

# Static Addict

Lil Wyte

Yeah, a lot of motherfuckers  
Be out here trying to act like  
They're so hard and shit  
But you always got to realize, nigga  
You ain't bulletproof  
And your body ain't bulletproof  
At any given time  
You can get your ass fucking blown the fuck off  
This motherfucking place the Earth  
So don't never think a nigga ain't watching  
I got somebody watching  
Yeah, you know what time it is

I'm a motherfucking...  
Static addict, static addict, loco with that automatic  
Static addict, static addict, crazy with the gun

Gimme a Glock, gimme a 4-5  
And I would be straight  
Might make it through the day  
But by the night I'd need two AKs  
A couple of sets of extra clips  
And some ham sandwiches  
The po-pos know me  
And their used to my shananagans  
I run the set, man, causing chaos everywhere  
Wanna make a bet, man  
I'll have you pulling out your hair  
This is a have-to-do job  
But on a need-to-know basis  
Don't keep your eyeballs on the prize  
Don't keep up with the faces  
I roll with murderers, robbers  
Drug dealers, killers, and rapists  
Also an army on the porch  
With plenty rockets a'waitin  
Come test my patience, fool  
And find out how Lil Wyte will react  
I'll have these haters, fool  
Flopping like some fish on their back  
They got me fucked up  
I'm about to load them trucks up  
When I get crazy then you  
Just might feel some hot stuff  
This was not on my agenda  
I was just only playing  
But since you're testing my gangsta  
It's too damn late for praying

Automatic gun fire busting at you hoes  
To get my point across  
You got raw bullet to your dome  
Is what I'm about to toss  
Sold me a short sack  
Now you about to feel the trauma  
Sulfuric acid, so clogged  
In a pine box for your momma

What am I about to do  
Some says you already know  
Bring your family in this? No!  
I ain't as cool as you folks  
This shits between me and you  
But between you and me  
I got a feeling it might be all up to G-O-D  
And you can talk all of the trash  
You want it don't even matter  
As long as my album keep selling  
My pockets gonna get fatter  
I guess the static is because  
I am the chosen one  
Deadly circumstances come with job  
Better have your gun  
You might be found bleeding  
Seeking for the perpetrator  
Something tells me he real far  
And you won't find him, player  
Quit your crying, bitching  
And your whining, hating  
Faking, fronting  
I'll run your ass up up off the block  
'Cause I'm a motherfucking

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