Palm Trees

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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