

# I'm a Junkie (feat. Equipto)

Andre Nickatina

Now I, played some hoes in my life  
But I never played this ho before  
ANd I swear, if it's cool  
Ho I only wanna beMan I speak with percision  
Money's my religion  
Freak how you livin  
I fly like a pigeon  
This is the mind of a rap cat  
And get all the money and the hoes yo and never try to hatchback  
I talk shit in the cadillac  
It's about two AM my freak is sippin on cognac  
She love me I love her right back  
But yo it's a different kind of love  
Man kill her with the kisses and the hugs  
Sometime she might cry like a dove  
She know I got hustle in my blood  
She know I don't spit no scams  
I like candy yams  
I never jepordize who I am  
I don't have to try to cross her  
Man I'm her sponsor  
The word play I display man it'll haunt her  
Man take these CD's yo and bring the cash back  
I'm a junkie for the money how you like that  
And how you like that  
I bet you like that  
I spect you like that  
I think you like that  
I live life we think we didn't care  
And leave the scene with my pinky in the air  
I left my mark with dents in my imprints  
And chalked it up with Goldie my big friend  
Discuss the thang like what's the game  
When all fails it's all hell we trust the game  
And I'm confident, I spit it like no other on the continent  
And I ain't lookin for your sympathy or compliments  
You work regardless put it aside  
You might feel a little pain that's just your pride  
Now baby wide open, breakin the rules  
In the shoes of a prostitute bout to choose  
I'm chosen all up in the rhyme like a metaphor  
Promote the Queeze help me go ghetto gold

You're lookin at the culture of the rap culture  
You stare long enough you might see just move on my poster  
I might have to ice grill ya  
If you talk outta line and the god don't feel ya  
I put your mind in a octagon  
And you'll devote your whole world tryin to play with Kahn  
You ride around in the flyest car  
Your catered at the bar  
I have you shining like a lucky star  
And all you gotta do is take this and bring it back  
Take this and bring it back  
Take this and bring it back  
Shit, and now I'm laughin at the money stacks  
And all your friends and your buddy pack is lookin for this rap cat  
Man it's the gift boss  
And get the hot sauce  
And don't ask what the clothes or the cars cost  
I like to mad floss  
Man get my hair did  
And talk shit to a chick eatin spare ribs  
She said she love me  
I make her heart feeze  
Alright baby, then move these CD's

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>