

I'm a Junkie

Andre Nickatina & Equipto

Now I, played some hoes in my life
But I never played this ho before
ANd I swear, if it's cool
Ho I only wanna beMan I speak with percision
Money's my religion
Freak how you livin
I fly like a pigeon
This is the mind of a rap cat
And get all the money and the hoes yo and never try to hatchback
I talk shit in the cadillac
It's about two AM my freak is sippin on cognac
She love me I love her right back
But yo it's a different kind of love
Man kill her with the kisses and the hugs
Sometime she might cry like a dove
She know I got hustle in my blood
She know I don't spit no scams
I like candy yams
I never jepordize who I am
I don't have to try to cross her
Man I'm her sponsor
The word play I display man it'll haunt her
Man take these CD's yo and bring the cash back
I'm a junkie for the money how you like that
And how you like that
I bet you like that
I spect you like that
I think you like that
I live life we think we didn't care
And leave the scene with my pinky in the air
I left my mark with dents in my imprints
And chalked it up with Goldie my big friend
Discuss the thang like what's the game
When all fails it's all hell we trust the game
And I'm confident, I spit it like no other on the continent
And I ain't lookin for your sympathy or compliments
You work regardless put it aside
You might feel a little pain that's just your pride
Now baby wide open, breakin the rules

In the shoes of a prostitute bout to choose
I'm chosen all up in the rhyme like a metaphor
Promote the Queeze help me go ghetto gold
You're lookin at the culture of the rap culture
You stare long enough you might see just move on my poster
I might have to ice grill ya
If you talk outta line and the god don't feel ya
I put your mind in a octagon
And you'll devote your whole world tryin to play with Kahn
You ride around in the flyest car
Your catered at the bar
I have you shining like a lucky star
And all you gotta do is take this and bring it back
Take this and bring it back
Take this and bring it back
Shit, and now I'm laughin at the money stacks
And all your friends and your buddy pack is lookin for this rap cat
Man it's the gift boss
And get the hot sauce
And don't ask what the clothes or the cars cost
I like to mad floss
Man get my hair did
And talk shit to a chick eatin spare ribs
She said she love me
I make her heart feeze
Alright baby, then move these CD's
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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