

Running on Fumes (feat. Jelly Roll)

Upchurch

Open road, a Winnebago
A pack of Marlboro Reds and a Zippo, let's go
Just hope that my dreams ain't running on fumes
But if they are I'll let 'em run till the smoke blows too
Shit I'll take a Winnebago, a Datsun, a
Nissan, a Chevy

Whatever it takes to get my ass past the levy (You know it)
Growing up in my town, fame was only on television
I got thousands of people checking YouTube for how I'm living
Yeah, it's crazy, back in high school we had flip phones we didn't use
We blew up our mud trucks, didn't care about no damn views
I guess I'm what's left of them old school dudes
Plus the millennials hate me, I guess that's a plus too
'Cause I emerged from the muddy water with a fuck you attitude
I grew up on that JellyRoll and fucking struggled Jenny's boots
I'm the son of the south but Nashville is my backyard
I guess I was destined to spit shit on guitars

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On the same old road in a old school caddy
A couple of baddies that like to call me daddy
Hoping that my dreams ain't running on fumes
If they are well then fuck it let me roll outta fuel
This that southern rock shit, baby this that
summer pump

And my middle finger's up like that motherfucker's stuck
I bet it'll shut 'em up, I'm strapped like I'm buckled up
The ones that are acting tough being sweet as a buttercup
You fucking Dixie chick listening metrosexual bitch
You the kind to go jail on some sexual shit
I'm the kind to get a hand by a sexual bitch
So get the fuck around me acting all extra and shit
From the city to the country even Cheatham County knows
Got pulled over there in '07 flat with a few balls
Little Warren took the charge may God rest his soul
So I still rep Antioch every city that I go motherfucker

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