

Addicted

Young Buck

I love gettin money homie
Real talk - legal or illegal
Just addicted to gettin money

I try so hard to survive
Making money
Nothing but money on my mind
So ridiculous
I'll be hustling til I die
Family first, I love my wife
I'm so addicted

From the bottom of the barrel
I'm coming up for air
Got my hands in so many things
That's keeping me right here
Spending time with my family
I'm fighting for my freedom
Y'all falling in love, I'm trying to
Fuck em and leave em
I've got my mind on a million
Shawty, now let that be the reason
How about I buy you a house
And we just call it even?
My partner told me he had a plug
I couldn't believe him, cause he
Be lying, but this time he
Practice what he preaching
I love to see these young niggas shine
And me there eating
I hate to see the young niggas testify
Now let that be the reason
We be selling dope and thieving
Taking these grams around
Turn the hood to a video for mtv jams
Rappers ain't clever no more
Oh you forgot who I am?
Cause I've been boxing with uncle sam
Blocking in my brother's land
Selling dope out my mama's house
Almost got my mother slammed
My definition of going to hell
I'm addicted to money nigga

The trap bang and the set boom
I'm from where niggas get shot
And show off their flesh wounds
I'm from where niggas get killed
And whoever next to em
And bitches fight at the funeral
Trying to get next to them
He let the x do him
A small pill got em all killed
How they own supply, they never knew em
Just heard the gunfire
Lost in the money
And I can't find my way out, it won't work

She complains when I stay out
I can't leave, one move, I boom
The yay out. and fuck the other
Baby-daddies and what they about
Pregnant bitch, mane, call the police on me
You can have the baby
Just can't have me shawty
I guess it's me and this paper
And bitch I'm cool with it
You gotta lose it just to find out
What to do with it
You gotta use it just to find out
How two did it
I still do it and dunn it
Addicted to money, it's buck