

Popcorn's Song (Nail In The Coffin)

Redneck Souljers

I walked in and he said folks can I have your attention said I want to introduce somebody to you

Dropped in, no mask, I'ma blast like Bagdad
I'ma paint these gas cans with checkered flags
That means by the time I'm finished I'ma blow up on your ass
The timer's tickin' listen the high hats are clickin' fast
Kickin' ass, wicked flash, you'll be double dutchin'
Duckin' fuckin' polished brass
'Cause I'll be bustin' washin' rifles when that mussel flash
It's lookin' rough just drop those puzzle pieces in the grass
Now raise your glass to me
I just came to till it up and make a [?]
I sat down my Dixie cup
Another drunken summer night
Drivin' Hummers with the lights
Bein' hunters exercising rights
Fightin' for our life that's alright
I always had problems rappin' 'cause I'm white
Or maybe 'cause I'm from the country bitch they can't decide
I'm comin' with the fire you can see it in my eyes
Couch ridin' fire' fire in the mountain I'm alive
Tiller 'til I die right

Let me tell you something about me
Said he had the most brilliant criminal mind I've ever seen in my life
So the party went on
'Cause I had plenty of spirits to make it [?]

Jump on this track like a damn trampoline
With bombs strapped to my feet and blow it to smithereens
Them hatin' boys with the ring I'm growin' [?]
They notice what I'm doin'
Show no remorse when I do it
It's stupid they hate me 'cause I'm buzzin'
Sayin' I'm a racist cousin fucking country bumpkin
Ain't worth nothing to stay my distance from 'em
'Cause once my angers been activated I'm not exaggerating
I'll take a brainless hater and make 'em decapitated
Test me if you think that I'm playin'
I'm just sayin' if you ain't saying Hubb's amazing you're crazy
And insane wastin' my time
Go listen to my rhymes try to find the metaphors
Instead of accusing me of shit I ain't never said before
These label's are gonna wish they had found me
Even my elbow's gonna be worth more than a pound of weed
Blue tick with a pedigree and a bass boat I'm a hound at sea
And you gon' need the whole gulf coast just to drown C-Hubb

Well they thought I was makin' a dollar that they didn't get you know how the world is
They see you makin' a dollar and they don't get half of it, makes 'em greedy as hell I reckon
I hope whoever turned me in, by God, may they rest in hell all I can say about it
And they probably will

We're liquor drinkin' and quicker thinkin'
I reckon they'll be faintin' or complainin' about the vision we're makin' payments
We're out of bitchin' just hatin'
Alright if you ain't with us then forget you
You're livid when your woman is smitten by what I written
With my pen so cold, cryogenically froze
Steel toes and I flow like I got the Nile in 'em
Violent when I'm rilled up
Silent, listen while Hubb teaches you how to be an EmCee with country style
Bub
Twistin', rollin', chillin', smokin' that country style bud
While we passin' jars forget the bar I'd rather roll on a pile of mud
'Cause we actin' up
Smack a punk
Go back to the gun rack that's what up
I'm about drunk I'm holding my gun
I'll call your bluff so fold 'em son
I'ma sit back and drink this Jack
And take it as I'm smashin' wraps
And that in fact is what we'll do
We're crazy ragin' grazin' foods
Little bit of AA meetin' get 'em old boots on
I'm a heathen make them patients take a sip of whiskey with me
Before leavin' my tracks and I'm out the door

Here's my cash here
That's the only flowers that'll be on my grave and that's the shovel to dig
it with and that's the foot marker
I ain't got much time left the way it is. I'm just about a dead man now