

Static Addict

Lil Wyte

Yeah, a lot of motherfuckers
Be out here trying to act like
They're so hard and shit
But you always got to realize, nigga
You ain't bulletproof
And your body ain't bulletproof
At any given time
You can get your ass fucking blown the fuck off
This motherfucking place the Earth
So don't never think a nigga ain't watching
I got somebody watching
Yeah, you know what time it is

I'm a motherfucking...
Static addict, static addict, loco with that automatic
Static addict, static addict, crazy with the gun

Gimme a Glock, gimme a 4-5
And I would be straight
Might make it through the day
But by the night I'd need two AKs
A couple of sets of extra clips
And some ham sandwiches
The po-pos know me
And their used to my shananagans
I run the set, man, causing chaos everywhere
Wanna make a bet, man
I'll have you pulling out your hair
This is a have-to-do job
But on a need-to-know basis
Don't keep your eyeballs on the prize
Don't keep up with the faces
I roll with murderers, robbers
Drug dealers, killers, and rapists
Also an army on the porch
With plenty rockets a'waitin
Come test my patience, fool
And find out how Lil Wyte will react
I'll have these haters, fool
Flopping like some fish on their back
They got me fucked up
I'm about to load them trucks up
When I get crazy then you
Just might feel some hot stuff
This was not on my agenda
I was just only playing
But since you're testing my gangsta
It's too damn late for praying

Automatic gun fire busting at you hoes
To get my point across
You got raw bullet to your dome
Is what I'm about to toss
Sold me a short sack
Now you about to feel the trauma
Sulfuric acid, so clogged
In a pine box for your momma

What am I about to do
Some says you already know
Bring your family in this? No!
I ain't as cool as you folks
This shits between me and you
But between you and me
I got a feeling it might be all up to G-O-D
And you can talk all of the trash
You want it don't even matter
As long as my album keep selling
My pockets gonna get fatter
I guess the static is because
I am the chosen one
Deadly circumstances come with job
Better have your gun
You might be found bleeding
Seeking for the perpetrator
Something tells me he real far
And you won't find him, player
Quit your crying, bitching
And your whining, hating
Faking, fronting
I'll run your ass up up off the block
'Cause I'm a motherfucking

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