Broccoli

Pac Div

Let's get sick wid it, baby
Sick wid it, baby, yeah
Let's get sick wid it, baby
Said, I'm gonna get so sick wid it, yeah
Said I'm gonna get high
I don't need no doctor, I don't need no shrink
All I need is broccoli and a 40-oz to drink
Smokin' that broccoli now, takes me out
Smokin' that broccoli now, takes me out
While I was bullshittin'
Bitch tried to hit me upside the head with her shoe
talin' 'bout, "Who the fuck you been doin' it to?
Comin' home always smellin' like tuna fish and brew"
I said "Bitch, if you don't get up outta my talkin' face
I'ma slap you real tough-like
And I can almost rest assure you
That it ain't gon' be no pretty sight"
24-7 3 sixty fin
I pull out my dick and spell my name in my piss
Shoot the hundred fool, let's play for pink slips, whatchu slammin'
That there shit across the street? That ugly ass gremlin'
Buy some sticky, you got the pillow
Here go some Black 'n' Mild style, split it down the middle
What's that? That Oakland Crip? Nah it's that white widow
I was about to say cause they'd botha have your ass
Up in the hospital, check it out
I don't need no doctor, I don't need no shrink
All I need is broccoli and a 40-oz to drink
Smokin' that broccoli now, takes me out
Smokin' that broccoli now, takes me out
Smell me on this one, check it out
Hit up for five and hold it for ten, I'm true lung
Let's see who got the most wind, get 'em sprung
Make 'em wanna come back and spend, Afghani bomb
From juice and Seagram's Gin
Fuck all of that Cristal-poppin', drinkin' Moet shit, I'm from the block
Wheaties, Thunderbird, gorilla milk and Aftershock
Boom square wide country?, Wild Irish Rose
Smugglin' Hennessey and scotch, Jagermeister and Tequila shots

Drinkin' forty ounces was how I first got my figure
Then I graduated to straight malt liquor
So hah, let me take a swig of that Crown Royal
What you puttin' on that blunt huh? Hash oil
My Panamanian saha from south San Francisco
On some marijuana farm down in San Luis Obisbo
Wake yo' ass up Charlie Hustle, wake yo' ass up, why you asleep?
'Cause, nigga that shit got my twaskin' my life nigga, shit
Smokin' that broccoli now, takes me out
Smokin' that broccoli now, takes me out
I don't need no doctor, I don't need no shrink
All I need is broccoli and a 40-oz to drink
Seein' two's and three's
Highly intoxicated while I'm slidin' on a brim
Set of Z's and V's, spit Long Range Pimpin'
L-R P sophisticated wannabe's, stuck up H O E's
Disease-infested back-polluted pussy hoochie mamas, ooh ooh
Give a damn, make that 2 8 9, think I had a V8
Highly carburetor, four-barrel engine scram
Get gas, go in sideways, figured up like a philly
Ready, get that motherfucker hop up away
Everybody got the munchies and they ain't tryin' ta miss
We ride around the corner, nigga, there go Emmitt Smith
Webulation Bust a U-ey folker, oh as I'm hoppin' out
Damn that's my beeper, I got dinner at the house
The rules and regulations of the game up in the yay
Just slap a bitch, silly if she gets off in my way
She's open to all the brothers, forgive me grandma yay
Three or four different bitches, five or six different times a day
I don't need no doctor, I don't need no shrink
All I need is broccoli and a 40-oz to drink
Smokin' that broccoli now, takes me out
Smokin' that broccoli now, takes me out
Let's get sick wid it, baby
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