

Shit Bubba

Upchurch

Got my truck nuts swinging, diesel fuel filled up
Copenhagen in a can, black coffee in a cup
Six string in the back, .30-30 in the glass
And if you don't like that you can kiss my country ass
Fence white it's a moot cut dark blue
Storm way out where them boys make deer stew
Playing with some Tannerite bonfire on a fall night
Four wheels spinning till the drive shaft falls out
Let me get a hell yeah, let me get a hell nah
Guns gonna stay, rebel flag on the front porch
Support it if it's us, red, white to the old blue
Creek squad shit, running round with no tennis shoes
Spitting that fire like I got a whiskey rhythm
I've been hiding in the woods now I'm coming just to kill 'em
Yeah, these boys better duck 'cause I'm building me a dynasty
I got that hot shit like a liquor store in Tennessee

Shit bubba, you better get your shit straight
I stay coming out the stix in the mid state
The creeks up in the water with the moccasin
Your times up, ain't no use in clocking in
Shit bubba, shit, shit bubba
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Talk shit, get hit, keep talking get shot
Got 45 bullets in a .45 box
Got blood on my arms 'cause I stay slitting deers' throats
On my Jason Vorhees, blood on my trench coat
Too hillbilly for a magazine centerfold
Good, fuck a magazine I'd rather watch a movie, bro
John Wayne, Tombstone, Die Hard, Rambo
Don't be a menace sipping shine down a back road
To hell about my clothes I ain't rocking nothing special
Women dress up, boy, I just wear what's in the dresser
Pretty boys nowadays give a shit about their eyebrows
I'm dropping transmissions popping wheelies on your lifestyle
Giddy up bitch need a fucking Seabiscuit
People calling me the cracker shit I'm better than a Triscuit
Got my neck on the line but hell I'm willing to risk it
I'm that redneck bitch, and heavily well connected

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