

Addicts

Unknown T

Pyroman
Yeah

Cracks in the buildin', yeah, they made it fall apart
I don't keep up with appearances to make you feel a part
Yeah, what I do, yeah, you weren't there
Yeah, when I started all of the lines
I've seen it all through them motherfuckin' eyes
Six senses, yeah, that I got
The tightest tight with the plugs, it's a knot
I got careers, my huncho don't stop
I had to sacrifice love to progress
Used to put love, have him under duress
I made her sit on a pack
I told her a chicken always take care of the eggs
Managed the Pyrex, what I got up to before
Let's take a guess
Brothers try catch up to me, they need rest
This shit gets tirin', know I'm the wizard
I'm still an enigma, I paint a good picture
I cannot stop, I'm a machine, yeah
Used to be a routine, yeah
I was sittin' and baggin', yeah
Now I eat cuisines, yeah
Now I eat Wagyu beef, yeah
That shit's a hundred a fillet, yeah
Worked out my flow, how to steal it, yeah
Water on me, I distil it, yeah
Can't take her back after I hit it, yeah
Fam, I'm on my bag that I gotta carry
And I'll do it all in man's city, yeah
Scorin' golazos, that's Sane, yeah
Any amount and they ran it, yeah

They gon' say hello to me
I'm good with rubber bands bitch (Mmhmm) (Grrr, bow) (Grrr, bow)
Man, it's been a decent year
I'm smokin' Cali', it's a habit (Mmhmm) (Grrr, bow) (Grrr, bow)
Man, it's kinda sad that kids are killin' kids
Man, that shit tragic (Mmhmm) (Grrr, bow) (Grrr, bow)
And they can't help it
Man, that people's parents, yeah, they were drug addicts (Mmhmm) (Grrr, bow)
(Grrr, bow)
And I can't lie, yeah, I used to sell some drugs to the addicts (Mmhmm) (Grrr, bow) (Grrr, bow)
Man, I can't lie, man, I used to sell some drugs to the addicts (Mmhmm) (Grrr, bow) (Grrr, bow)

Let's get shit straight
If you're fuckin' with me, there's a stick in the place
We pop shit bait and pop them doors
Anytime and any place
Too many times had to pattern the case
Me and bro had to petrol bathe
If I buck into opps, no fear in my heart
Man's pressin' the guage
If you got TT then it better be white

Don't give me a Z if it's comin' out beige
Don't fuck with my cake
If you're bumpin' me, man's robbin' the flake
I still put buj on my block
I still try focus on black like Dave
How many punks try to set it on me
And I ended up chingin' and flippin' the page?
How can I beef these punks?
I'm a t'ug, 9 livin'
Got the bruck back spinnin'
If man try roll up then it gets barked at him
Weed that I'm billin', we rise and ping him
Two dum-dums in a gauge 'cah the nozzle's twinnin'
Revolver's spinnin', uh
Get the trapline blingin'
Slang it and dish it, I must be the trillest, uh
I'm trapped in the ends with skengs, drug addicts and drillers
Ballys and dingers, uh
Still get drilly
Poke man's head, have him lookin' like Krillin, uh
Fuck how you're feelin', my shit is the realest

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