

# Skillshot

Upchurch

A good percentage of these fuckin'... these rappers  
You know they call themselves rappers or whatever...  
Man, how does that make...  
Say you're a rapper, right  
You know what I'm sayin'  
Say you're a rapper, a mumble rapper or whatever  
You've been in the game for a good 10 years, whatever whatever  
And then some dude comes in that is naturally a country artist and bosses yo  
u up

Put your seatbelt on, you're gonna need it in a minute  
I ain't scared to die, I laugh at rappers tryna ride with me  
I'ma make you fall off 'cause I pop mad wheelies  
You just suck while I'm suckin' on mad titties on bad bitches  
Yeah, straight from the countryside  
Bum a cig' then I ask can I bum a fuckin' ride  
Now it's fuck a record label, Lamborghini lookin' fresh  
Army green paint, mud caked on the headrest  
I'm the rooster, no need for career boosters  
I be blowin' up, the rest are professional skin-flutters  
Got a degree in winnin' so I'm unable to be a loser  
Hip-hop is my drug, bitch, and I'm an err'day user  
Woo, Ric Flair with them nose hairs  
And enough coke to kill a hibernatin' grizzly bear  
Sleepin' on me, so it's only fair I jump up in your nightmare  
Like Freddy Krueger, ain't worked in ten years  
I'm in their head now, all they see is a guy in a snow plow  
That's me drivin', who the fuck's gold now?  
I made the south have a north pole, pal  
I can get so dark the sun will be scared to pop... pop out  
Discredited for the past three years  
I know a lot of motherfuckers that owe me beers  
And you're gonna give it to me, I ain't even sayin' cheers  
I ain't even sayin' thanks, I ain't even takin' one drink  
I'll dump it on the ground and tell the bartender you bought it  
And scissor kick you in your non-singin' esophagus  
And then invite you to a hick-hop party around 6  
At the corner of Second Avenue and suck a dick  
If you still sleepin' on me won't you grab a tit  
Just make sure it ain't a chick tryna boost her income, kid  
Don't fuckin' fire at me unless you wanna get cremated  
For makin' me masturbate while you hang with your ex, baby  
Les be honest, I'm still a top doggy doggin'  
And I'm hungry and I'm hardly tired of harsh walkin'  
You ain't got a song that's independently chart-toppin'  
You couldn't be a shockin' career if it had a fuckin' dog collar  
Hope you like your number 1 hit song  
I had to buy a leash and pretty much fuckin' walk you to it  
You little bi-- I mean female Labradoodle  
My raps are Mona Lisa, yours are like half a doodle  
I'm rappin' for the purse, like I bagged a poodle  
Country rap, I'ma be the last to do it  
I killed five careers with only words and math  
We can't chop it up but can you dodge this axe?  
I'ma make you a past rap artifact  
My cards are secretly razor blades when they look like blackjack  
Ain't no dodgin' me, not even with a Scat Pack

That GT got an engine to wreck anybody on the last lap  
Whoops, it was an accidental love tap  
I was watchin' this vid' of a guy and he was real mad  
You could tell he loved her but she played him, it was real sad  
Now my attitude is to wrap heads in Glad bags  
"I can not believe you" ("What the fuck?")  
Yeah, what the fuck?  
Now I'm colder than the songs I wrote  
And I'm comin' for you if you got a throat  
Who look down on me like I'm shit or somethin'?  
Fuck the CMA's, fuck the CMT's, fuck the VH1 and both MTV's  
"You're a broken record", at least I'm gold  
When these rappers diss me it becomes their biggest songs  
It's a shotgun shame, it's been half a decade  
They got two dweebs still havin' me make their short change  
And I ain't even seen a short change  
You still got ass bars and a dork name  
You're a Woody doll that ate too much cake  
Oh wait, a cartoon, a hundred percent fake  
Lookin' Pixar, gettin' picked apart  
Like a demolition derby and only one little Smart Car  
I like square body Chevy's  
Nah, you like ballsacks and daddies  
And that's why you and Chris tickle each other on a futon  
In your faggot Snapchat stream  
I give an evil grin, you think that you're real men  
Real men don't bitch like a diva on Instagram  
Any hard worker really can come see this shit  
Your last video was a knockoff of Scarface, bitch (Haha)  
Can you even start a chainsaw?  
'Cause Lord knows you ain't got any bar oil  
Hick-hop party? More like flipped over barstool  
With you and Hosier sittin' on it like "Dude, this is cool"  
Beavis you can't butt heads with me  
Shane's last video was only sittin' on three  
And on my way home I'll quadruple your stats  
'Cause your square body Chevy be sittin' on flats  
With your boy in the back screamin' "I ain't got gas"  
You're so non-sharp you couldn't cut dead grass  
And you suck more than the best blowjob, facts  
Every real skin knows you're blowin' smoke out your ass  
Y'all should be like gay redneck porn stars  
Travel together dressed like queer ass cowboys  
Throw glitter at each other, make small cat noises  
'Cause both y'all some pussies with some fuzzy rat toys  
Fuckin' weirdos