

Addiction

K-Trap

Everytime I leave, I keep running back to you
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My addiction, ooh-hooh-hooh
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All I know is money and war
I can't dumb down these lyrics (No)
Watch what I say when I speak
I got others listenin' (Shh, shh)
Street shit got addictive ('Dictive)
And the game ain't rigged, it's twisted (Twisted)
Prison V's, court listin' (Ah)
Non-fiction, it feels like fiction
I can't be bothered
Same for dem boy, they can't be honest (No, they can't)
Eighteen, I told mummy, "Sorry" (Sorry)
Went from college to porridge (Ah)
I was like the rest, I follow
Live for today, didn't care about tomorrow (No)
Better person, still tryna give them hollows (Bah, bah)
How I'm gonna level up? How? (Huh?)
Mummy thinks I'm a angel
Why I wanna do devil stuff?
I guess I'm dumb, matter of fact, I guess I'm numb
Skipped music class, but now I wanna step with the drum, I'm mad (Angry)
Think about Risky G, and I can't sleep, I'm mad (Ugh)
Angry, tryin' all week
Put it on a tee, I'm glad (Ugh)
Addicted to pain before I was happy, but now, I'm sad (Sad)
Numb the pain, I just buy new chains and dine uptown, calamari, crab
Tell the waiter, "Cool the sticks, I'll use my knife and fork" (Cool)
Anyone talk on mine, I gotta slide off corn (Slidin')
I just wanna meet and greet, birthday, step with the sweet sixteen
Earthquake, flipped that, switch on the glee (Grr, glee)
Set an example, tryin', it's hard to
Who's gonna shoot or drive?
Can't decide, only time me and bro gonna argue
I don't really fuck with karma
Preein' the words they say though (Pree it)
Soon, give that halo (Huh)
I mean it, I mean it (I do)
Thinkin' when the bro's in jail
Hell, I feel, I feel it (Uh)
Had nine in the clip and I caught a fever, kept on sneezin'
I don't want none of this corn
Anything I give them, man, gotta keep it (Keep it, shh)
Feel like an addict, twenty-five bells
Fill up the 'matic, a thousand eight
Fill up the package, them man talk, I don't feel like rappin'
Door out slammin', hope it's tragic, worst case, cabbage
Or I ain't happy
Criminal damage, they hittin' up walls and chattin' (Chattin')
If it ain't a corpse, can't tally (No)
Gladly, I'll do it with this hand ting, gladly
Backseat, upset someone's family
Catch three, feel we got a yola factory
Thirty-eight, but twenty on a brandy

Go A Jewellers, and get it all fractured
Go with the sawn-off dot, that's Bambi
Got sittin' fresh in the box, all fancy
And it's like

Box rush, step with the object
Take risk and prosper
If he's a shooter, I put him on my roster
Them man are all actors, they should get a Oscar
Bill it, remmish, juice, spill it
Trust me, man, bah