

# Addicted

Rick Ross

I'mma tell you like this, nigga!  
I got a hundred Gs on my line  
I ain't eating Jacksons when I be in Overtown  
Bitch I'm eatin' lavish, look up hoe, It's snowing now  
I just throw the cabbage, C-M-B gon' hold me down  
Got an odor in the attic, that's a couple pounds  
New Rolex that I ordered, that's a hundred thou'  
Time to milk the game, bitch, I went and bought a cow  
My nigga GDK a goon, he'll gun you down  
Slid up on em with the stick, yeah, I sat him down  
My nigga Nut so slick, they ain't pat him down  
I got a hundred niggas on my line  
A hundred squares at a time  
Nigga, hold it down

I'm addicted to money  
I'm addicted to chips  
My hoe was gay  
Now she addicted to dick (bitch!)  
Addicted to this  
Addicted to that  
I'm gettin' them stacks  
It's more addictive than crack!  
I'm addicted to money  
I'm addicted to chips  
My hoe was gay  
Now she addicted to dick (bitch!)  
Addicted to this  
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I'm gettin' them stacks  
It's more addictive than crack!

Give the homie 10.5, want 75 a hit  
Whole thing straight raw, hundred Gs a brick  
Hustling for a urge, moving them birds  
Strapped in the cut, got em' posted on the curb  
That H! We floodin' other states  
That fishtail bake well, chop it in the plate  
Them V12s move swell with the paper plates  
The homie fully loaded, so we strapped with a case  
Give you 10 squares for 750, nigga  
No talking homie drop it, then go get it  
On the island, nigga, fresh with a 450  
Louis Vuitton'd down, nigga, strapped  
Money how we livin'

See them fresh, ow... boss of the South, nigga  
Boss out my mouth, nigga, boss, big house  
Yeah... so we do it, no drought  
No cost on your life when you're playing with the stripes  
Five mics, fiver-timer OG Blood  
Straight soldier, nigga, Third World G blood  
Uptown nigga maxed out the work plug  
Benz 5 switching lanes with them white dubs

Or them white fours, I'm ducking them white folks

Yeah, my pockets fat, I don't fuck with no lipo  
I keep that chopper with me, I call it my Geico  
Trigger hair pin, drop it and it might blow  
I get them grenades, we call 'em Bye-Byes  
It hit your Escalade, pussy nigga, bye-bye  
Pussy nigga, bye-bye...  
Two-hundred on the dash, nigga, bye-bye...