

I Hate This Song (But I'll Rap On Anything)

Upchurch

Church (Church, Church)

Everybody on Instagram wanted me to do this Young MA instrumental and I was like

"Man, fuck, this beat sucks, ain't no BandPlay beat, you know what, fuck it"

I can rap on anything y'all already know that

Church Church Church Church

Yeah, I'm runnin' laps around the whole game

I'm Emmitt Smith a star stuck off in this cowboy

Raise a squall I won't drop this shit, I got hands like Troy Aikman

I don't even write songs I'm drawin' touchdowns on paper

And everyone who said I suck now they DM me for features

And all these labels wanna sign me just to carry their people

While they take a portion of my money for bigger percentages

You can ask me anything but I don't diss 'cause my digits bitch

Momma taught me care and bliss and Daddy made me love danger

The day you steal my money same day that you meet my Magnum

I care for my family cause I am the one who provides

All you'll get from me is bullets if I look like a free ride

Country boy shit I'm hotter than some Cajun food

Underground like crawfish down in Parish's where Cajun's

Got buddies in Terrebonne all the way down to Lafayette

And I ain't never made a move that I turned around to regret

Dirty south, dirty paint, dirty clothes, sturdy rank

I raise the bar up on these rappers like I always wear a cape

When I step up to the mic it's like I done it all before

It feels like nothin's new to me I'm livin' life just tellin' stories

Got dejavu like once a week it makes me question my life path

Have I done this all before in a time from my own past?

I don't know but I can't help but think that maybe there's a chance

That this is not my first time runnin' wild across the land

I don't feel like a stranger to danger situations

Ain't scared to speak my mind no matter backlash from my statements

Born without emotion to fully fear fear itself

I'm a social studies book sittin' dusty up on a shelf

'Cause I'm holdin' hell knowledge I gathered from crazy dreams of mine

People takin' shots shit I'm bulletproof in Columbine

Break out every car of mine ran from the cops a couple times

But now I'm on the straight and narrow tryin' to stay between the lines

Got arrows in the line of fire that hell walls of my empire

I don't do all that beefin' shit I'd rather fight a couple times

Taste each other's blood that's how the Illuminati does it right

Fuck your pentagram I'll stab your Satan with a jagged knife

(Oh)

(Ha ha ha ha)

(Oh)

(Church)

(Church Church Church)

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