

# Palm Trees (Prod. By Erick Arc Elliott)

## Flatbush ZOMBiES

[Hook x2: Meechy Darko]

So much grams, unzip the bag

Dip in my hand, then I palm trees

So when you throw shade, it could never harm me

(So when you throw shade, it could never harm me)[Verse 1: Meechy Darko]

Lions don't lose sleep over the 'pinion of sheep

On the road to the riches, money sticking to my cleats

I am moi, magnifique, skin noir, Darky Meech

Niggas with the most opinions usually have the least

It's funny how now rappers be on their druggy shit

Downloaded my tape, sat back, studied shit

Acid pack a hundred hits, shroom caps and hash bricks

Trippy like that Destiny Child chick on 106

This white bitch had the fucking nerve to call me a nigger

When she the one paying the surgeon for her lips to get bigger

Do you get the bigger picture? Shit is backwards, my nigga

You sneak dissing, taking jabs, get your boxing on

Cause you ain't get the word, I'm Glock Lesnar in the octagon

This shit is straight absurd, do not hate me cause your life is shitty

I show no pity, you turd, you better off in the dirt

Now you better off dead, like the title of my work[Hook: Meechy Darko][Verse 2: Zombie Juice]

Everyday, me and Mary Jane

You might say I'm addicted, but me, I'm truly lifted

Stoned so loud, you can hear me in the crowd

Smoking girl scout, sour by the ounce

Mary never cheat me

Mary not a backstabbing bitch that'll lie and deceive me

Spread it even, even, hash wax in the evening

Dab or die trying, on the road to Zion

Damn, they try and stick me for my paper

They trying to take me under, I've seen it through the vapors

Jealous ones still envy, got a couple real with me

And my bitch will talk some shit and smoke the kil' with me

Meech will hide the body, enough of that though

They saying talk is cheap, so I'll be smiling when we meet

They screaming "Zombies!" out in England

But I'm on the block with Mary, pushing and dreaming

Ah ah ah, I'm feeling myself

Thizzle, fo' shizzle, my nizzle, spitting riddles on instrumentals

Trippy life, blotter in the night  
Fill my appetite (Fill my appetite)[Hook: Meechy Darko][Verse 3: Erick Arc Elliot]  
Could be your mans, or be your fan, or be your kin  
Pay your dues, man, I gotta choose, whether I lose or win this  
Foe or friend, can't determine the difference  
The instance they see you peaking, they pussy be leaking fluid  
My nigga, what is you doing, all black in the back of a Buick  
I'm proving I'm sadistic as sin, as I'm making murderous music  
We don't rep the same things, nah, don't bother confuse it  
So much stressing on my brain, momma think I'ma lose it  
Human vagabond, hoes that stow they panties in my carry on  
Why you hating niggas acting nonchalant (Honest, bro)  
Fuck your publication that say I'm a third wheel  
Architect build your mind, set stress but won't swell  
Oh yes, I smoke kill, I'm crack, you smoke krills  
I pack, you dope deal, in fact, I'm so chill  
I'm never off the pivot, six stitches to your image  
Not offended when you call me genius, all that means is[Hook: Meechy Darko]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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