

Ice T, Addicted To Danger

"Yo whats up man? Yeah I gotta trunk fulla this shit
Word, broads still with me man, comin over to grapevine right now
Yo I can't talk right now man, I gotta get off this phone"

Damn, how'd I get into this scam
Roll in a car with the trunk worth 5000 grand
I came up from the curb, word
First thing it rocks, now my ride's packin crazy birds
I gotta freak in the front seat
She got crazy game, might even have more than me
And thats why I don't trust, I ain't no busta
One wrong move and I'll dust her
But she knows that, keeps a gat
Works much plastic, always stays on phat
She said she loves me
Looks deep in my eyes, sometimes cries, all lies
She only loves my cash flow, long dough
The falso love of a pimp and a hoe
But me and her gotta job to do
Get this luggage back to the crew
She got scanner, I hadta listen to the pigs talk
And if they speakin about us then its jumpin off
But I ain't sweatin them at all
2 cops'll roll up and 2 cops'll fall
The lines on the highway, I'm makin my mind drift away
To my last jail stay
5 years for a 459
I'm never goin back, no matter what the crime
Surrenderin ain't me
Fuck that, I'm holdin court in the street G
For a nigga like me there ain't no ounce
My life filled with drug busts and shoot outs
Pure ghetto anger, pure ghetto anger
Pure ghetto anger, I'm addicted to danger
Some nights I crash clubs
Rollin with the posse made of well-known thugs
Cool out with the freaks
Truckin much jewels, beggin for beef
Thens some niggaz roll up
Lookin for a way to pump the reps up
But I ain't the one
I'm handin out beat downs, no need for guns
Sometimes I gotta ask myself
Is all this buck whylin good for a niggaz health?
I don't know why
Am I suicidal, do I wanna die?
The answerin, simple
A headache throbs in my temple
It says it ain't fair, it says it ain't right
It says its goin down tonight
We finally made it to the drop spot
King and Weston Ave, snoodly fox
The posse was there, but it ain't right
Fuckin police lights
Its all goin down that road blocks
I never seen that many cops
It was a setup, my whole damn crew's gettin wet up
Big time, some motherfucker dropped a dime
But even in the flurry of gun shots
My adrenaline was boilin hot
I crash down on the floor of the ride
Punch the gas, drove that benz through they punk ass
Hit Vernor doin 90
Looked in the rear-view, no one behind me

I got on the phone
Called up the homies to see what went wrong
But no time to sweat that
I still gotta trunk fulla shit, I was on phat
I just need a cool place to hide
Dumped the benzo, slammed the G ride
Me and a freak hit a motel crash spot
The streets was hot
Rubbed me down, said she adored me
Said the gunfire made her horny
The she pushed me back on the bed
Licked me head to toe, toe to head
Then I closed my eyes real slowly
Is this love? No not me
Then I felt a pain in my chest
The smell of gun powder and burnt flesh
I looked in her face, opened my mouth
And then her badge came out