

# Broccoli & Cheese

## Key Glock

(Buddah blessed this beat)

Yeah

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Yeah

Yeah, ayy (Yeah)

We outside, smokin' indo (Yeah)

Yeah, pockets full of C-

notes, all the nines came with extendos (Yeah)

Chopper on the backseat, gang'nem shootin' shit like B-roll (Yeah)

I come from a city, we don't trick, nigga, we pimp hoes (Yeah)

Six figures in my earlobes (Yeah)

And thirty in my Glock (Yeah)

I told the bitch I'm single, but be sleepin' with my chop

I fell in love with codeine, shit, I might invest in Wock'

Yeah, I fell in love with hustlin' and I don't plan on stoppin'

Bitch, I'm gettin' that broccoli (Yeah), and cheese (Yeah)

I be flexin' hard, bitch, I do this shit with ease (Yeah)

You's a peon, nigga, yeah, I'm a P (Yeah)

You's a peon, nigga, I'm a P (Ayy), don't get put on a tee

I'm pourin' drop inside my drop, higher than an astronaut

In my own world like Travis Scott

They like, "Glock, you dope as fuck," might catch me jumpin' out the pot

Oops, I mean jumpin' out the drop

Yeah, iced out Rollie 41, least the size a hockey puck

"Why the fuck they call you Glock and you keep an FN with you?"

Bitch, I'm cutthroat to the bone, yeah, bitch, I'm cutthroat to the g  
ristle

It's the middle of the summer, hold my wrist up, now it's winter

It's the middle of the summer, I walk in the building, make it blizza  
rd (Woo)

These niggas monkey in the middle, I'm pourin' up a cup of fizzle

Rollin' up a blunt of Skittles, me, Bart and a couple bitches

Eighteen, locked down in the system, now I'm one rich-ass lil' nigga

Niggas dissin', got me tickled, boy, you in the house

We outside, smokin' indo (Yeah)

Yeah, pockets full of C-

notes, all the nines came with extendos (Yeah)

Chopper on the backseat, gang'nem shootin' shit like B-roll (Yeah)

I come from a city, we don't trick, nigga, we pimp hoes (Yeah)

Six figures in my earlobes (Ooh)

And thirty in my Glock

I told the bitch I'm single, but be sleepin' with my chop

I fell in love with codeine, shit, I might invest in Wock'

Yeah, I fell in love with hustlin' and I don't plan on stoppin' (Uh-  
uh)

Bitch, I'm gettin' that broccoli (Yeah), and cheese (Yeah)

Yeah, yeah

And cheese, yeah, yeah, yeah  
And cheese  
G-Lock