

# 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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