

Addiction

BlocBoy JB

OG

(Load me up, IV)

OG, he get rebound

OG status, on God, puttin' it down

(Tay Keith, fuck these niggas up)

Do you wanna see a dead body?

Young nigga with some money, they say that I'm rich chocolate

My nigga never had a penny, stole some Foamposites

Made a play for thirty and flipped it, that's when he quit robbin'

Fell in love with meds, got addicted to all that pill-poppin'

I lost my nigga to fentanyl and some pills

I couldn't take it, lost G Spence, man, that been my nigga for years

May he 5 in peace

My bitch black as hell, but she foreign, she speak Guyanese

Menace to society, if I can't walk, that Drac' gon' be my cane

If my nigga want you gone, I need location and a name

Yeah, I move different

We gon' clean the scene after that whack, still have some clues missin'

Hundred get him put him under the water, call that blue fishes

I don't understand how you a shooter but your tool missin'

Daddy was a killer and a robber, that's my true ambition

If it isn't love, seeing blood and this ain't New Edition

You better cool it down, this Bobby Brown, it got a cooling system

Don't you fuck around with fuck-arounds and be the newest victim

Turn him to a fraction, he couldn't understand the algorithm

Made a song with Drake totin' the Drac', that came with criticism

Never had a thing for track and field, but deal with racism

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poppin' (Let's go, blrrrd, blrrrd)

When Shiesty put that chop on his ass, bet he get to hollerin' (Big Blrrrd)

Yeah, before I picked up a microphone, we was really robbin' (Facts)

I seen a nigga still get hit up, they had seven bodies (On God)

That's how shit go, you gotta know the streets don't love nobody (Blrrrd, blrrrd, blrrrd, blrrrd)

Same day I turned my Glock to a chop I had stop promotin' the violence (I'm switched)

Runnin' with takers, took your setup, they watchin' your diamonds (On God)

Don't worry 'bout the Drac', if I got it, just know I'm firin' it (Blrrrd)

Gotta bang CGE for life, it ain't no nevermind (No)

Two bodies drop at perfect timin' (Blrrrd, blrrrd)

Finessed a nigga in Dior, I'm still stylin' while I'm slimin' (Stylin' while I'm stylin')

New opp pack hittin' so hard, I ain't get it from a member, then you lyin' (You sorry)

Still creepin' through they block, I ain't take my phone, I'm tryna read signs (Ayy, I'm tryna hit my target)

Do you wanna see a dead body? (Blrrrd)

Yeah, I catch somethin', somebody dyin' (Blrrrd, blrrrd)

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Made a play for thirty and flipped it, that's when he quit robbin'
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