

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

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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

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