

Just Felt Like Spittin' Somethin'

Upchurch

Church

Motherfucker

Thorn, I love you papi

Hella enemies, somebody get they ass a limo
I be out on Broad' tryna run off with your Zippo
Beastmode in the Ville look like Big Foot on an iPhone
And my Silverado ain't for sale, I just got Forgiato's
I'm big dog status, done lost track to all my houses
I got too high and in my phone and deleted addresses
Orange and white up on my suit, power T with little checkers
Beatin' mainstreams ass like they talk shit to my sister
I'm caked up like a weddin' 'cause I'm married to the game
Coldest hillbilly, Davy Crockett on the chain
On my mid Tenn shit, you can hear when I talk
Kick your ass in blue suede shoes, write your lyrics out in chalk, ayy
Mr. Independent, tell the labels shit I'm deaf
They mad your boy a local and I tell 'em how it is
I'm a music city baby but I'm bumpin' shit from Memphis
High as hell in Cadillacs, crack that window just a little
Murder weapon is a pen, I don't even need a pistol
Honkey's stay around the track like rednecks down at Bristol