

Rap Devil Freestyle

Upchurch

Like, this whole country music thing, I don't get it, man
It's like not even real music, man
There's no real lyricist or nothin', so I don't know why he's wastin' his time, you know

Shut up and sit down, motherfucker (yeah)
Country rap is in this (yo) bitch now!

Country rap just got hip tossed
And soufflé hit in its thick jaw
I wanna play some fuckin' games
Gonna change my rap name to Jigsaw (uh huh)
'Cause I just wanna get big y'all
Work my way to the big stars (alright)
Then tell 'em all to go fuck themself
I voted Trump and built big walls (check)
Got a big mouth and big balls
Comin' up to the mic in overalls
'Cause I'm sick of gettin' looked over
With my farmer's tan and my southern drawl (hey y'all)
That's why my songs are a fuckin' brawl
Like Roadhouse, kick the jokes out
I'm a generous guy, given no clout
Which one is it y'all don't know about (easy)
'Cause I'll chew 'em up and I'll spit 'em out
Like uncooked meat at a steakhouse
Then tell the person who made this crap
I'ma need to get my refund now (sorry)
I'm feelin' inspired by the gunner's bullets
Even though my boots don't lace up
It's R.H.E.C., E.S.T
Mr. Cheatham County don't change up
Dirty white boy from a one horse town
Got everybody lookin' like, "Dang, son!"
And I'm feelin' like an atomic bomb
And I'm blowin' up my accomplishments
Hollerin' whatever the fuck I want
In this microphone, dog, honestly (uhh)
'Cause my competition is noddin' out
And they're gettin' weak at the sight of me (oh)
Lookin' slumped over like some fuckin' pumpkins
On your porch, months after Halloween (ha ha ha)
Y'all turnin' gray, I'm guttin' y'all
And hittin' the fryin' pan with every seed
Damn, I'm such a bunghole
Somebody go grab the T.P
I ain't finna wipe, I'm rollin' Elm Street
I'm that ghost appearin' in your fuckin' dreams
My rap album's like horror films
Dog, Freddy Krueger fuckin' scared of me
Yeah, everybody got a damn opinion
Ain't we all just some assholes (uh huh)
Y'all wanna be the biggest one
I'll throw diarrhea at your household
Bitch, get the fuck off of my lawn
Like I'm pushin' 70 with a Gran Torino
I can't understand a thing y'all say

Like a El Camino full of damn amigos
Allá vega, grab the aloe vera
This is like a midget versus Matt Serra
Yeah, I'm kickin' ass like my name McGregor
Got 'em thinkin' "Who the fuck is this fellas?"
I'm Upchurch, got 'em butthurt
I rock rebel flags and don't give a shit
My career got a clean title
Level lookin' higher than your daddy's lift kit (bbrraa)
People askin' me how I got the juice
I'm like, "I don't let people drink after me" (nope)
Actually let me pour you a cup
And add a bit of this antifreeze
Eh, bro, why the shaky knees?
Nobody in this lane want it with me
Not even a small cup of Chinese tea
I'm sick in the head but the rhymes I spit
Got asian guys like, "Hory Shit!"
Got black dudes like "Goddamn!"
Got white people with rich kids
Lookin' at me shakin' they jugheads (oh my God)
Got the trailer park thumpin' like Talladega
Happens every day of the week
And I still say I might do it for Dale
Even though my logo is red as shit
I'mma suck the life out of you
I'm more spectacular than Dracula
Some shit I write is so dark
My manager thinks I need counselors
But fuck the help and fuck the shelf
You can't fuck me, I can only fuck myself (uhh)
Go ahead, run full force
I'll throw a dildo into your vocal chords
Then say, "Stoney, stop this beat"
(Why these haters chokin' for?) Hah
(Ghost, I'm a ghost, I'm a ghost)
UP
MOTHER
FUCKING
CHURCH
CHURCH
CHURCH