

# Broccoli

## E-40

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 Obispo  
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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Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>