

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