

Broccoli (feat. Lil Yachty)

DRAM

Ain't no tellin' what I'm finna be on
I'm beyond all that fuck shitHey 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 Rodéo 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 sleazilyAin'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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