

Son Of The South

Upchurch

Yeah I'm the son of the south, blood crimson red
Blue jeans faded with the grease-stained hands
Scars on my knuckles and that's still who I am
Don't come over here disrespecting my homeland
My homeland, yeah

Yeah, when the shit goes down
I'll be somewhere with a hundred thousand no shot rounds
With a railroad car coming up in the ground
With a barbed wire fence wrapped all the way around my house
Four wheelers, dirt bikes 80 mile high rise
Snipers spitting beech nut from a hill-top rise
Yeah, motherfucker, everybody's on my team
Bikers, OGs, Klan members and the police
And everybody's still bickering about what's on the news
And they do this shit on purpose, you ain't even got a clue
White lives, black lives, and the blue matter too
So point your gun across the sea and let's just stand as a group
'Cause they got people tryna kill us 'cause our fucking beliefs
And towelheads in the subway with a bomb in their briefs
So let's cut the bullshit and stand for all our people
And cut some motherfucking throats, let them bleed till we're even

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Thunderbird running, I'm the man behind the curtain
Got a "Fuck you, I don't even know you" attitude for certain
I'm just tryna find my purpose while the vultures fly around my head
Telling me the things I can do to go and prove myself
Friends falling off of the face of the Earth
'Cause they don't know how to act that I made myself some
I'm unity busting southern motherfucker for real
And I live by the home flag, die by the steel
Gun powder and kerosene, grenades and pride
And if you tryna harm my country then you in for a ride
And we don't bury you bitches we just throw you up in the fire
That's the smell of sweet freedom, USA till I die

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