

# Addicted (feat. Musiq Soulchild)

## Lloyd Banks

Yeah, G-Unit  
Yeah, ey, ey I think I gotta have it  
And it keeps pullin' me in like a magnet  
I'm goin' with this kinda music  
Puts me right back on the block Yeah, it's like crack to an addict  
It ain't too hard for me to grab it  
Goin' with this kinda music  
Puts me right back on the block Man, I think I'ma addicted to the life that I had  
So I risk it runnin' the street with the heat  
Ball three deep in the SUV, the bigger you blow  
The less you see, the more you hear  
The real nigga lost his life right there  
It's hard to believe the flipper's the reason he's not here  
That someone would kill 'im for somethin' that ain't his  
And jeopardize the well being of him and his kids That's how it is, Cig's in the whole crib  
Dope that told pigs, live with broke ribs  
Or went under the dirt with the worms  
The results of the codes pack funeral homes You know the names 'cause we tattooin' them on  
I'm gone, just cruisin' back, 2 in the morn'  
So fuck rap, we comin' at to you with a song  
When you hear that pointed at you and you're gone I think I gotta' have it  
And it keeps pullin' me in like a magnet  
I'm goin' with this kinda music  
Puts me right back on the block  
Yeah, it's like crack to an addict  
It ain't too hard for me to grab it  
Goin' with this kinda music  
Puts me right back on the block I got my pocket's right, my rocks are bright  
The drop is blue and the watch is white, right  
That's why they watchin' me as far as I can see  
It's all mockery and I'm tryna' be all I can be Now that my foot's in the door, there's no stoppin'  
me  
Pure poetry, I got a lil' pock' in me  
Not internationally, they jockin' me  
'Cause my money green and blue like Monopoly Yeah I left my name all around the globe  
Yet still South side, I was bought up by the cold  
And I was told, everything ain't gold just 'cause it glitter  
And had to drown the pain with the liquor The world don't turn, unless the money move  
The early bird get the worm and the dummies lose  
True, you hear the strugglin' in the grind when I talk  
I breathe and I bleed New York, ey I think I gotta' have it  
And it keeps pullin' me in like a magnet

I'm goin' with this kinda music  
Puts me right back on the block Yeah, it's like crack to an addict  
It ain't too hard for me to grab it  
Goin' with this kinda music  
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>