

## Trey Palms "Willie Beamen"

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Drop top in that Beemer, full bottle don't drop that  
 And my suit fresh from the cleaners, fit nice and I like  
 that  
 I got twice back 'cause she back it up, next round  
 and I'm back up  
 I've had a cup and I'm swinging hard, you see  
 I'm goin' for the fence like I'm batter up  
 And I hit her back when she hit me first, throw a name  
 in my last verse  
 My bar tabs got mo' bottles on mo' bottles  
 on mo' bottles  
 Drop me off a pair of the chrome model, drivin' in  
 the front seat headin' out  
 A set of keys in your girl's apartment, so you pick  
 'em up 'beep beep' rollin' out  
 She blowin' out and she blowin' off a little  
 steam that she couldn't keep in 'er  
 Five course meals and I call this shit dinner, got a white  
 Rover, call this shit winner  
 Fuck twice over, make 'em all leave, party like a  
 weekend in the middle of the week  
 Couldn't rest once so I work all day, and I drink all  
 night so I never get to sleep

Day dreamin' I'm stuntin' like Willie  
 Beamen  
 Stu-stuntin' like Willie Beamen  
 Stu-stuntin' like Willie Beamen-ah  
 Day dreamin' I'm stuntin' like Willie  
 Beamen  
 Stu-stuntin' like Willie Beamen  
 Stu-stuntin' like Willie Beamen-ah

They say  
 They say

Day dreamin' stu-stuntin' like Willie Beamen  
 Stu-stuntin' like Willie Beamen  
 Stu-stuntin' like Willie Beamen-ah

Gin poured in my foam cup, shades on and my door  
 shut

Lights off and my bed spread is just laced up on my  
tour bus  
Day-dreamin'™ my days seeming more Willie  
Beamen I'm so rushed  
Out to pocket this money pourin', I'm  
importin' more influx  
Nip tuck that chick look like she just got sucked up  
Codeine in two cups, she leanin' like too drunk  
Whip just got souped-up, it look like that new truck  
Buzzed off like crew-cuts, my crew cut like too tough  
Run it back and I'm running backs, and don't  
take the sack but I make it back  
And plenty hyped I jumped on the stack, I'm plenty  
hype that I'm jumpin' back  
Albright on my fitted cap, and I'm takin' tracks  
like I'm runnin' laps  
Albright on my fitted cap, pennant race and on the map

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Ride or die well that's suicide, I got Nike's on  
but that's do or die  
Welcome home, when'd you arrive? You got  
nothin' on but then who am I  
Take your time, stay a while, maybe we can get a little  
crazy wild  
Open up and I'll show you things that you closed  
out when you bottled up  
Now bottles up and you laughing now, damn girl  
that's what I'm all about  
I don't really even wanna give a damn, to think  
about the times you were heading out  
Let it out, belt it out, let me hear your pain  
Because I've been two days in the rain, lookin'  
for the sun and haven't you seen  
What you think, I was gonna chew you up and then spit  
you out just like that?

Comminâ€™™ through your city and not on my hat, I be  
reppinâ€™™ two up and two back  
Matter fact, we could just ball out or we could just sit  
back  
â€™™Cause in a minute lâ€™™ mâ€™™ a yell out he-he-he-  
he-heart attack  
And bring it back

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