

River Rat

Upchurch

Church
Creek squad
Ha ha

I'm from the land of you can meet me in the parking lot at Circle K
I-I pull up by myself in that single cab like I need gas
My shotgun seem so empty y'all look sketched out and you brought your friends
Five of y'all and one of me? I got Babe Ruth gripped in my hands

Pu-pu-pull up in that parkin' lot, ain't nobody scared shit (You know it)
Bitch I been to hell and back, and momma didn't raise no bitch
She raised a hellion from the other side (You know it)
Other side, she raised a crazy motherfucker right (Creek Squad)

River, river, river rat, shotgun in the tinted glass
License so expired I'm identified by all my tats
Creeker to the grave, lock that mug and then go weld it shut
Bury me on Ghost Ranch with my middle fingers pointed up

5150, red barn with all the roosters dog
White church on the corner, Jaybirds been closed for a decade p
rolly
Bl-black marks on the pavement, street lights buzzin' and they barely work
Hills have eyes on these parts son, best make sure you just passin' through
When the sun goes down in a one horse town there's a .45 loaded and a dog let out
With a pissed off daddy and a crazy old man and a motherfuckin' thief and a white crackhead
So I do my shit, I lock my gate, I load my guns, I clean my plate, in the pitch black I sit and wait
Don't come up missin' on 300 acres

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