

Come And Get It

Upchurch

(Band play)

Following somebody else's path and doing the same shit they're doing
The same style they're doing it, that ain't fucking legendary

(Band play)

Breaking off and making your own path and your own style and doing shit your
way
That's fucking legendary, son

I stay in the sticks with the hicks and the firearms
You might come up missing from the hogs on my pop's farm
You can come and get it, come and get it son (Pow, pow)
You can come and get it, come and get it son (Pow, pow)
I stay in the sticks with the hicks and the firearms
You might come up missing from the hogs on my pop's farm
You can come and get it, come and get it son (Pow, pow)
You can come and get it, come and get it son (Pow, pow)

Lately y'all been hearing rumors
Oh, Upchurch got his ass kicked
Well that's funny, 'cause I didn't feel it
And I ain't seen no video yet
Sounds like somebody needs publicity
I don't let these bitch boys get to me
Do you know who I am? I'm Mr. Tennessee
Who the fuck are you? I forgot instantly
I got a four speed Ford, couple bucks to my name
I don't care about money, put some 'speck on my name
I grew up firing the game while I spit blue flame
I don't care about these boys if they riding in my lane
Yeah I'm here with a machete and ready to slit throats
Smoking dope while I'm dropping you out of my bass boat
Concrete around your feet, motherfucker now float
Go swim with the fish like you work at Bass Pro

Back here in the sticks
Back here in the sticks
Back here in the sticks
Back here in the sticks
(You can come and get it, come and get it son, pow, pow)
Back here in the sticks
Back here in the sticks
Back here in the sticks
Back here in the sticks

I stay in the sticks with the hicks and the firearms
You might come up missing from the hogs on my pop's farm
You can come and get it, come and get it son (Pow, pow)
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I stay in the sticks with the hicks and the firearms
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Fuck telling folks about your big truck
Fuck claiming all you do is fish and hunt
Fuck chugging beer in your music video
'Cause you think that gets you credit son

Ever since the Robertsons got a TV show
Everybody hell yeah and with their camo, whoa
And you ain't real apparently
If you don't jam to them old songs
Half y'all punks never heard of John Denver
Old country road on a different level
Everybody got a this, everybody got a that
Blah, blah, blah, blah, 'bout your John Deere hat
I don't care about no fashion statement
These bare feet used to run the pavement
I'd have been all about fucking years ago
But I didn't care to go video tape it
Got a lot of honkies running on my team
Shit looks like a Donald Trump regime
Bitch, I'll run you over, where's the keys?
I am here to stay, I will not leave
I am in a place you cannot see
Deep in Dixieland between the trees
Steady laughing at you wannabes
And if you really wanna fuck with me

I stay in the sticks with the hicks and the firearms
You might come up missing from the hogs on my pop's farm
You can come and get it, come and get it son (Pow, pow)
You can come and get it, come and get it son (Pow, pow)
I stay in the sticks with the hicks and the firearms
You might come up missing from the hogs of my pop's farm
You can come and get it, come and get it son (Pow, pow)
You can come and get it, come and get it son (Pow, pow)