

# Trees

Matthew Ebel

[Chorus: Baby Bash & Angel Dust]Let's take it to Miami, daddy, out to Miami

Let's take it out to Georgie, sugar, Atlanta, Georgia

Let's take it out to Cali, daddy, to California

Let's take it New York and meet a gang of New Yorkers

Cause I love 'em all

In and out of the mall

In and out of some cars, that I, just barely bought

What, ever it be

Cash or currency

Mami can take picture, I promise to say "Trees!" (Trees!)

[Hook: Baby Bash & Angel Dust]Dun, guh-dun-guh-dun-gun, dun

Let's take it down to Texas, where they be gettin' wreckless

Dirty dirt

Dun, guh-dun-guh-dun-gun, dun

Let's take it to Chicago, back, to Colorado

Here we go

Dun, guh-dun-guh-dun-gun, dun

Let's take it overseas to France and Germany

On the radio

Dun, guh-dun-guh-dun-gun, dun

Sugar, it's on me, forget what the cost be

Shake ya thang, now

[Verse 1: Baby Bash (Angel Dust)]Ain't nothin' wrong with a little bit of lightweight thang

They want me to sound my name (WHO BE US!)

Autograph

V-Town, all the phat

Take a picture with ya phone number, not attached

Off to Sweden, I was leavin' them with horn attacks

Somebody gets to clownin' and we all of that [laughing]

This muh'fucker got jokes

On the way

To the show

With my folks

Na-da-da-da-da

From the Bay, to L.A., down to Monte Ray

Tejas, where the trill players don't play

To all you Unsigned Hype, without a limelight

Here's a sneak peak

For your ass when the time's right  
[Repeat Chorus & Hook][Verse 2: Pitbull]Damn, diggy-diggy, damn, damn  
Mami over there's off that chingy-chang, chang  
Where you from  
Cali, they do the damn thang  
I'm a take ya to Texas  
Where they slow it down, mayne  
Forget crackin', screw and chop it, to make a profit  
Miami, Atlanta, the land of the Choppers  
Where they used to pump bass to keep the fiends crunk  
Now we get crunk when the bass pump (What?)  
They ain't ready for what's about to happen  
?? put it down with Dominicans in Manhattan  
Dite, que venga  
I got the Latins on lock  
From Puerto Rico to Cuba, this is somethin' they can't stop (Como!)

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