

# Can't Fuck With Us

Upchurch

(Goddang I've had a bad day)  
(Two of my trucks fucking broke down I ended up almost fighting a motherfucker band play side)  
(You can come and get it, come and get it, get it, pow, pow)  
Church

Yeah I know some folks don't wanna see me win  
I'll replicate Talladega just to cut me some doughnuts in  
Hah, with all the beer cans in my back yard  
You got a second look to make sure it ain't Sterling Marlin's car  
You wanna test my redneck, try to punch me in my white face  
Keeping up with me is like bringing shoes to a drag race  
I got some much traction I'm getting sponsored by Firestone  
I've yet to find a country rapper making me work more  
Cause I'm the king of this shit, I can't stress it enough  
Everybody writing songs like they someone tough  
And I confront you at a show and you don't say nothing  
Chop ya fingers off, bitch, and stop pressing my buttons  
Yeah, I'm loosening the boots and I'm throwing curve balls with lightning  
Pissing everybody off to me is kinda exciting  
I'm solo with a Jack handle to anyone wanna fight me  
I got more guns in my truck than T.I. when he got indicted, bitch

You gon' get your head bust if you fuck with us  
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Mile deep in the woods, yeah, they know what's up  
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I didn't travel to Nashville, shit, I was born in the heart  
Round a bunch of Dixie chicks and some slick-ass cars  
Dancing neon lights, fist fights popping on Broadway  
Broken bottles in the alleys from last Friday  
You can say you're from the view to give your image some flavor  
But I done jumped them printers alley, won't you do me a favor  
Take a handle of Jack and get loose down on Second Avenue  
Slap a chick on the ass and fight her boyfriend and brother too

Nashville made me mean, Cheatham county made me meaner  
That's why when I'm out in public I'm Bruce Wayne with my demeanor  
Your truck clean, my trucks cleaner, your bad bitch, she want my wiener  
I'm that mother fucker making all y'all look some beginners, Church

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Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah