

World's an Addiction

Nas

Lies and the pain
Betrayal; life

In danger's face
Look what you're facing, gave your heart away
And all the remedies couldn't ease the pain
All the hurt and betrayal; need to get away
In a world so cold
You gain your life just to lose your soul
Never thinking twice bout what the future holds
All the lies and the games not worth fighting for

Snitches and rapists in the street, crime to the fullest
Asking niggas if they got any extra nine bullets
They deny me that, they know the bullets they loan me
Be the same ones that probably had them lying flat stretched out
Letter T
It's better to dead a beef than let it breathe, then we don't succeed
Cause then you gotta murder dummies
Waste your time they allergic to money
I'm never squirmish to blood, we can thug, and get out of hand, what's the options?
Only conclusion is shooting bullets, poppin, hoodlums dropping, fear any day
that the feds will come knocking
Was young and nervous, asking myself what's the purpose, in the back of a party wagon, bracelets, aching me
Pigs ignoring, I'm asking what precinct they taking me
These cops can't relate to me, death to prison, empty vacancy

Thou shall not be selfish, real nigga commandments, know a billionaire he has everything but a fam guess
How angry this man gets, had so many bad chicks in his bed, strange sex, same sex, has addictions that are sadistic
Chain of events, habits, he puts cocaine on his prick and acts sick
Self-esteem needs boosting alcohol consumption
Nicotine fushion, some athletes juicing
Pastors quote biblical chapters, Psalms
All along he's into bestiality porn, and it's wrong, so I keep the Cali weed in the bong
And I'm strong, but the female anatomy got me sprung
And these women need shoes and baddest cars and condos
Fine clothes, and these fiends needs to get high, so they find dough
To mainline dope, and ya'll know

So many vices, habits, round of course, bad chicks
My response to any advice on what is the insidious of life
I'm just rebellious, not selfish, guess we all share different definitions of what wealth is
I need the best things in life that's women, that's cars
Cigars, in Venice, bottle on ice, that's priceless
The other night, just in the emergency room
A patient said she needs to see a doctor soon
Doctor busy operating on a lady who's sedated
He can barely concentrate, cause he's newly separated
His estranged wife likes entertaining her acquaintance
In the house they were married in, mad people waiting
Some young some old, heads and stomachs aching

Filling out an application, cause they only medication
But the doctor need love or a quick vacation, calling up his travel agent
Same time, premeditating murdering his ex wife
Life, savage ain't it
Some need xanax, just to maintain it
We all need faith cause the world keep changing
Let go of the illusion, start some restrainin

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