

Reload The Wesson

Aaron Carter

I tried everything, but they never listen
Gotta admit it, I got the game in submission
Got everybody's attention
I know the truth and I am not kidding
Already finished, you start back at the beginning
How am I already winning
How am I already winning
How am I already winning

I'm going in but I'm off it

I know the guy in the cockpit
Drinks on me tonight
Too many songs, never hollowed
All these drugs, never overdosed
You better pay all what you [?]

Pray to the Holy Ghost
One more time, make a toast
This is the life you chose
I saw you out, you froze
I got my boys on the road that will follow you home
I can tell you got a bottomless soul
I keep it clean like I'm body and soul
Living my dream like I still have [?]
But I'm more awake than a lot of you folk

I'm just a misfit needin' some whisky
Soon as it hits me, I'm gettin' tipsy
I'll be a legend if they ever kill me
Press in your head, just tell 'em to bill me
I could care less if they ever feel it
Gotta say something, you better spill it
Send in a pack and they always seal it
Can't trust anybody, they might steal it

Better take caution, you [?]
Whoever's talkin', they better stop
Get someone to pop 'em while they out jogging
Now with the bag, I'm feelin' like Santa
Rockin', now Santana
I could pull up in the Phantom
I don't need any attention
Got to reload my prescription

Time to reload the Wesson
I feel like I'm in a Western
I done check into the Western
Time to reload the Wesson
I feel like I'm in a Western
I done check into the Western
Time to reload the Wesson
I feel like I'm in a Western
I done check into the Western

Now that I got you to give me your attention
I be hopin' you keep it positive, I don't want there to be tension

'Cause I'm not gonna start defending
What come out the Smith & Wesson will sling you into another dimension
And you better show me that you got the point
Because if I think you ain't get it then you gon' have to get the hollow-
point
'Cause what I'm finna spark, it's not a joint
And when I walk in the room, they see me, you ain't even gotta point
And when we get together, ain't nobody fuckin' with us
Show nothing but love or you can spill a bucket of blood
Causin' a ruckus, it'll get ugly if I touch it so fuck it, I gotta tuck it o
r knuckle up in the club
Buckle up, I'm about to get busy
Better be ready for the phenomenal feat that I am about to produce
I got the juice, I got the proof, I am the truth
I got the loop, I got the coupe, and I get loose
When I am wit' Aaron we starin' 'em right in the face [?] murderer [?] rhyth
m
And if he enter my area over the barrier then I'ma show 'em why somebody bet
ter be comin' to get 'em
And I be teachin' 'em a lesson
Come up out of this alive and it'll really be a blessing
I eat 'em up like a delicatessen
Semi-automatic flows when I reload the Wesson
Twista