

Addicted

Classified

Check, Check yo

What's it all about, hip hop what dose it mean?
I'm addicted to this shit and I ain't ever comin clean
To be all you can be
But son you under pressure
Oh damn I'm so addicted to it man

Yo it started off at an early age, twelve to be exact
Got addicted to this shit that made my neck snap back
It was an experimental I guess I knew no better
And uh after I tried I knew I'd need this shit forever
The days went by the months they rapidly switched
And then my brain started feelin' effects from all the hits
It was peer pressure, everybody did it
Not really but I feel I hadda be just another addict
It was time for a change, hadda move quick
The next step up in my life hadda be proved thick
So then I did what I never thought I would do
That's when I started sellin' hits to the people in my crew
I passed it all around, and gave a sample here and there
I gave a bit, took a bit, and got my people on the shit
What did I do?
I'm lookin' back now, I'm reminiscing
Bout the kids they didn't do it never knew what they were missing
Yo class what would you do if you never had it in your mind
I'd probably be another sucker doin nothin' all the time
But I'm going to go out and get mine
So let me get REAL HIGH till the day that I die

A couple years later
Nothing's changed it's all the same
And I still be tryin' to get high up in this [?] game
I gotta be all I can be or be more than that
Cause if I'm jogging down the path I'm sure I'll lose it like [?]
Last seconds for a chance
Last second for a stance
So I gotta stand my ground
Your [?] like a pronoun
And Classified never played it like that
So if I'm ever go down damn right I'm gonna fight back (yeah)
How could it ever happen to me?
I always felt that I was different cause I was rappin for free
The same line, the same verse, the same story
Don't know another face that's getting paid in my territory
Now on the other hand I know the money that be thrown away
Buyin all the records and tapes that we don't even play
Runnin out of money, yo I'm lookin at eviction
I gotta find a cure for this addiction

Yo and in the present, I don't know what to do any more
Should I go see the devil layer try to get help every day
With the beats and the rhymes I'm a fanatic

I got a problem I can't help it I'm an addict
The first step to ever kick it is admit it
If you ain't ever doing that than you're hopeless so forget it
What can you do? Well I don't know but here's a couple facts
You can try some cold turkey, chewing gum, or use the patch
And as for me, well now I deal my own
I got sick of buyin' weak shit, tired out with freak shit
Decided just to be another contender
Another offender, but never be a pretender
Surrendering never even went across my mind
Divine, stayin above hip hop the game that I love
I'ma keep making' beats, find the breaks are getting' tired
Everybody wants to hear so Class be the supplier