

Hanging with the posse, haters wanna copy
Mad cause I'm young, fly and making that broccoli
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Four-four speed
High high up, but no nose bleed
It's the finest of colognes, girls grinding to our songs
Get your bra wet before she jottin' down her thong
Number, don't wonder
All day, LeBron James Hall of Fame numbers, closet game thunderous
Big head before the U.S. changed hundreds
Been there, done it, done it cause I been there
Show up at the front door, yeah they let me in there
No rain, no chain, how them niggas get there?
Said she went to work dog, how I get your bitch here? (That broccoli)

Uh, green [?], mean pair of models
Ballin' like Kareem with a clean pair of goggles
She used to hate me, now she wanna swallow
We don't just push, we put that thing to the throttle
Please hold your bravos, three is the combo
The whole enchilada with the cheese on the tacos
Please get the nachos, we are the honchos
'Bout to rain on you all we need is some ponchos
We get broccoli so easy, just blindfold us
Hoes didn't wanna ride, now they ride for us
Haters wanna look now, got their eyes on us
I'm through talking, roll up, I got 5 on it

Big Mibbs (What up?), knuckle up, buttercups
Pac Div huddled up, they running out of luck
While you jumps double dutch, I'll be cutting up a thin waist
With a bubble butt, that don't wanna cuddle up
I don't show no affection, cause she know my direction
And I guess it's only right for her to know my erection
I'm a pro by selection, the goal is perfection
My show is like catching Derrick Rose as a freshman
Behold, I'm a legend, and along with my bretheren
We make songs like a messenger bestowed us from heaven
The best in the western hemisphere, engineer greatness
Now how you gonna sit up there and hate this?