Palm Trees, Sunshine & The Sand

Jae Millz

I mean, this is really like some other type shit
If you don't follow me you gon' get lost
But that ain't my fault

Fuck tryna make a dollar outta 15 cents
Where I'm from niggas tryna make a brick outta 15 nicks
But the streets gettin' funny like Dan Aykroyd
And them numbers giving out got me paranoid
I thank Tune for taking me on the road
Cause my outcome in the hood would've been only Lord knows
On the block all niggas care about is sports and clothes
A lot of fights break out, but they mostly be over hoes
I'm good on that, so good on that
When people call me with hood gossip I say "I'll call you back"
And never call em back
I'm with a freak, enjoying, calling cabs
Bought to take her home, smash, call a cab
Nothin' but the best in my Dutch Master
She on that miley, gettin trippy screamin' "Fuck me faster"
Until you live it, you'll never understand
The significance of palm trees, sunshine, and the sand

I'm just enjoyin' my life
Thankful for my days, grateful for my nights
And baby since I heard time wait for no man
I'm tryna make it to the palm trees, sunshine, and the sand
It ain't nothin' like palm trees, sunshine, and the sand
Said it ain't nothin' like palm trees, sunshine, and the sand

Uh, I used to dream 'bout it
Staircase, passin blunts, tellin' my team 'bout it
Now divas know me, pussy I beat the cream out it
Walk in the club and make a full blown scene out it
Yeah it's amazing, and I'm feelin' like Steven Millz-berg
Nah, I don't drink 'n drive, but I still swerve
Bucketload, like fuck it though
They hate to hear me talk my shit, the bad bitches love it though. (haha)
It's only right I celebrate my escape
You would too if you grew up with panel walls and fire 'scapes
Why shouldn't I feel like I'm the shit
Pull up to my brip, hop out my whip and valley like it's The Ritz
Shinnin', hurtin' 'em, competition I murdered 'em
My weed blew dreams, side chick Kate My hustle on a million, my mind on my plan
And that's to maintain these palm trees, sunshine, and the sand