

Holy Water

Adam Calhoun

Dear God, I don't want to do this
Please forgive me

This is crack
Ryan walks around the house
Yelling at his daughter like
"She stabbed me in the back!"
I'm going to my room to make some
Wack-ass diss tracks
And when I come out
You better have a lot of this ranch"
'Cause I'm the man, I sell it never been jealous
Even though I yell at
Every motherfucker if it's truth they telling
Better than Eminem, bigger than Elvis

Yeah, I'm bigger than Elvis

When I walk in the room, my ego's first
Stand on Internet business like a boss
Look at my Creepers shirt
Never gonna fight in real life at all costs
Till I leave this earth
When are y'all gonna realize it's a facade?
Yeah, but at least it works

I made my ma fuck my manager
Told her, "be loose"
I spent a lot of money
Blame it on her, now she's through
I got my new girl pregnant
Had to convince myself she's cute
I'll be lucky if I know my daughter when she's two

You wanna see me doing? Doing, doing, rapping?
Stalactite, metamorphosis, I'm a megalodon swordfish
Eclectic poles, a fall bark and a tree
Nobody smarter than me
Don't matter if it's offbeat
Church, motherfucker?

What's up, dawg, what you doing?
You doing a little rapping?
Doing rapping, Ryan?
Let me show you how to do this shit, lil' boy

I could double-time like a number nine
That's a Glock with a switch on it
I was dead broke, now I got a pot I could piss on it
You a damn joke, every Instagram post
You a douche-bag stroke
All you do is BH on it, diss on it
Sketch a friend that got for bitch
No one else does better, all you do is shit on it
Motherfucker need to move on
Pretty sure your life ain't spit on it
Find a d and sit on it

Church dick, he big dog, but he dog food
Wanna see him get better? Shit I think we all do
Life cave it in like he 'bout to fall through
Ryan think he 50 cent but he just Ja Rule

And I don't even want to do this
I'm he brew this to see a Judas
Drink the cool lady feed the foolish
You rule is over he think you do win

Ha-ha, hey hold up
Turn that fucking music off

You made your bed now you got to lay on it
I dropped a beat too if I couldn't stay on it
You set the bar so low
When you do something average
Your fans are ecstatic fanatic
Like Bryan that's fantastic
That's it everyone clap for the handicap kid
Take a knee you can't come back
From this like Kaepernick
He acts as if he invented rap
But never uses pen and pad and
Wouldn't step foot in the neighborhood
It was invented at

Anyone smell a rat
What are you better at
Laying to your fans that's cool I'm a better dad
Erratic behavior
Fans think you're a savior
What Kool-Aid we drinking today
Choose a flavor
Church a clueless hater
You're a cult leader right
Kill yourself dear God do us a favor

How you rap off beat with no beat
You beating me in rap
It's like beating me in track with no feet

We are different you rhyme I'm burning a 100 proof
You wouldn't stand behind your words
If the sign was right in front of you

George bush could drive home
And you still wouldn't leave with a "W"
I'm 'a bury you in that red fucking
Onesie just to fuck with you

Saying I paid 50 bucks for people to diss you
I ain't go to
Truth is I couldn't pay him enough not to
I got into a fight in Nashville
You tried to use that stood like a man
And that's one more fight in Tennessee
Then you have

News flash
If Ryan ain't beefing with the country rapper
He starts arguing with this local new cast

Everything he says is projection
And he been taking so much shit
That the guys that protect him
Have the police driving by their house for protection

You got court coming soon
Objection
Your ass getting sued
Suggestion
Stop talking about a dead child for the globe to watch
Try holding your daughter
Instead of your phone for a photo opp

I went to prison 'cause I choked a cop
If you went to prison, you just choke on cock
If I'm papa duck you're cheddar bob
'Cause every shot you take
Hold on let me stop

Ryan's like I'm a silly syllabus
Filtered through little pickle juice
And skittle dust
Why [?] putts with my little nuts
On the mountain top

What the fuck
Fucking dumb asses

I will drive every nail
I will strike you down so you cannot rise
You lie defeated before me

Ryan ain't a rapper he's an online actor
Facts
Turned his hat backwards
And he hopped on the tractor
Facts
Then redneck nation gave you
A whole bag of cash yep this [?]
Still says he took the independent path up

Checking flag I done took my laps
Jabed them with a bit track get you hooked right back
You wrote a this eating eggs you get cooked like that
Is that your girl doing drugs or she just look like that

You had seven whole minutes on that God-forsaken shitty
Ryan Upchurch country version weird yank of Vic
Brx is the baptist
Demon is the captain
I'm the motherfucker that just beat your ass at rap

And Dusty Lee that's my dog shout up Buba Sparks
Justin Time Jam Wayne Cheddy Bobby Weed Them Boys
Can't forget Chuck that's Mees Me Jelly Strug fucking with one
There's three of us
Ryan don't run this shit no more
He deceived us wouldn't even
Fight fell on his swords how greedyous
Simple man and target trailer made
That's some brave heart shit
And Ryan going be sleeping in some graveyard shit

And that's all I got to say bitch this where I quit
'Cause I ain't even wanna do this shit
I swear I didn't

So, this the end that's where your coughing
Get closed my friend is dead and I ain't taking to ghost