

# Addicted To Danger

Ice-T

"Yo whats up man? Yeah I gotta trunk fulla this shit  
Word, broads still with me man, comin over to grapevine right now  
Yo I can't talk right now man, I gotta get off this phone"

Damn, how'd I get into this scam  
Roll in a car with the trunk worth 5000 grand  
I came up from the curb, word  
First thing it rocks, now my ride's packin crazy birds  
I gotta freak in the front seat  
She got crazy game, might even have more than me  
And thats why I don't trust, I ain't no busta  
One wrong move and I'll dust her  
But she knows that, keeps a gat  
Works much plastic, always stays on phat  
She said she loves me  
Looks deep in my eyes, sometimes cries, all lies  
She only loves my cash flow, long dough  
The falso love of a pimp and a hoe  
But me and her gotta job to do  
Get this luggage back to the crew  
She got scanner, I hadta listen to the pigs talk  
And if they speakin about us then its jumpin off  
But I ain't sweatin them at all  
2 cops'll roll up and 2 cops'll fall  
The lines on the highway, I'm makin my mind drift away  
To my last jail stay  
5 years for a 459  
I'm never goin back, no matter what the crime  
Surrenderin ain't me  
Fuck that, I'm holdin court in the street G  
For a nigga like me there ain't no ounce  
My life filled with drug busts and shoot outs  
Pure ghetto anger, pure ghetto anger  
Pure ghetto anger, I'm addicted to danger  
Some nights I crash clubs  
Rollin with the posse made of well-known thugs  
Cool out with the freaks  
Truckin much jewels, beggin for beef  
Thens some niggaz roll up  
Lookin for a way to pump the reps up  
But I ain't the one  
I'm handin out beat downs, no need for guns  
Sometimes I gotta ask myself  
Is all this buck whylin good for a niggaz health?  
I don't know why  
Am I suicidal, do I wanna die?  
The answerin, simple  
A headache throbs in my temple  
It says it ain't fair, it says it ain't right  
It says its goin down tonight  
We finally made it to the drop spot  
King and Weston Ave, snody fox  
The posse was there, but it ain't right  
Fuckin police lights  
Its all goin down that road blocks  
I never seen that many cops  
It was a setup, my whole damn crew's gettin wet up

Big time, some motherfucker dropped a dime  
But even in the flurry of gun shots  
My adrenaline was boilin hot  
I crash down on the floor of the ride  
Punch the gas, drove that benz through they punk ass  
Hit Vernor doin 90  
Looked in the rear-view, no one behind me  
I got on the phone  
Called up the homies to see what went wrong  
But no time to sweat that  
I still gotta trunk fulla shit, I was on phat  
I just need a cool place to hide  
Dumped the benzo, slammed the G ride  
Me and a freak hit a motel crash spot  
The streets was hot  
Rubbed me down, said she adored me  
Said the gunfire made her horny  
The she pushed me back on the bed  
Licked me head to toe, toe to head  
Then I closed my eyes real slowly  
Is this love? No not me  
Then I felt a pain in my chest  
The smell of gun powder and burnt flesh  
I looked in her face, opened my mouth  
And then her badge came out