

Flatbush Zombies

"Palm Trees"

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[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 fucking 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 pity 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 Iâ€™m addicted
But me, Iâ€™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 donâ€™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 trynâ€™na take me under
Iâ€™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 thoâ€™
They sayinâ€™ talk is cheap
So Iâ€™ll be smiling when we meet
They screaminâ€™ Zombies, out in England
But Iâ€™m on the block with Mary, pushing and dreaming
Ah, ah ah ah, Iâ€™m feeling myself
Dizzle, foâ€™ shizzle my nizzle spittinâ€™ riddles on
instrumentals
Trippy life, brought it in theâ€™...
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
Canâ€™t determind the difference
The instace they see you peaking
They pussy leaking fluid
My nigga, what is you doing
All black in the backâ€™...
â€™...as Iâ€™m making murderous music
We donâ€™t rep the same things
Nah, donâ€™t bother confuse it
So much stressing on my brain
Momma think Iâ€™mma lose it
Human vagabondâ€™...
Stole your panties in my carry on
Why you hating niggas actingâ€™...
Honest bro, fuck your publication ese
Iâ€™m a third wheel, aritech blow your mind

Set stress but won't swell
Uh 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 stinches to your image
Not offended, when you call me genius...

[Hook: Meech]

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