

Charles Hamilton, Three Pound Bullet

Yo. I can't wait till the rodeo stops and the bullshit I face gets thrown it don't stop
I show n go no motive lows in my foes stroking the hoes that didn't notice when the door
Was so low, yeah I know I'm so hot, but I gotta chill I gotta knot at the bottom of my
Hill from running shit and I don't wanna hear, wanna feel pain while I'm running this here
Game. Give it to me everyone is real strange to the person that strange be real. I may
Be I'll but my ways are amazing. take a vacation I'm laying with a babe that feels that
I need to be protected by the navy seals cause I'm so precious that I may be steal
Well I meant stolen but when the kid going I attack your eardrum with a kimbo hit.

[Chorus:]

Loading up the son of a gun

There's a three pound bullet in the skkyyyy

Just accept my number as one

So please don't pull me from the skkyyy

If I polluted your mind with the music of my beautiful, I do it to many times to myself

To not be felt by the numberings. Some days I walk around my house getting dumb brained

Until my sheets got cum stains that blend, On the dress of a lady that came to win

Or came when she knew that the game would begin when I came and I vent about the

Day that I spent this whole verse, try to articulate. As smart as I made accept myself to be

I don't respect myself, you see. Cause respect can make his neck come check for me

I'm a check to it, no checks for me, I'm a grown ass man being treated like a f-ing she

Quarantined from this sex disease it's called love, so fuck it! load my existence

I'm still hear going the distance.

[Chorus:]

Loading up the son of a gun

Charles Hamilton

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