

American Grown

Upchurch

(I ain't even gotta say it you should already know)
(I'm American grown)

Straight out the field just like a child of the corn
I had a fucking attitude on the night I was born
I grew up running these roads until my feet turned black
And I discovered Kid Rock in my mama's Pontiac
When I was 10 years old I thought I was Evel Knievel
Even painted my helmet with some paint that my pawpaw needed
I put a RC cola can in the back of my bike tire
Sounded like a motorcycle bout to drive through some fire

Long hair with a mouth full of Beech-nut red
Mickey Thompson still humming on 30% tread
American flag in the back starting to reap away
But the colors of big brother won't ever fade
Because my guns stay loaded, deer meat stays froze
Got 4 wheel drive for when the south gets cold
I ain't even gotta say it you should already know
I'm American grown

American grown like pot plants, and them power lines
Yeah American tough like Ford trucks on assembly lines
I'm American dreaming until the work starts on Monday
American drinking cases of Coors on a Sunday
Yeah I take shit from the left until I gotta swing right hooks
You can tell where I stand just by the way that I write hooks
Yeah I'm the son of the south but I'm a man of the whole lane
If you spit on my freedom you can get caught with these old hands

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Mohawk with a mouth full of truth and pride
You ain't even got to hunt or have a 4 wheel drive
This is all our home, till we're 6 feet deep
I'll be American grown till I've worn the jeans