

Palm Trees

GoldLink

Underneath the palm trees you can leave your worries.
I don't need nobody.
You and me together.
Run away from mamas, still live with your mama.
That's alright we gon' make this trip together.
popin' up at partys drinkin' on Bacardi singing (?) I just wanna love you better.
And I just wanna love you better you know cuz it's when or whether and I need my baby back.
Ain't I crazy you know that I need to bring my city back.
You know that I need you girl, need you like they need these raps.
I'm a bad boy and your mama said, don't do it, and you gon' do it.
We gon' make a movie listen to Alina singin': Underneath the palm trees you can leave your
worries.
Listen to the waves.
Oh you wanna get so high.
Breathe me in like air tonight.
Listen to the waves.
I can be your fantasy (Alina, yeah she's sold to me) Underneath the palm trees you can leave
your worries.
Listen to the waves.
Oh you wanna get so high.
Breathe me in like air tonight.
Listen to the waves.
I can be your fantasy (Alina, yeah she's sold to me)
I'm so obsessed with you girl.
You're my world.
And when we start fuckin' imma fuck you up. 'scuse me baby what I wanna say will love you
up.
Double dutch from the pussy tell her fuck her up.
Lemme, lemme tell you somethin' lemme butter up you and all your insecurities and stuff.
Always talk about your big boobies ain't big enough.
I tell you that your perfect nothing could replace you.
Wanna thank you, you're so fuckin clutch. 'scuse my language baby girl you know what's up.
Fuckin' makin love, and fuckin' then I fuck it up like I said I was gon' do gurl can I light a but?
Fell inlove inside the pussy like a sucker punch.
Fuck your nigga too and fuck your job and fuck your crew.
I can make a list of freaky shit I wanna do while I whisper to you like a underneath the palm
trees you can leave your worries.
Listen to the waves.
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I can be your fantasy (Alina yeah she's sold to me).

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Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>