

## Tractor Soup-Lie #2 (Freestyle)

Upchurch

This guy, he thinks I care about his stance  
If this guy stood up right now you prolly wearin' a mini skirt instead of pants  
Crossin' your legs, doin' the Tom-Tom dance  
'Cause you at the screen tryin' to think of something clever so you pop ninety-nine Vyvanse  
Don't lie, you click dislike on every single one of my rants  
Is this dude a reactor or a hip-hop tyrant?  
He gets really mad, slings his headphones down he's like, "Fuck it, I quit  
I'm retired from this shit," turns around and comes out of retirement  
What happened? Did I inspire this?  
It ain't my fault your homeboy can't come out with a fire diss  
Even if he did fire three times, I'm gonna survive, miss  
This dude clocked back in to slob on the caucasian dick  
But hey, it's okay if you dip out, raised to spit  
How am I at fault for your boyfriends laziness?  
Old MacDonald don't have a farm, that's a cage he in  
My shit's set in stone like I laid the shit  
Pellet gun shorty, that's a baby clip  
Little guy don't spit, get him a baby bib  
They don't ride a wave like I, my blood type be KTM  
You blow smoke and flip-flop like that Katie bitch  
"Upchurch stop," I can't, like champagne all I do is pop  
This guy goes to sleep at night with the song WHITEBOY's on repeat a lot  
Sticks his foot in his own ass, and his dick in a sock

Plane flying over, let me wait 'til it's gone  
What was I sayin'? Something about a dick and a sock

Well, fuck it, he ain't gettin' no pussy 'cause he can't beat the box  
Just think, all this shit is just comin' off of the top  
My talent skill so high they can't even see my spot  
And if they found it, fuck it, front door, I keep it locked  
They're like, "You're on drugs," well, if I am, atleast I ain't gotta by the cheapest rock  
Hillbilly venom, one bite with these teeth, you deceased and rot  
No flow, no heart, anybody can see the clot  
I got big balls, drop 'em on your head like Vietnam  
My face, my voice, burned in your head like a Lil Wayne CD-ROM  
Can't kill me, if you do I repeat spawn  
Fuck you diva, you Tom's uncle or an Uncle Tom  
You are takin' L's, blah blah blah dot com  
"I'm a reaction channel," you sir, are not  
I got the magic stick, beat your ass with a wand  
Go ahead, do what you want, cut it up make a YouTube Short  
JK Rowling fixin' to take y'all to court for creatin' a new disease called hogwarts  
I mean, hey, you'd be a pro if dick ridin' was a sport  
Up and down at that chair, I bet them thighs got torque  
My initials are R.E. and I be reinforced  
And when this shit exports he gonna scream 'til it leave him hoarse  
But hey, keep thinkin' you the source  
While I gallop and kick you little bitches 'til I'm knee deep in dwarfs

Church, motherfucker

I won, you thought there was a piece of paper somewhere

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Ah-hah