

## Ice-T "Addicted To Danger"

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Yo what's up man?  
Yeah, I gotta trunk fulla this shit  
Word, broads still with me man, comin' over to  
grapevine right now  
Yo I can't talk right now man, I gotta get off this phone

Damn, how'd I get into this scam  
Roll in a car with the trunk worth 5000 grand  
I came up from the curb, word  
First thing it rocks, now my ride's packing crazy birds

I gotta freak in the front seat  
She got crazy game, might even have more than me  
And thats why I don't trust, I ain't no busta  
One wrong move and I'll dust her

But she knows that, keeps a gat  
Works much plastic, always stays on phat  
She said she loves me  
Looks deep in my eyes, sometimes cries, all lies

She only loves my cash flow, long dough  
The false love of a pimp and a hoe  
But me and her gotta job to do  
Get this luggage back to the crew

She got scanner, I hadta listen to the pigs talk  
And if they speakin about us then its jumping off  
But I ain't sweatin' them at all  
2 cops'll roll up and 2 cops'll fall

The lines on the highway, I'm makin' my mind drift  
away  
To my last jail stay  
5 years for a 459  
I'm never going back, no matter what the crime

Surrendering ain't me  
Fuck that, I'm holding court in the street G  
For a nigga like me there ain't no ounce  
My life filled with drug busts and shoot outs

Pure ghetto anger, pure ghetto anger  
Pure ghetto anger, I'm addicted to danger  
Some nights I crash clubs  
Rollin' with the posse made of well known thugs

Cool out with the freaks  
Trucking much jewels, begging for beef  
Thens some niggaz roll up  
Lookin' for a way to pump the reps up

But I ain't the one  
I'm handin' out beat downs, no need for guns  
Sometimes I gotta ask myself  
Is all this buck whylin' good for a niggaz health?

I don't know why  
Am I suicidal, do I wanna die?  
The answerin', simple  
A headache throbs in my temple

It says it ain't fair, it says it ain't right  
It says it's going down tonight  
We finally made it to the drop spot  
King and Weston Ave, Snoodly Fox

The posse was there, but it ain't right  
Fuckin' police lights  
Its all going down that road blocks  
I never seen that many cops

It was a setup, my whole damn crew's gettin' wet up  
Big time, some motherfucker dropped a dime  
But even in the flurry of gun shots  
My adrenaline was boilin' hot

I crash down on the floor of the ride  
Punch the gas, drove that Benz through they punk ass  
Hit Vernor doin' 90  
Looked in the rear view, no one behind me

I got on the phone  
Called up the homies to see what went wrong  
But no time to sweat that  
I still gotta trunk fulla shit, I was on phat

I just need a cool place to hide  
Dumped the benzo, slammed the G ride  
Me and a freak hit a motel crash spot  
The streets was hot

Rubbed me down, said she adored me

Said the gunfire made her horny  
The she pushed me back on the bed  
Licked me head to toe, toe to head

Then I closed my eyes real slowly is this love?  
No not me, then I felt a pain in my chest  
The smell of gun powder and burnt flesh  
I looked in her face, opened my mouth  
And then her badge came out

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