

Where You From

Upchurch

Shit

You know we leaders in this shit

We know the way, go the way and show the way for those who follow

Come take a walk, see where we from

It's been a long time coming (Come on) and this boy still drumming (Let's get it)

Hell, I bet you motherfuckers thought you saw the end coming (Hell no)

Been a artist in this market, while y'all just getting started

Separated from the fakes, call 'em my dearly departed

I'm best under stress so I'm fucking with friction (I get it)

With a tank full of gas on the road to the riches (Let's go)

In a jacked-up Chevy with a cab full of bitches (Hey)

Slinging mud on the world, country boy on a mission (You know it)

I'm from Tennessee (Tennessee) and it pumps to my veins

Where barbed wire replaces concrete in the chains

Where handshakes are hugs, we fly our own flags (Let's go)

The home of home-grown and trailer park labs

I just hit up 'Church, told him meet me at the let out (Soak in)

I'll be in a K-5 you should bring the 'Vette out

Seeing folks Snapchatting live when we get out (We live)

Tennessee country boys, the rest are just sell outs

Where you from? Where I'm from? The stix of the TN

And I can take you several places most people never been

Where you from? Where I'm from? The heart of the south

Where a fist of sweet potato pie could shut your mouth

Where we from? Where we from? The land of the mud

And if you want it best believe that you can get it from us

Where we from? Where we from? Dirt roads and back woods

By the county line (Yeah) round them Tennessee hoods

I'm from that bogging dirty, Chevy swerving, 26s on the 'Burban

Hit the stage like Elvis Presley, you won't ever catch me nervous

Got creek water in a mason jar, them stop signs got bullet holes

Where the dead bodies get covered up by rednecks with them backhoes

From a itty bitty town in the middle of the map, where the Chevrolets shine
and the tailpipes clap

When I ride through town girls break they neck trying to get a little glimpse
of the man in black

Smoke rolling out of that cracked glass like tobacco barns on a back road

Craigslist game looking too strong, got a Bow Tie show on my front yard

And I ain't ever had no risk game but I'm rolling the VDA dish game

Your girl wanna ride like a puppy dog but shit I forgot that bitch name

Got a devilish nine, these snakeskins, you might get the venom messing with
me

I'm on my Big Smo shit, bitch, when I'm kicking it in Tennessee

I'm a balls-ripping, square-dancing, square body, mud-slinging

Shit-talking, gun-spraying Cheatham country crazy hick

With a little hit of that Bocephus, want some then come see us

I stay looking for them throats to slit, everyday I wake up it's hunting sea
son

Where you from? Where I'm from? Small town in the pines

With guns like the military, everyone of 'em mine

Where you from? Where I'm from? My home sweet home

Them 32 acres, every inch I own

Where we from? Where we from? That Volunteer State
What you see is what it is, we'll bring it straight to your face
Where we from? Where we from? From Bedford and Cheatham
My people are your people and they gonna swarm when we need them (Oh yeah)

Man, these punks ain't got shit on us Smo
What these motherfuckers know about that Tennessee shit?
Yeah
Tri-Star motherfucker