

# Addictive

## Cruel Intentions

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  
Saginnng 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

Lyrics provided by

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