

# Ghost

Upchurch

Church

Whoa-whoa, whoa, whoa

Hey!

Yeah hip hop rocking to a ticking exhaust  
Grab tons of creek water, copperheads at my feet  
Slithering, hissing, but they ain't gonna bite me none  
Rattlesnake venom dripping off the bullets in my gun  
Smile kinda crooked from the tobacco up in my gum  
Porch lights flickering cause the ghost feelin' my buzz  
Hill picking in the country, a place you'll never find  
With the mean block brothers black berries on the vine  
All I smell is muddy water, honeysuckles and deer meat  
Cheatham county in my veins, dirty water has made me  
That rebel flag junkie Mr. General E. Lee  
With the voice of the mud strong heartbeat of Dixie, motherfucker

(Whoa-whoa, whoa, whoa)

Where the fog meets the road

(Whoa-whoa, whoa, whoa)

Anywhere the nighthawk grows

(Whoa-whoa, whoa, whoa)

And the trees release the ghost

(Whoa-whoa, whoa, whoa)

To the ones who lost their souls

(Come in the Boondocks)

Whoa-whoa, whoa-whoa

Whoa-whoa

Son I'm priceless, bone stock, old Camaro  
And I'm in it to be a legend, give a fuck about dinero  
All my shit play when I'm 6 feet in the ground  
A hundred years in the dirt, still bumping my sound  
While you dancing around the fire, while you sipping that 'shine  
Or tailgating with your buddies, puff passing the pines  
Sippin' and chillin' watching the slow change of the times  
Think about me every time you start that fire

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And the trees release the ghost

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To the ones who lost their souls

(Come in the Boondocks)

Whoa-whoa, whoa-whoa

Whoa-whoa

Whoa-whoa, whoa, whoa

Whoa-whoa, whoa, whoa

(Just being who I am baby come in the boondocks)

Whoa-whoa, whoa, whoa

Whoa-whoa, whoa, whoa

(Just being who I am baby come in the boondocks)

Snakeskin boots 'cause I dance on the devil  
Worn country with the fetish of rapping in heavy metal  
Hank Jr. and Pantera, Allison Transmission  
With the chains in the back Layne Staley spinning  
Doin' more writin' and reppin' the Confederate States  
Until I'm down in a hole I'm the rooster man  
Yeah, here I come and I'm repping for Dixie  
Ain't none of you motherfuckers ever gonna evict me

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Anywhere the nighthawk grows  
(Whoa-whoa, whoa, whoa)  
And the trees release the ghost  
(Whoa-whoa, whoa, whoa)  
To the ones who lost their souls

Whoa-whoa, whoa-whoa  
Whoa-whoa

Whoa-whoa, whoa, whoa  
Whoa-whoa, whoa, whoa  
Whoa-whoa, whoa, whoa  
Whoa-whoa, whoa, whoa