

# Reloaded

Tech N9ne

This that St. Louis shit  
Bitch, I know you mad  
Bitch, I know you mad

Come and say that to my face (Yeah)  
Come and say that to my face (Skrrt)  
I'm from the city of greats (Yeah)  
We shooters that trap everyday  
Look, you don't know nothing 'bout me, if you wanna learn Homie, please check where I stay  
St. Louis like Nelly, eyy, look what you want, a nine or a K  
Fuck all that talking, we mobbing and running commas up 'till the dollars is overflowing my pockets  
I'm the plug, I'm the socket dawg, you can get it for the low  
Got that Midas touch dawg everything gold  
You a hater dawg, you should really check your clothes for bullet holes, I suppose  
Lambos with butterfly doors, suggest you move over like transpose  
You don't want the problem with Tech on the last song like

I know they hate it when I roll by  
You talking shit that you don't know about  
I cannot lose focus, they tryna blow my focus  
I can feel the devil on me, I just reloaded

Reloaded, I'm a motherfuckin' soldier  
Reloaded, I'm a motherfuckin' soldier  
Reloaded, I'm a motherfuckin' soldier  
Reloaded, reloaded

They see me with women, that's glamorous  
People think I'm polyamorous  
When I go hippity-hop I hammer chicks  
Never blowing bunk and bammer sticks  
Muffed the milli and mind your manners, miss  
Blood I get to blasting that blammer bitch  
Action always accompanies an anarchist  
Suckers slip up and stammer shit  
But I like living life lovely and lantern lit, motherfucker  
I am the Tech, I'm buying the jet  
Lot of people are freaking out with maybe flying the vet  
I am the check, no denying bitches crying for sex  
Spying, dying, or wet, wanna put the N9ne in your neck  
They really wanna deepthroat it  
'Cause everything he quoted  
Was devoted to making them miss it and decode it  
Incredible fucking piece of what the C's and B's voted  
The T's roguish and sees solace when reloaded

I know they hate it when I roll by  
You talking shit that you don't know about  
I cannot lose focus, they tryna blow my focus  
I can feel the devil on me, I just reloaded

Reloaded, I'm a motherfuckin' soldier  
Reloaded, I'm a motherfuckin' soldier  
Reloaded, I'm a motherfuckin' soldier

Reloaded, reloaded

Niggas want me to go away  
Pray to God I get 86'd  
Unaware who they fucking with  
From the looks of those baby dicks  
Life's a bitch and her head game make most lames come crazy quick  
Cash rules everything around me  
Now you know what to pay me with  
Wait, I don't know what could be matter with them  
They want me to battle with them  
It's all automatic, if Tech is clapping, I'm clapping with him  
Ain't nothing but static, the homie Darrein had to hit him  
And now I'm attacking the rhythm, back with the pattern  
And that'll get 'em to admit that I literally gotta be one of the illest the  
y ever heard with the bla bla  
What the fuck y'all think, yeah my shit don't stink and they all pissed off  
we the ca-ca (damn) ha-ha

I know they hate it when I roll by  
You talking shit that you don't know about  
I cannot lose focus, they tryna blow my focus  
I can feel the devil on me, I just reloaded

Reloaded, I'm a motherfuckin' soldier  
Reloaded, I'm a motherfuckin' soldier  
Reloaded, I'm a motherfuckin' soldier  
Reloaded, reloaded