

# Addicted To It

WC

Yo, what's up?  
Official Tizzle nigga  
Hood certified, Dub Sizzle

Where my, where my, where my hustlers at?  
Where my, where my, where my hustlers at?  
Where my hustle is at, where my hustlers at?  
Babies getting.. getting.. money, throw their hands up  
Getting.. getting.. money

Sixteen in the chamber (Yeah!)  
With a stack between my fingers (What's Up?)  
Geto Boys, N.W.A, Schooly D in the CD changer  
Reclining like The Mac (The Mac) swoop on the ave  
Cruise the block like a float in a parade in a seven and a half  
Sitting low baby so rugged than the Pro Fitted  
Hustler, hustler, nigga all I know is a goal get it  
Ah, ah, ah, the four is so wicked  
Strip for me baby, slide down this chocolate pole and grip it  
Going all out for the dough, ball out and roll  
Dub keep it G, nigga this hood shit is all I know (That's all I know)  
Got the dice snicking up, my ice cleaned up  
Now I cater the streets like the weed man out of the ice cream truck  
Diamonds on my neck, shining in the club like daylight (Daylight)  
Dub C be hitting the ride  
By the end of the night, you be saying all right  
22 is the inches (Bitch!) 69 is the position (Yeah!)  
Lench Mob and gangster shit (Gangster shit)  
Getting money's my addiction nigga

Boy, you better bow down when you see an O.G.  
Coming straight out the hood, it's my nigga W.C.  
Boy, you better give it up before we do you ugly  
We addicted to it, getting closer to it

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I'm addicted to green that don't burn  
Up in the kitchen without a concern  
Motherfuckers will learn it's my turn  
I'm addicted to it, getting closer to it

Making it bounce, making it bounce  
Chrome frame making it bounce, I know girls like money  
So I'm sticking them and dicking them out  
Dick in their mouth, putting a dick in their mouth  
With a .44 on me sticking out, windows getting foggy while  
We doing it all night doggy style  
Acting up, run the weed up, jag in cup, G'd up  
Fucking it up, my Chucks moving and doing my new dance  
While I'm holding my n-eez-uts  
Back down then side to side while I skip skip throw my dubs up high  
Running around South Central bottom

With a bandanna on my steering column  
Slap boxing, dominoes, Jail figures squatting low  
Switching up in our fly S5 on mine  
Middle finger out the window with one time riding  
When I beat up on the concrete I be sliding  
When I get up on a bitch their eyes get wide and  
When they see me sagging and agging them  
Lench Mob medallion blinding them  
Hood screw up your stars, and it ain't no killing ours  
Still the stars, whoop your ass for the cash  
Yeah, I'm guilty as charged  
Quarter pounds, assholes, whatever you need, best believe don't trip  
If the price is right, I take a trip for flip  
And get them off all, one by one zip for zip  
Sitting on, but I'm dipping on, but I'm tipping on  
Nigga getting it on, with a freak on the side of me  
Sipping Patron, trying to whip it on, baby licking my bone  
And I'm starting to moan, cause them lips are long  
And I can see me getting my pimping on, and she tripping on  
But I'm twisting on, my swap meet corduroy slippers on  
Cause I'm real with this, I was built for this  
Nigga motherfucking W.C. is still the shit  
And I ain't leaving until I get another meal in this  
So every time I spit it I'm killing shit  
So nigga dig a ditch, get out the wilderness  
I'm hood certified and still with this  
When will I quit? - Oh! fuck it nigga  
I ain't quitting until I'm filthy rich

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