# CornBread

**Upchurch**

Yeah
Church, Church, Church, Church
They don't want me to have nothin'
Ha, fuck 'em
Creek squad

They say I'm stuck up, nah, got some jingle in my Wranglers
But the only people sayin' that to me are just some strangers
Yeah, you wasn't with me in that Ranger posted in the front yard
You wasn't hangin' with me when I was broke and on that rooster farm
You wasn't fuckin' with me when my Ford was done with rattle cans
Bitch I'm still the same me, you know what the deal is
It's fifty one fifty four with the Pond Creek Road
Chicken Willie's grandson with that tattoos on 'em
I'm the fuckin' rebel dreamin' in two thousand and eighteen
That's why all these haters are constantly fuckin' hatin' on me
So I can pull up in that 6.2, white paint with the SS
I'm a white boy, been broke, but now I'm gettin' that cornbread

I guess you ain't heard I raise hell and get the cornbread
I ride around in something filthy, bitch I'm gettin' more head
Got the John Deere green on the stepside Z
71 joints ain't nobody smokin' with me

Pullin' up in Walker Texas Ranger (Hey)
Psycho social with a trigger finger (Hey)
Cowhide in my bedroom
Closet full of smell good and denim Wranglers (Hey)
Down south raised, boy you know I'm stayin' in the sticks (You know it)
Backwoods music man, Billy The Kid with the stick
Creek, creek, creek, to the motherfuckin' squad
Tattoos coverin' my body, that I got up in a barn
I still roll with the same honkeys like I did back in the day though (True)
This country boy lightin' the 'Ville up every day it's day glow
Yeah, Broadway lurkin' white lightin' under the Vette
My bitch naturally lookin' like she always wearin' a corset
I drop the top on the LS, show my ass in Music City
RHEC on my grave, find my ass in Ashland City

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I guess you ain't heard I raise hell and get the cornbread
On my outskirts shit, I don't fuck with Music City
I guess you ain't heard I raise hell and get the cornbread
On my outskirts shit, I don't fuck with Music City, no

Ah, Stoner
Stone, baby, stone
Yeah, 6-1-5
Creek squad

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Got the John Deere green on the stepside Z

71 joints ain't nobody smokin' with me

I guess you ain't heard I raise hell and get the cornbread


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