

Necks Too Red

Upchurch

Neck too red
My neck's too red

They said my neck's too red
Yeah, they said my dream was a dead end
They said people like me don't trend, said my slang won't ever
get aired
They said my neck was too red
Neck too red, boy, your neck's too red
My neck's too red

My town ninety percent white, blame God for my Southern roots
Thank him also 'cause I got the juice, leavin' marks all on the
se music dudes
Like burnouts do with a 302, we them, we them, we them holler b
oys
Tatted-
up, missin' teeth and scars, gang shit off the front, boy
Grew up on a blow torch, we didn't know no Scott Storch
All we knew was Highland Rim, case of beer and some race cars
Alpha male with the straight bars, Dixie made me do it like I d
o
And if you got a problem with my side of town, just know we ain
't finna budge for you

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They gon' have to wait 'til I die, I done made it up too high
With this system, I won't comply, no rich folks can bribe me wi
th rides
I done bought 'em all, left 'em in a field, shit my daily-
driver is a rat rod
The day I's born in Music City is the day that mainstream got o
utlawed
Give the Devil death stares, I ain't never scared
Roll with me or without me, either way, I'm still here
Yeah, I'm still here, goin' on like ten years
Up-mother-motherfuckin'-church, 615 'til I'm outta here

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