

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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