# Broccoli (feat. Lil Yachty)

## D.R.A.M.

[Intro - D.R.A.M.]
Ain't no telling what I'm finna be on
I'm beyond all that fuck shit[Verse 1 - Lil Yachty]
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 10 times 3
30,000 dollars for a nigga to get flee
I just hit Rodeo and I spent like 10 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 10 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
Weight up on the scale, boy I had a good day
Metro PCS trapping boy I'm making plays
50 shades of grey, beat that pussy like Hulk Hogan
I know you know my slogan, if I ain't bout guap I'm gone
Niggas hating cause I'm chosen from the concrete I rose
Shawty staring 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 6 throwing bows
I'm a real young nigga from the 6 throwing bows
Real young nigga from the 6 throwing bows[Hook - D.R.A.M.]
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
(She wanna fuck me)
Said that I can get that pussy easily
(I'm gonna fuck)
Said that I can hit that shit so greasily
I'm a dirty dog I did it sleazily[Bridge - D.R.A.M.]
Ain't no telling what I'm finna be on
I'm beyond all that fuck shit
Ain't no telling what I'm finna be on
I'm beyond all that fuck shit[Verse 2 - D.R.A.M.]
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 just sauce em up like Prego
Fettuchini with Alfredo
All I wanted was the fame and every game they made on Sega
I was 5 or 6 years old when I had told myself ok you're special
But I treat you like my equal never lesser
I was 26 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 mommy[Hook: D.R.A.M.]
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In the cut I'm rolling up my broccoli
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