

Supaa Hott Firee

Upchurch

Ha
Church
Mutha fucka

If music was a neighborhood, they wouldn't like my residence
Hammer down the V-8, bumper through a wooden fence
Hazzard and I'm Duke'n in a circle with the checkered print
No caution flag, get the caution tape, I murder shit
Feel froggy, then be Kermit bitch, throw Oscar in the garbage bin
I'm a Cookie Monster, no countin' sheep, I don't sleep for shit
Tell 'em catch the Z's, I'm just in it for the "W"
In that SS with your bitch and the windows down, cause
I'm b-b-b-bubba, mo-mother mo-motherfuck a whole lane
Froze, watch 'em all go wreck each other
I got four chains on like I'm Suge Knight sucka (I said move bitch, get out the way)
Only movin' forward, tell 'em all move motherfucker

Beast mode, the underground sinkhole
Treadin' on the name leave you nameless like he gone
Opponent, I don't see none
Everybody talkin' levels, ask these rappers what they be on
Fuck a level, fuck a level, planet xenon
Stratosphere status, or I won't even respond
Spray 'em like some fleas, then you won't be in the lawn
Bars motherfucker, send my ass to the gulag
I'm super hot fire, yeah, I've been around that long

Ayy, ain't no neck redder than the one on my motherfuckin' shoulders fam'
Holler Boy 'til the coffin, HB tatted on my hand
Two middle fingers my gang sign, rollin' stoned with a rebel edge
Rockstar really do not give a F, cowboy with the two-step
Rowdy like a two-stroke, tell a hater don't forget
Get ate by a sixteen while I'm thirty-two years old
When I'm sixty-four, I'll be a Neuralink rap style download
Most rappers big talk but they brain lookin' micro
Imagination Station in my scope, lookin' micro
This is my zone, CEO, double blow
My iPhone, Salisbury on the mic though
My asshole ain't got no price-hole
And now we can't kick it, got no thigh bone
I been runnin' it, deserve a break, so give me Brembo
Roadrunner, big motor roamin' Tennessee timezone
Hip-hop evolvin' every time I go and get stoned
Which craft will I pick? Gear shift hear a new tone
Brainwave too strong, skull like a group home
Different me's all chillin', fist fightin' for the remote
They stick to a channel but they can mentally handle
Enormous critical damage from fame, money, and scandals
My heart held for a ransom, so I ripped it out of my left rib
Took a big bite out of my own death wish
If I'm mad to the max, I swing a axe, be wood bitch
Make fire stacks cedar, no (I'm a fire flame, fi-
fire flame spitter) match because I'm in-in
Fire flame spitter, royal in them royal sticks
Ain't no real redneck call a Uber to the strip
And my flow goin' forever I don't ever waste lines

Waist deep in muddy water, up to my waist line
I put the bass, I mean bass in my pocket, hook line
Snappin' on the Mudjug head, jug lines

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