

Your Problem

Upchurch

You don't want me bein' your problem
Church

You don't want me bein' your problem
I'm too low key, you won't even see it comin'
The backwoods raised a menace, I'm intertwined in the holler
Neck done turned maroon, got navy blue on the collar
You don't want me bein' your problem
I'm too low key, you won't even see it comin'
The backwoods raised a menace, I'm intertwined in the holler
Neck done turned maroon, got navy blue on the collar

I'm on a rampage
Seems like I'm rampin' up at the risin' of age
I feel like my attitude effectin' the climate
And that's 'cause it is and I'm floodin' the place
They can't even stomach my face
Until they need a shirt, so I give 'em mine
On my front is my face, back is the name
It's me, Tennessee 'til I'm six to the grave
More flow than the Cumberland River with rain
My lyrics are infinite pain
My halo is ripped from the battles while slayin' the rage
What covers the coverin' page?
I think I discovered a whole 'nother brain
Hover over the highest level that they make
Baby face finna take y'all all on a chase
To a field of cows, I got the cash in the case
Now watch a motherfucker go pop that thing

You don't want me bein' your problem
This neck too red, high level swamp water
You don't want me bein' your problem
I was made in the south where the DNA be mobbin'

You don't want me bein' your problem
I'm too low key, you won't even see it comin'
The backwoods raised a menace, I'm intertwined in the holler
Neck done turned maroon, got navy blue on the collar
You don't want me bein' your problem
I'm too low key, you won't even see it comin'
The backwoods raised a menace, I'm intertwined in the holler
Neck done turned maroon, got navy blue on the collar

I feel the vibe the game givin' me now
It's obvious they want me out, they want me to drown
But I've been a river rat since before I could spell
Ironic Upchurch is the name that is givin' 'em hell
Fire flames and they easily melt
Stone Cold when I got to be, championship belt
People's elbow, ain't no givin' me L's
Unless I do that shit myself
Still won't ever catch me sitting on shelf
Hop off and fall in a realm
One of the realest stories ever fell
From the hood to the apps on a Apple
Deep off on the Appalachian trail

Thickest most ancient of tales
Call me liquidation of sales
Holler of bells, silver tongue to the bales
Upchurch I just preach to the masses
Put swag in the fire when we loosen the belt

You don't want me bein' your problem
So, make deals with the devil, I'll make one with mighty summons
You don't want me, me bein' your problem
My halo's given to me as a weapon of harmonics

You don't want me bein' your problem
I'm too low key, you won't even see it comin'
The backwoods raised a menace, I'm intertwined in the holler
Neck done turned maroon, got navy blue on the collar
You don't want me bein' your problem
I'm too low key, you won't even see it comin'
The backwoods raised a menace, I'm intertwined in the holler
Neck done turned maroon, got navy blue on the collar