

Helluva made this beat, baby  
Church  
Motherfuckers  
'Bout gettin' sick of the God damn rap game  
Uhh  
Everybody wanna fuckin' be like  
"Hey man! Hey man! Can I? Can I? Can I? Can I?"  
"Can you fuck off for a minute?"  
"Let a motherfucker do what a motherfucker does"

2019, this year I'm goin' savage mode  
Billboard chartin' rapper, I don't know these folks around me though  
Ain't it crazy the impact the demographic is so drastic  
That a country kid can take the plastic  
Off an album and unwrap it and think, God damnit it's slappin'  
Put it in the radio and turn it up to the static  
'Til it rattles the dashes of the cars that are passin'  
Hangin' out the windows lookin' like the band Metallica  
Yeah I'm Jeepers Creepers creepin' in the Jeep Wrangler, stranger  
I'm a goat not a God, I'm here to guard the manger  
And if you want to head butt somebody  
Bitch I'm Michael LoRé on the mic, North Carolina  
And I got more skins then Buffalo Bob did  
Except for I don't hate mine, we ridin' deep in this bitch  
And everybody know what it is baby Creek Squad  
Bitch I'm young 'til I'm young and can't old no more  
We ain't rockin' bandanas 'round here, that's a no go  
Better wave at me when you drivin' down my back road  
I just lead the pack, sharp teeth like a raptor  
Smokin' Barnie's in a blunt, pussy ass herbivore  
Walkin' like McGregor, swingin' arms through my corridor  
Jeans drippin' water all over my fuckin' marble floor  
My everyday life is like a battle for existence  
My assistant sayin' someone on the Gram talkin' reckless  
I tell her, fuck 'em, let 'em end up on my plate  
When I eat breakfast I put a checkmark by they face  
Yeah, I'm the Cryptkeeper let me take you to a infinite place  
A rip in this space, you'll be an infinite taste  
I got the sauce motherfucker, white girls want to hang  
And when I turn the sauce up, black girls know my slang  
I'm the Dixieland man, 28's on the Monte trunk  
Thumpin' hard in the game, call that shit Jumanji  
On the edge of my seat, lookin' 'round for who want it  
Have your eyeballs pop like "Oh my God Ronnie"  
I can't even grow a beard so I guess I look normal  
Shoutout to Machine Gun Kelly, I'm Remington Ryan homie  
Just kiddin', just Church, even when it's not a Sunday  
Praise God and every other man pavin' his own way  
My yellow lines were faded but I took a break and got 'em repainted  
So don't swerve unless you insurance gon' claim it  
Fresh, that's what kind of fuckin' music I make  
Country music, shootin' ducks, eat this, hold my cake  
You got no heat that's why you do not actually bake  
No flame, you flop like a waffle inside a microwave  
Tobacco twist I be chewin' on homeboy  
Sink my teeth in your jugular as my encore  
Have shawty in them Apple Bottoms like "Oh Lord"

Why that white boy over there go so hard boy?  
'Cause I'm a boss God dangit, don't be lookin' at me weird ho  
I'll be takin' selfies like Shady LP from 9-0's  
River Rat workin' in that shot and for certain truck  
Bed got a tarp, I ain't rich enough for curtains bitch  
I'm on my own, stay the fuck out of my zone  
I drink your blood out a Lil Wayne's Styrofoam  
I am the fireman, but don't cover the 'partment  
'Cause by the time they put it out, 10 others have already started  
I'm sick of playin' and LARPin', I pull the sword from the stone  
I feelin' bad to the bone, like who the fuck wanna go  
I feel like I just left Marathon Music Works  
Now my spine don't work, drivin' home with a smirk  
I'm on that Grey Goose, and I don't owe anybody  
Shoutout to Allstar, my car lookin' hella hume and foggy  
Settin' in the cut, listenin' to life story  
Thinkin' damn that man was hungry, he started up at the lunch table  
I don't need the ketchup, they mustard toast the burnt bread  
And if you sleepin' on me then I guess I burned your bed  
I hope it ain't Tempur-Pedic, that shits kinda expensive  
Leave you on the box spring and take the mattress home with me  
Church

Stone baby Stone  
Stone baby Stone  
Motherfucker