

Redneck for Real

Upchurch

Eh, they call me a cousin fucker they got some shitty insults
Can't match me on a track because I think they smoking bath salts
Just laying on that ass while looking dingy and cracked out
These got me twisted whistling Dixie, I run it in the south
Shit I'm the Connor McGregor of country rap that is evident
I fuck around and get high and release a album by accident
The more shit I put out the more haters become irrelevant
I'm spitting fucking flames and don't need kerosene to make it lit
Shit I ain't even in LA and I'm starting to build island
Won't you come venture in my jungle where I hang out with problems
And I ain't even went hard 'cause ain't nobody made irate
My voltage at a 3, don't make it crank high 8
Pissing off my competition but you won't hear me go diss 'em
'Cause it ain't gon' benefit me unless their fanbase is a million
I spit .45 rounds up in my sleeve got bullet holes up in my ceiling
My pillow soaked in black as my saliva's diamondback venom
Yeah I could be at your feet
And you wouldn't even fucking know
'cause you all playing the creep, son
All I hear is some songs about trucks y'all don't drive
With some verses 'bout hot girls you ain't got in real life
I hear ya blowing black smoke but you don't even own a diesel
I hear you're country as they come
but you ain't hanging with my people
So put your camouflage on, take a picture with some wheels
Act like you're working hard when you ain't even got deals
And don't ask me for a feature, we do it different in the hills
Yeah, we some rednecks for real Man I looked up to artists that turned out to be some jokes
That's why I'm high strung like a two-stroke with a put out choke
Yeah wing-wing on that Yamaha, chromed out 11 horses
So many punchlines on my album my front cover is a band aid, ho
Anybody who wants these flames need to purchase fucking solar cane
I'll burn you like a drug am guilty
of trying to sell your ass some propane
I'm dumping stolen coal through these swampy southern states
Hauling ten tonnes of ass in this fucking Church train
Blowing smoke through the sky yeah baby I'm that guy
Calling motherfuckers out but their numbers don't climb
'Cause I won't ever say their name even if they try to bait me
I'm a pro with this shit these guys sound like they still in training
Ain't got no living, ain't half of the shit they're shit
And people wonder why I jump in the pits, stay slaying

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Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>