

Delinquent Habits "I'm Addicted"

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Come on, man, give me a dime
I got fienders for flavours of beats and rhymes
My brains gettin'™ heavy, I feel mad rejection
I feel the rushin'™ of your funk injection
So let me all have it all shit that'™ s funky
And let me get to tweakin'™ off this here chumpy
Drink up a cup of the distilled funk
It ain'™ t aged 12 years but it'™ s potent, punk
I ain'™ t passed out yet, I can'™ t stop but I'™ m
close
To the 12-bore sureshot overdose
You see my heart palpitations pound with no limit
Another round comes down, I'™ m all up in it
I'™ m addicted, I'™ m a junkie
That'™ s why I got to fiendin'™ for the shit
that'™ s funky
I'™ m just a addict addicted
Can ya please o.g. give me just another hit
Please o.g. I fiend ya for the funky shit
Bring it on now and let me rip the microphone
Wit'™ the new style and make it funky to the bone
now
Let me back up in this
I need another fix, I'™ m knockin'™ doors off
hinges
Coz I'™ m the type I have to take it all no strain
Just load it up and drop the beat now please inject my
vein
There'™ s a chemical breakdown and balanced
reaction
And I ain'™ t gettin'™ down with just a portion of the
fraction of the funk
No joke, I need it all, indeed
Now warm it up and line it up so I can feed my greed

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