

# Loaded Rack

## Overkill

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....  
Run...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

Songwriters

ELLSWORTH, ROBERT JOSEPH / VERNI, CARLO Published by

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