

Ultimate

Upchurch

Church

Y'all ain't ready for this one
Ha ha ha ha ha
Bad Mothafucka droppin' real soon
(Yeah)

I'm from the middle of the country where rapist's bodies get dumped
And the police know that the murder weapon's in the back of my truck
My driveway four feet of mud, yeah buddy knee deep in the cut
You better get a atlas 'cause a GPS ain't gonna know roads where I'm from
Ain't nothin' wrong with my style son what you ain't never seen backwoods
Country boy shit is perfect why the fuck would I act hood
My dad's a redneck from West Nashville rockin' overall's
Who always packs a pistol with a itchy trigger finger y'all
I'm the cleanest white trash ever picked up out the ditch
I guess you could say I give a job to Ashland City convicts
But I'll stay ridin' around on River Road throwin' out packs of cigarettes
I'm tryna lend a helpin' hand to kill off meth dealers man

Ha ha
Ha ha ha ha
Oh yay, this beats one of my favorite

Will the real motherfucker's 'round here please stand up
Y'all act like you never seen a real redneck before
Dip all on the floor, paint a black three on your mama's Accord
Gettin' drunk fuckin' stealin' beer from the store
Throwin' unopened Coors at the cops while they tryin' to pull you over
The hell you expect, I got a 454 with a Dana 80 rear end lettin' all of the
smoke pour
Hotter than Hell's Kitchen, wippin' up flames galore
Like Church why the hell you did that shit to Gatlinburg for
It's not the return of the nothin' it's the arrival of me
The sickest little hillbilly conceived in Tennessee
In a church parkin' lot with a big body Caprice
Now I'm runnin' buck wild with two nasty bare feet
You couldn't walk in my shoes 'cause I don't own none bitch
I hope you smoke some poison ivy, choke to death in a ditch
I really ain't about to beef but I'm also not vegetarian
I'm the best they hated on, I love it, this shit's hilarious
Church is a bitch, Church is a bitch
That's okay my music videos still got like a million hits
My ding-a-ling stretched out 'cause y'all hangin' on that bitch
Like you tryna take a shower in my warm ass piss
I ain't no tractor rep ass, so flabbergasted by mud hoes
In that camouflaged suite, dressed up like ayy let's go
You better Dodge me like a fuckin' Durango
Yeah I'm killin' everybody like the cowboy Django

Hah
Church
Machine Gun I got one!
Look here!

I don't need nobody's two cents I got two jobs eight less than Gates
I got one right now age 25, my occupation kill the fuckin' beat
Hit the studio in my muddy boots my songs don't hound they fuckin' bark

You a purse Poodle I'ma Rottweiler foamin' at the mouth with no Rabies shots
I quick dry they hate me hit'em where it hurts like Sling Blade
I wanna be a legend these rappers out here like 40 years old tryna get laid
Shit son I want my bills paid, one thousand horses in the engine bay
White walls on white paint, old school stepside with the ghost flame
And I'm up at three 'cause I can't sleep, lyrics wild 'cause I smoke weed
Don't bring your beef and get burnt by the oven come ketchup and getcha own
cheese
I'm the boy from the wood with a flow kinda choppy
I'll fight 'til I can't like Apollo and Rocky
Nobody out here with the traction to stop me
I feel like a Cummins so barefoot on concrete
My gun got a nickname his nickname is Tommy
I'm Baby Face Nelson come show me the money
Got a good poker face, I play hold 'em and rummy
Bet all of my chips 'cause you ain't about nothin'
Yeah, all of your jokes about fuckin' they cousins
Thinkin' you hot when you ain't even buzzin'
Like a Milf on the men', you just bitch about somethin'
Haters all on my dick 'cause they all wanna suck it
I kill everything like a horror film I'm Chuckie hidin' on the chandelier
Waitin' for the right time for the blood to spill
And I don't do it for the money I just do it 'cause I feel like huh
All these boys like "How the fuck is he in first?"
I came face to face with that Holy Spirit he made me a deal with no damned c
urse

By the way, Bad Muthafucka, comes out for preorder, tomorrow, and it's very
well worth the shit, (Church, Church, Church, Church) I put my whole fuckin'
heart into this fuckin' music, just to be the best, and I ain't gonna be st
oppin' 'til somebody just offs me, motha fucka

G-G-Green Carhart hunter green on the new whip
I don't think they hear me mother fucker get a Q-Tip
Get my name right Churchman I'm the new Kid
Writin' rap songs out my junky little tool shed
Bad bitch ridin' shotty hardwood in the truck bed
Two toned teal rollin' in the Frank Wychek
Where the fuck I'm from tattooed on my white chest
Magazine full of bullets like I'm comin' to your resident
Church