

Redneck for Real

Upchurch

[Intro]

Let the BandPlay

[Verse 1]

Yeah they call me a cousin fucker, they got some shitty insults
Can't match me on the track because I think they smokin' bath salts
Just layin' on that asphalt looking dingy and cracked out
This guy keep whistlin' 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 spittin' fuckin' flames and don't need kerosene to make it lit
Shit I ain't even in a lane, I'm startin' to build islands
Won't you come venture in my jungle where I hang out with primates
And I ain't even went hard 'cause ain't nobody made me irate
My voltage at a 3, don't make me crank it to a high 8
Pissin' 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 sleep, got bullet holes up in my ceilin'
My pillow soaked in black 'cause my saliva's diamondback venom
Yeah, I could be at your feet
And you wouldn't even fuckin' know 'cause you don't play in the creek, son

[Chorus]

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 blowin' black smoke but you don't even own a diesel
I hear you're country as they come but you ain't hangin' with my peeps
So put your camouflage on, take a picture with some wheels
Act like you're workin' 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
(We some rednecks for real, we some rednecks for real)
(Yeah, we some rednecks for real, we some rednecks for real, we some rednecks for real)

[Verse 2]

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 pulled out choke
Yeah wing-wing on that Yamaha, chromed out eleven hundred
So many punchlines on my album my front cover is a band aid, ho

Anybody who wants these flames need to purchase fuckin' Solarcaine
I'll burn you like a drug, Hank Hill tryin' to sell your ass some propane
I'm dumpin' stolen coal through these swampy southern states
Haulin' ten tons of ass in this fuckin' Church train
Blowin' 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 tried to pay me
I'm a pro at this shit these guys sound like they still in trainin'
Ain't got no limit, ain't half of the shit they're sayin'
And people wonder why I jump in the pit and stay slayin'

[Chorus]

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