

Habit

Lil Durk

Goin' to Izzy for VV's, turned to a habit
Smokin' gas up out the P's, turned to a habit
Cut, countin', sendin' money, turned to a habit
Young niggas catchin' murders, turned to a habit
They be steady shootin' them Glockes, turned to a habit
On the road movin' them narcs, turned to a habit
All the opps so goofy, that shit a habit
Keep playin' wit' our group, shit get tragic (Brat)
Keep buyin' designer shoes, this shit a habit
He tried that dog food, now it's a habit
I chased that pussy once, I gotta have it
I kept lyin' to my bitch, that shit a habit
I keep swallowin' all this Act', turn to a habit
I'ma get that Bentley Mac, I'm in traffic
Steady gettin' your ass did, that shit a habit
Every day playin' wit' my kids, turned to a habit
What was goin' through Rico's head? I can't imagine
But I got paid in full, turn to a habit
Get my dick suck at the Westin, turned to a habit
Them girls was comin' up missin', molested, that shit tragic
Uh, started thumbin' through them hunnids, turned to a habit
Takin' strippers to the crib, turned to a habit
Steady runnin' off wit' the packs, turned to a habit
Steady sippin' on the Act', turn to a habit

(Oh, I don't know, I don't know, I don't know)
I don't know, I don't know, got a habit
Don't know what to do wit' myself
I don't know, I don't know, I don't know, I don't know
I'm confused wit' myself
I don't know, I don't know, I don't know
I ain't save when I blew through that check
I don't know, I don't know, I don't know
Who is real, I don't know who is left

I don't know why he left, he confused wit' himself
Like what was goin' through his head?
It was probably his health, it was probably the drugs
It was probably the streets, they ain't show him no love (Yeah, yeah)
Steady ridin' 'round wit' that Draco, turned to a habit
Perc 30 inside my Faygo, turned to a habit
His first time smellin' that blood, turned to a habit
Every weekend at the club, turned to a habit
You tell every girl you love 'em, that's a habit
Don't hang 'round them, they be thuggin', I'm advisin' you
Four pounds, you say you the plug, who you lyin' to?
This shit done turned to a habit, do what I gotta do, yeah
Keep my head up, got my bread up
You got a habit to keep lyin', yeah I'm fed up
Lost J Money to some violence, fucked my head up
Heard your girl, she got that pack, go get a check-up, yeah

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