

# Palace

## bl̄'nc

[Hook]God damn, how real is this?  
I know the whole world gonna be feeling this  
East coast nigga, but how trill is this?  
Still don't give a shit, my ignorance is still a bliss  
[Screwed]God damn, how real is this?  
I know the whole world gonna be feeling this  
East coast nigga, but how trill is this?  
Still don't give a shit, my ignorance is still a bliss  
[Verse 1]Stone cold love  
Rose gold slugs  
I could afford it  
I imported stone cold drugs  
Stone cold, rolling stone, I'm a stoned nigga  
Write it on my tombstone, I was stoned nigga  
Don't remember me as a wannabe New Orleans nigga  
Slash lean sipping, Tennessee nigga, Nah  
Influenced by Houston, hear it in my music  
A trill nigga to the truest  
Show you how to do this  
My all gold grills give her cold chills  
Said she's got a coke feel cause I'm so trill  
Two dope boy scales, but I sold pills  
No L, put her on her feet, toe nails

Them vampires, them blood suckers, them thirsty killers  
We bout it bout it, we rowdy rowdy, that Percy Miller  
For really real, we chilly chill, don't sport Chinchilla  
No bounty hunters, I'm bout to killa, I'm bout my skrilla  
Give me the title, then give me the cash  
Fold it then bag it then move to the trash  
Follow my stash  
Stealing my swag  
Niggas is wickity wickity wack  
Like Kriss Kross  
Her lip gloss, slip-ons get slipped off  
My bitch, boss, Cristal  
We smoking then thinking then burning that hash  
Puff it and pass  
Making it last

Walk in my shoes  
And cross in my path  
Game was for grabs  
Making them crash  
Took in a section  
And giving they back  
[Screwed]Fuck the money, fuck the fame, this is real life  
The insights of my trill life  
[Hook]

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>