

Desperado

Upchurch

I am the leader you shouldn't follow
Hard to keep up with a wild desperado
Takin' curves at eighty mile an hour plus
Engine blocks scrapin' makin' asphalt dust
Metallic horse gallop in a hillside
Pipes echo from the trees, shakin' as we all roll by
Moss on my roof, but only on the south side
Marks on my boots from scootin' through my outline
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Don't try to keep up with me
I live on the edge, too thin to see
I was earth bound to be a backwoods seed
On my back is where the word backwoods be
Because the backwoods never turned it's back on me
Heart of a small town, roots of the home team
Ridin' through the city like I don't sing
Ragged old Chevy and a stained white tee

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I'm a big brother, I'm a older cousin
I'm a redneck from the south
I'm a rapper, I sing country
Always two forms of buzzin' when takin' pictures in public
I think Waylon would be proud and Biggie Smalls would think it's thumpin' motherfucka
Catch me cruisin' mid Ten roads
Sleepin' on the windshield from radar off on the five-o
Catch me downtown, wild on the rooftops
Winner circle shit sprayin' somethin' with a cork top

I know where I'm goin', without knowin' where I'm goin'
Alien mind glowin', regular say mind blowin'
Wind in my hair 'cause the wind and road keeps flowin'
I'm one of a couple writin' musical components

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