

Overkill, Loaded Rack

Rolling like a thunderfucker, green light night trucker
Got an eye full a' something to love
Get it up, bring it down, I know it over 'till I hit the ground
Train sane homicide, nothing like a suicide
Gaze into the skies abover
Keep it up, knock it down, I don't see anybody else around
I will eat your soul in broad daylight
Front the all seeing watchful eye
Barrel like a train in the dead of night
Where the good things pass me by
I am always ready, though I never had no guns
I am holding steady, with a bullet in my....
RRRRRRRun
All I want is just a loaded rack
Domination, strapped across my back
All I want is just to keep it low
Do I need to tell you
Where you can go
Keeping with the time line, had my fill turpentine
Drank until I didn't know why
Lift it up, chug it down,
Wonder why I'm always layin' on the ground
Waste face out a place, just outside the human race
(Keep it) in the (bloodshot) public eye
Style up, bring it down
Think they all hate me, when I do fall down
Screaming like a hog tied, pig slut crunch
In my own private Slaughterhouse 5
Spittin' out the souls that I ate for lunch
And I'm happy just to be alive
I'm not always ready, but I can't speak for my guns
Sometimes I think I'm Freddy
Though he never had no fun
I can't believe my hands are growing cold
Give me all the good inside your soul