

# Pocket Full of Bullets

Adam Calhoun

What the fuck he saying?  
I'll be standing on the pavement  
Pocket full of bullets, I ain't playing (I ain't playing)  
I'm going to pull up where he staying  
I ain't talking about vacation  
That mossberg pump have you pump faking (faking)  
It's okay, disobey, this whole shit's in disarray  
They can say what they may, I'd rather fight, it's a fade  
Shit, we all going to die, but you act like it's a race  
Dumb cracker always bitching, 308 gon' smash your face  
(Smash your face)

Digging holes with my shovel, it's a spade  
Hands always muddy, who want trouble? it's a grave  
Loudest in the room ain't been punched in the face  
He just wanna talk, there ain't nothing else to say

Pocket full of bullets drop me, I pull it  
And you going to hear that thing go bang (go bang)  
Got a hole in your pocket, a whole lot of nothing  
And you ain't going to do a damn thing. yeah

Give a fuck about smoke with a forest fire  
I'm going to need a can of gasoline  
Blow torch, and more lighters  
Born up north, different climate, shit was violent  
(It was violent)  
I never ran away, just stared in the face and glorified it  
So when you see me walking, I'm going to let you get up close  
I ain't never scared to bleed on the street or grab a rope  
If it's a hood or a small town, bitch, I'm from both  
In this shit for all the crazy white boys that's trained to go  
I'm talking roll calls, penitentiary phone calls  
Found out what he did for his bid, and he got stole on (stole on)  
Cut open, buck-fifty, fuck with me, stuck quickly  
You can't be my dog if you ain't walked through the mud with me  
(Mud with me, mud with me)

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I got pocket full of bullets drop me, I pull it  
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