

Infinite

"Addicted"

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Yo, for real

Y'all living in a dream world

Rexdale

It's a reality world right here, for real

Yeah

[First Verse]

Yo I'm stuck in this organized crime life

Shook slingers get robbed blind

Soldier ain't afraid to do time

We run the range like a militant co-thug

Meanwhile on the streets, what I kill is just throw slugs

Supplying the corner, so them dealers can sell drugs

Now you see my block get hot

Rob or shoot and get shot

Police wanna know our names yo, that's why we stay
low

I'm caught up between my music and street life

My blood is like my heart dear God

And my gat is my wife

This world is spinning into sicker times, thawing like ice

Hated female probation officers, they boook us for
spite

I'm living fouler, ever since Squiggs lost his life

Hard cold stone, don't give fuck you get blown

Never talk my shit on phone ever since I came home

You puff your glass jaw, I puff my marley sit on the rail

You tell your untruth, I tell reality from Rexdale

[CHORUS 1]

Material world - got me addicted

Drug money corners - got me addicted

Them sawed down barrels - got me addicted

Guarding my heart - but still I'm addicted

[Second Verse]

Yo I got hit, ever since worse

No I never did snatch purse, example

My palm grips the pearl handle

Too many flaws in the way, that makes us disturbed

Like pulling out, broad daylight like I got some nerve

The only thing now, this music got my face baited

This leaves me more risk round snitches and hipocrites

Place under warrents, they want me on the cell block

Trying to give me fourteen years and keep me on lock

Surround my house, front and back in the night light
wishing to book me

Two in the morning but they can't find me, trying to
look me

Ain't nothing much to say, after the street already hook
me

I guess I'm addicted like my mind has took me - took me

We be dealing with this physical, some lie regardless

Sometimes the bigger the grains who hit hardest

I never boast about it, be smart like the smartest

I wipe it off, I loaded it with leather gloves regardless

CHORUS 1

[CHORUS 2]

My Rexdale blocks - got me addicted

All them work nights - got me addicted

Undeath fast money - got me addicted

Guarding my heart - but still I'm addicted

[Third Verse]

I'm from the Rex-village, dollar signs who's quick to stick it

Run up in your house to be specific

Ain't nothing perfect or terrific, so lay down quick

Special delivery of open burn wound inflicted

I guess they like the way we dip it

Gangster walks, the way we talk

And the way we lie they down on they sidewalk

Face down on the rich block, mask up right to my eyelids

Stick and move quick, on the run like a fugitive

Stay communicated from back roads to pay phones

I never talk too long, I switch clothes

No time for normal wasting, wash vinegar inside your

basement

CHORUS 1 & 2

[Outro]

Know what I mean for real

Rexdale, know what I mean

Where ever you from

Got you addicted

All my peeps locked down

Hold it down, know what I mean

Keep the faith for real

All my peoples on the block, hustling

Peoples working, doing what ever you got to do

Doing what you got to do to survive

Keep doing you thing

L-D-C Infinite

For real

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