

What's Poppin'

Upchurch

Church

(Pooh, you the GOAT boy)

Hah

I ain't got no beef on the mic, I already ate what's worth it
Then threw the rest out in the back, that's China sick, my line
s COVID

Yeah boy, I'm the Tennessean, whip through the city in a Europe
an

No mask, so I know you see me makin' rap great for the Southern
people

Churchman, every stage a steeple, got the juice like beetle, be
etle

Big wingspan like a fuckin' eagle, would still murder beats if
it was illegal

Y'all beach made, eh, look, a seagull

Contaminate hip-hop waters, got pipes like BP biodiesel

You ain't got a thinkin' brain, in most disses I don't gain

To you this is just a game, but I own like five arcades

Insert quarter then complain, can't level up, not your domain

You ain't slick, you hydroplane, stupidity keeps me entertained

You can pack men in a studio and still won't get a single gold

If all them got a problem with stickin' coke up their fuckin' n
ose

Yeah, damn dude that was dope

This next album goin' gold, sellin' ten tickets to a show

Mom and dad in the front row, bought the other eight at the fro
nt door

Numbers fall like a row of dominoes, if you see me you would pr
olly strike a pose

Then take me to court while wearin' a dress and MeToo me and my
bankroll

I'm thirty years old with a new Lambo and I do not take no stan
k hoes

I'm Nashville-born, and it's always warm like a deep freeze alw
ays stay froze

And you hide your face like a Taliban bitch and get beat with t
hese sandals

And I'm sick and tired of hearin' hearsay of what who said when
they were here there

Can't take an L from a hillbilly 'cause when you think about it
you get scared

I tell the radio to go fuck theirselves, then they play my track
in the mornin'

What I do made Bobby Bones tell the truth about number 1's and
charting

97.9, nah 101.1 The Beat jam, Dolowite and Scooby, who's Niko M
oon fam?

I don't know, I'm not a tourist, don't know his hit, ain't gonna learn it
Prolly somethin' 'bout big trucks, dust turnin', and logs burnin'
Don't forget the moonshine, 50 proof
Get drunk or die tryin', flipped on roof, hmm-hmm-hmm
Crackheaded wackjobs call me odd and always talk when I ain't around, fact
More spins than a merry-go-round that's been around since the 90s bitch
This chitter-chatter sayin' that I suck, I'm on your fuckin' land skinnin' all your bucks
So when you're washin' walkin' Music City you can hit my brand new record label up