright, we gon' make this trip together  
Poppin' up at parties  
Drinkin' on Bacardi  
Singin' Cool J, "I just wanna love you betta"  
And I just wanna love you betta'  
You know cause it's winter weather  
And I need my baby back  
Ain't I crazy? You know that I need to bring my city back  
You know that I need you, girl  
Need you like they need these raps  
I'm a bad boy and yah mama say don't do it  
And you gon' do it  
We gon' make a movie  
Listen to Alina singing

Underneath the palm trees  
You can leave your worries  
Listen to the waves  
So you wanna get so high?  
Breathe me in like air tonight  
Listen to the waves  
I can be your fantasy  
Alina yeah she sung to me  
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I can be your fantasy  
Alina yeah she sung

I'm so obsessed, with you girl  
Ya' my world  
And when we start fuckin', I'm a fuck you up  
Excuse me baby, what I want to say was love you up  
Double dutch, on the pussy, tell her pucker up  
Lemme, lemme tell ya somethin', lemme butter up  
You and all yo' insecurities and stuff  
Always talk about ya' big boobies ain't big enough  
I ain't tell ya that ya perfect, nothin' could replace ya  
Lord I thank ya', you so fuckin' clutch  
Excuse my language, babygirl you know what's up  
Fuckin', makin' love and fuckin', then I fuck it up  
Like I said I was gon' do girl, can I bite ya butt?  
Fell in love inside the pussy like a sucker punch  
Fuck yo nigga too, and fuck yo job and fuck yo crew  
I can make a list of freaky shit I wanna do  
While I whisper to ya' like, girl

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