

# Addicted to Money

## Lil Scrappy & Ludacris

[Intro:]

Ayyyee (What up, Scrap?)

Gettin Money (You already know what it is)

OK-K-K-K (Let em know)

I can't stand to be without money, know what I'm talkin bout?

All ya'll busta ass niggaz

I'm Addicted to money [x16]

[Chorus:]

Ohh I gotta have it

Oooo I gotta grab it

Hustle real hard, gotta stack that cabbage

I'm Addicted to money (aye)

I'm Addicted to money (yea)

I'm Addicted to money (aye)

I'm Addicted to money

It's the one that I put before a hoe (hoe)

Money is all a nigga get for shows

I'm Addicted to money (aye)

I'm Addicted to money (yea)

I'm Addicted to money (aye)

I'm Addicted to money

Look atcha boy (boy). Got 50 thousand in the spout  
Look atcha boy (boy). I'm Finna buy a way bigger house

I'm Addicted to money (aye)

I'm Addicted to money (yea)

I'm Addicted to money (aye)

I'm Addicted to money

[Verse 1: Lil Scrappy]

Born makin money, I growed up in da hood

Yea all the hoes love me cause dey love me real good

Been wearin da same clothes bout 8 days

When they cut the 8 ball when dey flipped it 8 ways

I don't feel clean, but a nigga so paid  
Copped da clean white tee with dem fresh Air J's  
I ain't got the charger, I got my bitch Escalade  
Sippin on dat grey goose and some damn lemonade  
Sittin on da block, wise hoppin it ain't nothin  
I'm a Trappa Town rapper, still got the hood bumpin  
Been through hell and back and I ain't frontin  
Niggas talkin bout dough like dey fuckin sayin somethin

[Chorus:]  
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Oooo I gotta grab it  
Hustle real hard, gotta stack that cabbage

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[Verse 2: Ludacris]  
I'm addicted to money, I'm addicted to clothes  
I been a pimp my whole life, so I'm addicted to hoes  
Dey feelin on the big dipper, let em play with it stop  
But they don't wanna fuck me, they wanna FUCK MY COCK  
I'm the bearskin rug, no shoes or socks  
So on 3, you and the coop gotta lose your tops  
See I'm addicted to the paper I been gettin for years  
And my whip is all white, I call it Britney Spears  
They say life is like a circus when you stuck on the block  
So we don't snitch and eat pork, we don't fuck with the cops

And that's why I'll be gettin paper til the day that I die  
So like Monica Lewinsky, keep your head up high... cause

[Chorus:]

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[Verse 3: Lil Scrappy]

It's the son of the preacher, but raised by the dope lady  
Talkin get money, pimp hard so niggas gon hate me  
I got a good heart, and a good brain  
You heard my gangsta story, my life was off the chain  
My momma flipped the cane, and pop was up at church  
The Joe had me in the hallway with the purp  
Prayin that I stay safe and I don't get murked  
But I bet I get paid, make that money work  
Hittin garages, I bet I got a nigga vert  
Let me holla at ya bitch, I'll make dat pussy hurt (yea)  
For real though, you know that I get dough  
Finna rape the game, and my mission is to get mo'

[Chorus:]

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