

# Palm Trees In Miami

Lil Double 0

In like  
Twenty more days, twenty-five more days, you know what I'm sayin', like  
I'm poppin' out  
You know what I'm sayin', like (This shit finna be a re-up)  
Don't even worry 'bout it, just know I told y'all I'm comin' back soon as they ask, baby (Uh, Double 0)

Palm trees, Miami vibe, the bitch look bad, but she tell lies like woah  
Double 0 flippin' the pies and servin' this shit  
I'ma make sure my gang gon' eat for sure  
Runnin' up racks on an everyday basis  
Goin' three sixty-five, do two hundred or more  
For the trappers and robbers, niggas be actin', imposters  
All them poles get shot too, we don't spare hoes, slatt, slatt (Denaro, where the love at?)  
Long live Lat  
Double 0 rockin' the same clothes, trappin' and servin', I get me a bird, go woah  
Put on my ski, walk down with that glee  
I don't fuck with them niggas, they won't fuck with me  
Fall in love with the ho, but she been fuckin' me  
Bad bitch, she slime, she keep white toes on her feet  
Eliantte diamonds, they on my neck, my cheek  
Watch I pop out, permanent flawless diamond teeth, woah  
Double 0 ain't twenty, but still fuckin' bitches that damn near thirty  
But I ain't slippin', my Glock in my britches  
You make one move, then I'm shootin' that bitch like Scottie Pippen  
Lil' bruh be trippin'  
G6, no sleep, we don't do slippin'  
Like GTA, know we handlin' missions  
Two Glockes hold thirty, so that's really sixty, ayy  
Like fuck it, equippin' the Glock with the switch and we bucket it  
Shootin' the chop with the sixty, we uppin' it  
Uppin' the score, we ain't missin'  
You know that we thuggin', we slimin' the trenches  
Bitch want a bag, but she ain't my ho  
She ain't got cash, so she gotta roll  
Havin' exotic 'bows, break 'em down, sell 'em whole  
Double 0 fuckin' exotic bitches, do two in a row  
Like fuck it, I know why these niggas got me in discussion  
Ho Instagram famous, I treat her like woah  
Uh, we don't play football, but we really in the field  
The bullets do more than concussions  
Niggas be swearin' they slime, tryna catch them a kill  
The whole time lyin' and poppin' them pills  
Put up, nigga want smoke, then my lil' nigga push up  
Hop out and chopper, it shoot 'til you look up, uh  
I cannot lie, but her head really fire  
And I fuck with that ho 'cause she down with a nigga  
He got hit with that fire, now his mama gon' cry  
Even though I'm a rapper, get active, they know I'll slide  
Say when you get a lil' money, you get a lil' power  
Bought so many chops and Glockes, could shoot for hours  
No bap, this time last year, I was in the A robbin'  
Slimin', takin' this shit, give it here  
Pourin' up purple, naw, it ain't red  
Double example, I fuck with the dead

Nigga play with me, put one in his head  
Walk a nigga down and show you ain't scared  
Three shooters with switches, they do not miss  
And they ready, they angry, they dump at a bitch  
Every city or state, James Bond with that blick  
Hit a lick, get a chain, now you turnt and you lit