

# Palm Trees

P. Reign

Yeah, come see where I lay up  
Palm trees where I lay up  
Where I lay up, I lay up  
I lay up, I lay up  
I lay up, I lay up  
Palm trees where I lay up  
Yeah

I am that alpha omega  
I hit that hoe, I don't date her  
I fuckin' don't call her later  
Won't answer my phone, I will later  
I am the latest, I'm rich and I'm signed to the majors  
I'm cooking like I got it catered, you can not play us  
Stunt in the town where they made us  
And you won't see nothing but lasers  
Gilly got the burner, shot my bro bro  
I'm the don, shout to polo  
Fat ass, small waist, shot the light bulb  
And you know I bring crazy, she a psycho  
I'm laid up, making love to the women they love  
I'm grinding, my motto way up  
That's word to young Travis, straight up

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When I lay up, need three of them when I lay up  
Juggle my balls in a lay up  
Way back in the back I've been laid up  
Flights been direct not a layover  
Lately I've been wanting to take a stewardess in the back  
Bang, pow her, onomatopoeia  
That double cheesey got ate up  
Niggas counting and the day up  
Did two months in the dirt, six double takers  
Had to put work, double work for the pay up  
(Straight up, La Flame)  
That was easy now we laid up  
Won't stop until we get Ghost  
They got a star, for err' night that we stayed up

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I got one hand on the title  
I got one hand on a rifle  
They yelling I'm next and I just got a check  
So many O's it look like a typo  
I pull up in the ghost all white though  
That bitch turning pale, shouts to Michael  
If she ain't about it, get the fuck from 'round me  
I tell that bitch beat it like Michael

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Laid up  
Straight up  
Laid up  
Straight up