

## Red Cafe

### "Loaded"

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[Intro]

She gotta arch up on that thing  
Shorty heeled up  
Chanel bagged up

[Hook]

Shorty loaded, loaded, loaded  
Shorty fully loaded, loaded, loaded  
Shorty got ass  
All the rich niggas love her  
Iâ'm from the PJ's  
Wear my J's when I fuck her

Shorty loaded, loaded, loaded  
Shorty fully loaded, loaded, loaded  
Shorty got ass  
All the boss bitches love her  
She from the PJ's  
Wear my J's when I fuck her

[Verse 1: Red Cafe]

Shorty got ass  
All the bitches want her  
Hallelujah, I caught her  
All them ballers be on her  
I woke up faded  
Turned around and blazed  
Been like 10 years  
Me and this money been datin'  
I got cash overload  
She got ass overload  
Ciroc by the bucket  
Ask, give myself a note  
Iâ'mma need my protein  
Iâ'm schemin' on her whole team  
Her ass got a purpose  
So work it, work it, work it  
Man, that booty be on request  
She never on recess  
She just â'bout that paper  
Get it girl, buy no BS

Loaded, loaded, that gas got me on Pluto  
That molly got her on Pluto  
Her ass fat, Sumo

[Hook]

[Verse 2: Trey Songz]  
Shorty loaded, I cock it  
Now that's one in the head  
She blow, she pop it, she bustin' in the bed  
She bustin' in the chair  
Bustin' on the stairs  
We bustin' everywhere  
Shit, I'm bustin' in her hair  
I don't fuck with that red dot  
If she infrared  
Gin is only head shots  
I be givin' lead shots  
Always got my safety on  
Always got her legs locked  
She ain't never said stop  
Spray me, leave a wet spot  
Chop her, break her down  
She fall back when I swing that  
Hit that, and I hit that  
Them guts just what I aim at  
Lookin' at a marksman  
Pussy precision  
I knock that motherfucker down  
Like it was trippin'  
My nigga, nigga, nigga  
What you think they call me trigger for?  
Keep that pussy bustin', baby  
Fuck them other niggas, hoe  
I just ripped you open like a check was in the envelope  
I be killin' pussy, tell me can I get a witness, yo?

[Hook]

You need a fully loaded bitch up in your life  
You need a fully loaded bitch to be your wife  
I need a fully loaded nigga on my team  
I need a fully loaded nigga on my team

[Verse 3: Fabolous]  
That girl be fully loaded  
I keep that thing on safety  
That girl be rollin' with him  
A nigga travel safely  
That girl is so special  
Like that 38 be

Them hoes be throwin' shots but shorty catchin'  
murders lately  
Get body bags, body bags  
Make sure they Chanel  
I told her let me squeeze it  
And make sure that it's real  
Got a little bitch, her friend, though  
This tall joint, extendo  
I tell her blow the cartridge then I slide in that Nintendo  
Ain't gon' be no games played  
Just game sprayed, she can't stay  
I pull back that white sheet  
Like "Oh shit, you're a day late"  
In my bed, in my head, I'm thinkin' salute her  
Her nigga couldn't make her bust  
She got with a shooter

[Hook]

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