

# Broccoli (feat. Lil Yachty)

## DRAM

Ain't no tellin' what I'm finna be on  
I'm beyond all that fuck shit Hey lil' mama, would you like to be my sunshine?  
Nigga touch my gang we gon' turn this shit to Columbine  
Ice on my neck cost me ten times three  
Thirty thousand dollars for a nigga to get flee  
I just hit RodÃ©o and I spent like ten Gs  
I just did a show and spent the check on my mama  
When I go on vacay I might rent out the Bahamas  
And I keep like ten phones, damn I'm really never home  
All these niggas clones tryna copy what I'm on  
Nigga get your own, tryna pick a nigga bone  
Word to brother Skip, boy I had a good day  
Metro PCS trappin' boy I'm making plays  
Fifty shades of grey, beat that pussy like Hulk Hogan  
I know you know my slogan, if it ain't 'bout guap I'm gone  
Niggas hatin' cause I'm chosen from the concrete I had rose  
Shawty starin' at my necklace cause my diamonds really froze  
Put that dick up in her pussy bet she feel it in her toes  
I'm a real young nigga from the six throwing bows  
I'm a real young nigga from the six throwing bows  
Real young nigga from the six throwing bows  
In the middle of the party bitch get off me  
In the cut I'm rolling up my broccoli  
Ya I know your baby mama fond of me  
All she want to do is smoke that broccoli  
Whispered in my ear she trying to leave with me  
Said that I can get that pussy easily  
Said that I can hit that shit so greasily  
I'm a dirty dog I did it sleazily Ain't no tellin' what I'm finna be on  
I'm beyond all that fuck shit  
Ain't no tellin' what I'm finna be on  
I'm beyond all that fuck shit  
I got companies and Pesos  
I got people on my payroll  
She don't do it 'less I say so  
I don't smoke if it ain't fuego  
I should sauce 'em up like Prego  
Fettucini with Alfredo  
All I wanted was the fame and every game they made on Sega

I was five or six years old when I had told myself ok you're special  
But I treat you like my equal never lesser  
I was twenty-six years old when we had dropped this one amazing record  
Had the world stepping  
That's what I call epic  
Couple summers later I got paper  
I acquired taste for salmon on a bagel  
With the capers on a square plate  
At the restaurant with the why you got to stare face  
To know I either ball or I record over the snare and bass  
Rapper face, dread headed  
Golden diamond teeth wearing  
They just mad cause I got that cheese bitch I keep dairy  
Turnt up in the party getting lit to Yachty  
With a Spanish Barbie word to my mami In the middle of the party bitch get off me  
In the cut I'm rolling up my broccoli  
Ya I know your baby mama fond of me  
All she want to do is smoke that broccoli  
(That weed that weed)  
Whispered in my ear she trying to leave with me  
(She wanna fuck)  
Said that I can get that pussy easily  
(I'm gonna fuck)  
Said I can hit that shit so greasily  
I'm a dirty dog I did it sleazily  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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