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 chec k 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 s 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 acompanies 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

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