

# Leave Me Lone

Upchurch

Leave me, leave me 'lone  
I ain't, I ain't home  
Even if you see me through the win-window  
Leave me, leave me 'lone  
Cut off all my phones  
I'm inventin' lines, hear the ringin' of the tone  
Leave me 'lone  
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I ain't pickin' up, I'm in my pickup doin' stuff  
That don't involve the ones who text me all these Harry Potter books  
I know I got the magic, magic, my city, Ash, is volcanic  
From my hip-hop rap mechanics, that's why they claim that I'm manic, ayy  
Pace back and forth like a robot  
The game made me, made me have no heart  
Don't give a fuck about no chart  
Fourteen golds from the mud bars  
Two double-platinums, no truck start  
Never ever tired, no drug marks  
In this generation, I'm the showroom  
Only good credit get to press start  
Tryna hop in like a short skirt  
Leave them Broadway girls alone  
We're gainin' from my wallet now I'm feelin' that I'm old  
The cowboy of the game which means I don't got a cellphone  
So call me what you want, I'm disconnected from all of you hoes, ayy

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I would say leave a voicemail  
But I hate you motherfuckers voice, yeah  
A lot of hate then all bail  
Wish a motherfucker would, bar jail  
Every ounce of smoke, I've inhaled  
Then my level higher, Upchurch, god chair  
Evilest of geniuses in one hell of a mosh pit  
Enemies envy the rhythm, a lyrical prison  
I'm a pinnacle prism of hillbilly lyricism  
No damage inflicted on an image that they mimic  
I'm becomin' the critic to the enemy crickets  
The game stay makin' me vicious  
Tell a telephone that I'm all out of minutes  
Fuck 'em, fuck 'em all 'til I'm all out of digits  
Puttin' up a wall while you sing songs of picket fences

This is real rags to riches  
Goin' in on people that caves the mountain ridges  
Even cavemen sleepin' on me  
Son of the south, you sons of bitches  
To this era, I'm a terra, that's why they bite my style  
Bucket for your tears 'cause in the holler got no secret now

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