

Addiction

Logic

I wouldn't wanna have it any other way
I'm addicted and I just can't get enough...

Boy I know my shit was on another level
When people would joke around and say I signed with the devil
Cause it's gotta be a sin to be this good
Hating on my music shit I wish you would. (I wish you would)
Yeah I been offered four or five deals
But it's like Banana Clips boy that's four or five kills
Doing the most accumulating so much bread
I think it's time for toast and I ain't talking fine wine
I'm talking semi-automatic shit that blow your mind
Then when I blow like mine the whole world gon' see me shine
This is the life that I should live homie
I'm never going back, I'm addicted to the game
Y'all can tell by the tracks

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Yeah Yeah Yeah
I'm addicted to the game, addicted to the pain
I'm sacrificing matters of the heart just to obtain
Living the life that most won't attain
And I know it is essential
But when it comes to love, man, that shit is subsequential
For now I just be chillin' with ballers
Poppin collars, pushing impalas, cutting records and counting d
ollars
I'm addicted, my lines is cocain
And when they dispurse blow minds like propane
And you know these haters that never made it this mad
Cause they never had what we had
Addicted to the game and I'm glad
On my Amy Whinehouse I'm saying fuck Rehab

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