

# Wiz Khalifa, Palm Trees

H-H-Hadouken  
D-D-DJ Daddykat on the mix  
Yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah (We got that Dezy drip 'fore I paid the rent)  
Yeah, uh

We fly, lit (We fly, we fly)  
Three fives, zips (We fly, we fly)  
Gotta drive multiple whips  
Came with two dips and seen both of them kiss  
I'ma run circles 'round y'all nigga 'til I make y'all sick  
I'ma keep lettin' y'all hate the game and the way I play it  
Nobu dinner, she on my team, I know she a winner  
Ain't no begginer, I mastered the style I evented  
Learned how to handle my business  
Palm trees, drank filled up with bomb weed  
Khaki shorts and long sleeves  
Don't say much but all the bitches want me

Fantical shots at a nigga so I don't got a bulletproof car (Bulletproof car)  
Pull up in all of them whips and they all tinted, don't know who we are (Know who we are)  
Remember I used to just shoot for the clouds now I shoot for the stars (I go for the stars)  
You fuckin' with me and you gonna get game and your gonna get bars  
And now I got too many hoes  
I hand 'em out once I don't even know I'm apart  
I'm shoppin' and makin' my clothes  
They sayin' I'm too hard  
I told you that I was gon' win  
As soon as I open the door and they lettin' me star  
And they takin' one look at my wrist  
Get hella impressed, they don't even know what it cost  
Come sit down with the boss

You pocket change, we millionaires  
Pick one, I can call 'em  
I ain't thinkin' in the past, lil' bitch, I'm movin' forward  
Niggas my age lookin' hella stressed but I'm enjoyin' it  
You regular and this nigga important

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I don't say much 'cause the money talk for me  
Grab a paper, grind a tree up, roll it up and spark a tree (Hahaha)  
By the youngin's, got some game and yeah they got it all from me  
By the bitches, safe to say, it's hard to keep 'em off of me  
Now they see I got the money, made it double up  
Got your nigga actin' troublesome  
I got a couple friends but I done fucked with some  
I got a couple bitches, ain't in love with none  
Gotta handle business, I ain't finished 'til I'm done  
Big crib, pick which one  
Big tree mean big lungs

Ten bitches that's big fun

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