Palm Trees

Tight Bros

(Hook)
Niggas wanna stop me like the nazzi
Getting money like Illuminati
Look up and see the palm trees, fuck everybody
Palm trees, fuck everybody
All I see is the money, buried over the struggle
I know religion got me, too cheap to sell my soul though
So fuck every commy, palm trees
Fuck everybody, palm trees(Verse)
Clearly these niggas cant see me like black & white TV
So pretend that you hear me like Stevie
Lets call it, leave and fuck you
Weve been discussing our salary
You chiefin, pass the blunt,
Pray that you live, have a dissy
Tires screeching, swerving paparazzi
I could have relieve in 91 gas from Chevron, Rolls Royce like Heron
Warrior like play on girls, they like to cling on
Give em hard dick one time then that boy gone
I bop Ferrari to my latest songs, H Crown, did 5, glad my nigga made it home
These bitches fronting, claiming they aint hoes
Actin like the single life, the way that go ball all alone
Alright neighborhood, I feel alone
8 bedrooms, let my thoughts roam
And one day king will realize his throne
When you pop T-Raww, morals in you fairly strong
I love making that shit that you can sing along
Getting head while youre high
Thats my way youre getting blown
Used to talk to these kids through the Styrophoam
Now we talk for millions on the microphone
Jewelry cashed back then the zip locked
No job to them rogue niggas
Kick rocks, white socks
Clean nigga, court side,
Fact not, see you making it rain, nigga thats all you got
All night, thats what you got
Fuck with me baby, make sure you leave with a what
Course you aint bad, fuck your cash, I pay my tab

Make you a star in real life, fuck a blog nigga(Hook)
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Fuck everybody, palm trees

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