

My Own Lane

Upchurch

If I die and you forget my name
I won't cast no shadow, I won't throw no shade
And if I never get to walk along no hall of fame
It won't bother me none because I'm in, I'm in my own lane

Own lane, with my own sound, with my own look, with my own money, with my own cars
With my own bars, with my own trucks, with my own house, with my own chick, I don't want nothing of y'all's
And by me saying that with the numbers I got they say it takes big balls 'cause the big leagues see me
And I might fuck a preposition up for myself as a nobody dude coming up from Tennessee
Yeah they talk to me like I'm a fucking idiot and they can get me a life I can't get on my own
But I don't want the life that these airheads live but I guess I can't get it through that thick-ass skull
Sony hit me up and said they wanted the name erased from the song that I did with Luke Combs
'Cause they don't want him labeled as a racist and the song "Outlaw" don't fit his image at all
So if you look on YouTube on the same damn song, his name got erased about 8 months ago
And I was worried if I didn't take his name off, the label that he signed by was gonna come sue me bro
But I never said nothing, I just brushed it off, I was always taught to let bullshit go
So "can you get a outlaw" after I'm gone? I'm not sure but hope fully so

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My own lane, full of black rubber and spray paint, the smell of muscle cars and trucks with old leaks
'Shine stills burning way way high on the ridge, I know where they're all at but I ain't no snitch
I'd rather be a outlaw than a weak-ass bitch, that's how you end up wrecked laying up in a ditch
And motherfuckers don't get it, but they single me out, for being too damn real 'cause I ain't a sellout
Go ahead, smile away, put the cash in your pocket, you can be recycled but never ever me partner
I'm the only Churchman, sipping Jack on a Sunday, a bad motherfucker, hope God forgives me
Hell, what am I saying? Every angel falls, God made whiskey and

the weed in my palm
And he gave me the soul to pour off in my songs and feed off of
the emotion I stay dragging along
So with that being said when I get to the Gates, I need a murdered
out Chevy with an old tailgate
A bottle of the devil's cut in an unlimited tanker, gasoline so
clean I could possibly drink it
Just spitting flames for my fanbase and my last name, underground
kicking I ain't even talk about my grave
Talking 'bout the legacy I'll leave laying up in my state, the
man who never gave his heart to be a fucking fake

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