

# Addictive

## Reece Mastin

Mike Jones, Swishahouse..  
[Mike Jones]6:00 on the dot, got's to get paid  
Move stone for stone, can't go minimum wage  
Buy the home on hill, clothes out the cleaners  
Move 22 inches, on the X-Beamer  
Got's to look good, got's to look fresh  
Hopped out the shower, baguettes cross my chest  
4-5 handy, Lamborgini candy  
In 21 years, I knocked down four grammy's  
I like to ride long, candy colors on cutters  
I know you can't believe it, but the inside is butter  
Pelly-Pel sagging then a wagon, kid's dragging  
I got more fire, than Bruce Lee the Dragon  
Me and T. Clarence, hopped in the Hummer  
Where is Lil' Walty, where is the Hummer  
Back on a mission, Expedition flipping  
You stacked up some cash, don't stop keep flipping  
Where is T. Flowers, where is Jamal  
I got fo' freaks, so let's start a freak party  
Gin and Bacardi, play em like Atari  
It's just in my nature, that Mike Jones is hardy  
Red Boy from Rap-A-Lot, I see you coming through  
In the Escalade, on 22's  
Wearing FUBU, maybe J. Prince  
I've been putting it down, for H-Town ever since  
Scarface first came, came to bring pain  
Got a purple dropping screens, call it purple rain  
Mike Jones mayn, I claim North mayn  
You can have the fame, just give me the change  
Freestyle off the mind, bumper kit recline  
Keep in mine, you don't grind you don't shine  
I say that verse a lot, just to let you boys know  
You gotta plant the seed, if you want the plant to grow

Now I'm plexing in the Lexus, police..  
You test me, I'll be in your ... like a wedgie  
What's up to the Twinz, that's in the A-Town  
We Gon show you boys, that Swishahouse put it down  
State to state town to town, hit the stage we gon clown

When I show we talking bout em grill, they gon frown

Me and the Mad, flipping Gator flipping Jag

My Grandma got on me, when I sag

Saginng my jeans, brother sixteen

Where is the do-do, where is the lean

I feel pretty good, I just bought the yellow Gator

I through Sprewells, on the blue Navigator

It's the Mike Jones, freestyling from the dome

I might come through, Yellowstone, Acres Home

Riding in my drop top, chilling with the Watts

When I hit the stage, I'ma give it all I got

Michael Watts chopping, rag tops dropping

Girls who didn't cut for me befo', they bopping

Where is the pride, where is the pull

My album, Who Is Mike Jones coming soon

Hold up don't worry, put a lighter up the room

Watch me sweep chasers, without using a broom

If you wanna see me flow, book me for a show

And you'll see, me and Magno go

Man I'm freestyling again, spinning it's a sin

Three for the ten, off a 5 or 6-10

That's a freeway, Northside Southside we ride blue and grey

We might ride red, watch us turn heads

Quit all the plexing, and start stacking bread

No time to tell you boys to grind, if you wanna shine

It's the boy Mike Jones, putting it down

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