

Empty Grave

Upchurch

Everyone's time's gonna fade away
Dust to dust and Amazing Grace
Only thing I'm leaving is my last name
Oh, and an empty grave

One day I'll be in a box I ain't talkin' about a grave
I'm talkin' 'bout a box of greatest hits I made along the way
Found on a dirt road 'cause I ain't never had shit paved
And when the roots grow back I'll be a mystery per se
No askin' folks in Nashville 'cause I refuse to go and sign
Walked in houses of legends that made an impact on your life
Takin' advice from people who have platinum records with Slim Shady
Went on vacation with country superstars even though I'm crazy
And on a psycho social roller coaster, no seat belts doin' loops
My mind got a vault like a doomsday preppin' loony toon
Stay boucin' off my walls like my house is made of gymnastic mats
And I'll be rappin' 'til I'm 90 out of shape with cataracts
'Cause I ain't got to see a rope to cut a trail and make a path
I'm 27 and I know this whole city feelin' my wrath
Just wait 'til I'm 30 and fine tuned like a Stratocaster
I'm not biodegradable still the cleanest white trash and I'm Church

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Most people in denial about the timeline of life
The burnin' of a flame one goes out then one goes up and strikes
I stepped into the shallow water knowin' one day I'll drown
To the noise of screamin' voices and Instagram shutter sounds
Right now for me it's just now, startin' to get kinda loud
I'm gettin' pointed out in malls from a couple surroundin' crowds
People threatenin' to jump me and want to show up to my house
You're creatin' a crazy person with loaded guns in his house
And everyday that passes I'm becomin' more intelligent to social negligence
No matter what the cadence is all I see is some adjectives
I'm drastically paintin' you cinematic action
Mixed with words I scrambled off of every part of the alphabet
How gooder can I get I think the game is hibernatin'
Or overdosed on manufactured faces and sound waves
So won't you put me in that box and put my voice in one that's separate
One's a death box the other's gonna be a livin' statement and they know it

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Knock knock who's there, it's the end of your career
Yeah what's up you motherfucker been waitin' to see you here
I've been dyin' to meet you and that's really no pun intended
I've met every goal I wanted made the impact for my people
And held them southern roots before every song that I made
And got invited to show up and attend the CMA'S
But my ass never went I went ghost when they called me to that stage
'Cause I don't need people to clap to make me proud of my name

To make me proud of my songs, to make me proud of my lyrics
I was built out of southern spirit only found in the thicket
My bloodline the thickest, fuck all the fame and the riches
That shit all fades away but not the voice of a legend who's preachin'
And that's why they call me Church, cross my heart hope to die
Stick a needle in my eye, and have to do it three times
To even almost make me blind, 'cause my third one don't even blink
So I see you before you see yourself when you try comin' for me
Church

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