

# I'm Addicted

## Delinquent Habits

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Come on, man, give me a dime  
I got fienders for flavours of beats and rhymes  
My brains gettin heavy, I feel mad rejection  
    I feel the rushin of your funk injection  
    So let me all have it all shit thats funky  
And let me get to tweakin off this here chumpy  
    Drink up a cup of the distilled funk  
    It aint aged 12 years but its potent, punk  
    I aint passed out yet, I cant stop but Im close  
        To the 12-bore sureshot overdose  
You see my heart palpitations pound with no limit  
    Another round comes down, Im all up in it  
        Im addicted, Im a junkie  
Thats why I got to fiendin for the shit thats funky  
        Im just a addict addicted  
    Can ya please o.g. give me just another hit  
        Please o.g. I fiend ya for the funky shit  
    Bring it on now and let me rip the microphone  
Wit the new style and make it funky to the bone now  
    Let me back up in this  
    I need another fix, Im knockin doors off hinges  
        Coz Im the type I have to take it all no strain  
    Just load it up and drop the beat now please inject my vein  
        Theres a chemical breakdown and balanced reaction  
And I aint gettin down with just a portion of the fraction of the funk  
        No joke, I need it all, indeed  
    Now warm it up and line it up so I can feed my greed

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