

# Addicted

Lloyd Banks

Yea G-Unit

I think I gotta have it  
Its keeps pullin' me in like a magnet  
Going with this kinda music puts me right back on the block, block  
Its like crack to an addict  
It ain't to hard for me to grab it  
Going with this kinda music puts me right back on the block, block

Uh man I think I'm addicted to the life that I had  
So I risk it runnin' the street with the heat boy  
Three deep in the S-U-V the bigger you blow the less you see  
The more you hear a real nigga lost his life right there  
Its hard to believe a flippers the reason he's not here  
Damn and still get killed over somethin' that ain't his  
And jeopardize the well bein of him and his kids  
That's how it is cigs in old cribs dudes that tote pigs  
Live with broke ribs or went under the dirt with the worms  
The results of the colds pack funeral homes  
You know the names cause we tatoo in 'em on  
I'm gone just cruisin' back 2 in the mornin'  
So fuck rap I'm comin' at you in the song  
When you hear the (click clack) point it at you n your gone

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Ey I got my pockets right my rocks are bright  
The drop is blue n the watch is white  
Right that's why they watchin' me  
As far as I can see its all mockery  
And I'm tryna be all I can be  
Now that my foots in the door there's no stoppin' me  
Pure poetry I got a little pac in me  
Now internationally they jockin' me  
Cause my money green n blue like monopoly  
Yea I left a name all around the globe  
Yet still south side I was brought up by the code (south side)  
N I was told everything ain't gold its cause the glitter  
And had to drown the pain with the liquer  
The world don't turn unless the money move  
The early bird get the worm and the dummy's lose  
True you hear the struggle and the grind when I talk  
I breathe and I bleed new york

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