

Sleepy Sun

"Oh No Reloaded"

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[Hook]

Oh no, there go them Texas boys swanging in a fo' do'
Top still of the drop, but I moved to 24's
Think of taking my slab, haters I don't think so
Cause if you run up on me, I'll be forced to let go
Doing it like a G, and that's all that I'ma show
My trunk done popped up, and I suicided my do's
These haters be in my mix, and these boppers still on
my dick
When I'm coming, around they corner

[Paul Wall]

I'm from the City of Syrup, and the land of the fry
Where boys water out they brain, and make they
confidence rise
When I wake up in the morning, and the sun in the sky
Another day another chance, to get my piece of the pie
But robbing season come around, whenever the
drought kick in
It's guaranteed they coming for me, but I don't know
when
I gotta stay up on my note, or I'm paying a cost
Get caught slipping in the turning lane, I'm taking a
loss
Boys be plotting on my riches, trying to get what I got
But if you run up on me at the light, you gon get shot
You gotta watch out for these females, cause they out
there too
You think they flirting with you, but you really ain't got a
clue
Cause boys be stunting in the parking lot, thinking they
cool
But when they make out the police report, they feel like
a fool
It's Paul Wall I'm in this, for counting stacks
Evading the car jack, but Trae got my back so haters
back-back

[Hook]

[Trae]

In a 4-4 I still be swanging in a drop, trying to miss
these haters
24/7 like I'm a G, that for cheddar after my paper
Boppers riding me on the daily, like I'm unable to peep
out they law
Try to take me up out of my slab, and watch how fast I
clear the block out
Diamonds all in my grill, I hit the lot and my slab
topless
And I'm something like a profit, when they see the 24's
moving stopless
Turning heads on a daily basis, with a trunk that'll beat
your back
If you want it come get it, hollow tips and my clip ain't
having that
Paul Wall what they talking bout, I've been ready for
them hating jackers
They got Trae wrong, I'ma show em the definition of a
busting backer
They've been waiting to catch me slipping, they
tripping I'm from the
Gutter
With a semi-automatic, make joning be making em
stutter
In Houston we bout that drama, where roaches be on
the creep
Everything we ride on be chrome, with at least 20
inches of feet
Oh no, there go them boys and they pulling out in that
line
With a nine strapped to they spine, for whatever be
going down

[Hook]

[Trae]

I'm trying to shine, everyday on the grind
I'm feeling like it's my time, since haters be out of line
It's time to reload, and put it all in they face
For hopping out of they place, gorillas never been safe
When they bout to explode, everyday on the grind
I'm feeling like it's my time, since haters be out of line
It's time to reloooad, it's time to reloooad

[Hook]

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