

# Smokin' Gun

Brantley Gilbert

It's 2 AM and that cell phone's ringin'  
Yeah, sounds like you been sippin' on somethin'  
It was in the way I heard you say, hey baby  
Yeah, you 'bout as subtle as a freight train comin'  
And I know what's next  
You'll be knockin' on my door  
Standin' there in that dress  
What are you waitin' for

Pull the trigger on a point blank kiss  
This close you better never miss  
Heart beatin' like a bullet into my chest  
Bitin' my lip and wreckin' my bed  
But Cinderella never sees the sun  
You'll be gone before mornin' comes  
Like to love, but you love to run  
You're too hot to hold  
Baby, you're a smokin' gun

Yeah, you think you got it like Tony Montana  
Callin' these shots like the world is yours  
And you got me hooked, but let me turn them tables  
I ain't the only one comin back for more  
Little smile on your face  
You're beggin' me to play along  
So, if we're sayin' it's a game  
Then I'm guessin' this is game on

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You're like a forty-four mag with one bullet in it  
It's a dangerous game, but I can't help but spin it  
Knowin' one day it's gonna end bad  
But it's too late, I got it cocked back

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Yeah  
Pull the trigger