

Aaron Carter, Reload the Wesson (feat. Twista)

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 or 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 [?] rhythm
And if he enter my area over the barrier then I'ma show 'em why somebody better be comin' to get
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