

Push Ups

Upchurch

Church, motherfucker (Winners, winners, winners)
Yeah, ah yeah

Ain't nobody dissin' me unless my whole name in it
But that shit don't never happen 'cause I'm dangerous competition
Manny Pacquaio, all my shots got repetition
And my reputation flawless even with the abolition
I stay optimistic, can't help to stop the gigglin', they optic
Lockin' on my business, still missin', 'cause they forgot to wipe their lenses
Couldn't see his own agenda
Ain't no rapper fuckin' with me, I'm the game's referendum
And they fed up, I'm like the Feds, when I document 'em
Too soft, you not the shit, that's a small percenter
Have a baby by me, baby, I don't do apprenticeship
And I'll be on the wave, got 'em drownin' while they skinny dippin'
Tallest in the room even if I'm Jimmy Dickens
Six strings, seven bitches, ate my oppositions
If a diss comin' and you undercover with it
'Cause you duckin' Church, but the devil already in the kitchen
Hank Hill out here hittin' propane switches
Got the gas, don't make me blow up more in my position
Quit playin', it's too payin' for Ukrainian's to listen
Now they in their feelin's 'cause I don't never sit, to listen in
Stop pretendin' you motherfuckers are life livin'
Your light dim and you're spendin' your night minutes
Destroyin' your sight vision, get a nite light for your lame gimmick
Lines lame mimickin' the same rhythm every single time
Al Gore of algorithms, sayin' somethin', doin' different
Don't know where to fit in, tried every outfit and fitted
This not a level of realmin' for you, it's restricted
'Cause you out chasin' them dollars like you a rural town stripper
Goldilocks from Canada but this that down south shit
Use the propaganda that you throwin' as a niche
I'ma feed it back to you, one hand and a Bic
I'm so fire flame, every diss remembered like it's Auschwitz
Have a shootout with two language scripts
I'm a bicentennial baby, pick you off from a picket fence
Blood, sink, that's me, I just need a quick rinse
Hit the 808, I'm tappin' in past the sixth sense
Nobody added function in this dimension that I'm livin' in
It's like I'm standin' in the lens and really get to watch the shit
Got my remote, change the channel when I want to
And the one I'm on, I don't even know you
Matter fact, fuck a TV, game ain't even got new
So many ghostwriters, room vibe like cement tombs
These people dusty so I hit 'em with a thick broom
I'm flyer like my spell and need a cauldron and a big spoon
Call it witchcraft when I pick which switch I flick
Activated divine hick, universal line, there's my sign
As a sidekick, don't give a damn who you side with
Bargin' in the room, the levee broke, my flow level at high risk
And I might flood a motherfucker (Flood a motherfucker)
Yeah, and I might disappear for nothin' (Disappear for nothin')
Yeah, and I might go and grab the gilly
Sneak around every enemy that envied the fact that I don't never sleep
And I don't never have dreams, all I got is oversee

Name gettin' noticed even overseas
Go ahead and hit my boat with your little jet ski
Find out that your boy was built like he was the Roman seed
Standin' near me too close, you hear piano's, lower keys
I'm Beethoven bitch, I love playin' broken strings
One of the dopest poet to ever be spoken on the scene
I'm the shit, your weak ass, ain't nothin' but poet feed
Somebody put the spotlight on Princess
Report his politics, same rhyme, same theme list
As he pops up on a TV with the dipshits
Won't leave Hollywood 'cause you be actin' for the crisis

Ghostwriter like damn, why you start to cry sis?
'Cause Upchurch won't stop, and he really do the shit
Thunderstruck, always gonna have a fuckin' buzz in
Nobody touchin' me, electricity through a cow fence
Keep a straight face and my office like you Mike Pence
Voice loud, loud screeches, even givin' mic dense
Got the Blue Gene's, I ain't talkin' my pants
Walk it like I wrote it, way back 1-7-7-6
Ain't no Yankee when I doodle, rooster got the feather pen
Accidentally send when whisperin' lethal synonym
I don't want no new friends comin' for my credit
I don't want no who this, better come with leverage
I ain't makin' no careers 'cause this steeple now a staple
And they ain't sayin' my name like I'm cursed inside a riddle, motherfucker

Motherfucker
Church, Church
Alright, now lets roll one and go back to the beach player
Woo