

# Son of the South

## Upchurch

[Chorus]

Yeah I'm the son of the south, blood crimson red (Yeah)  
Blue jeans faded with the grease-stained hands (Yeah)  
Scars on my knuckles and that's still who I am (Yeah)  
Don't come over here disrespectin' my homeland  
My homeland, yeah

[Verse 1]

Yeah, when the shit goes down  
I'll be somewhere with a hundred thousand gun shot rounds  
With a railroad car covered up in the ground  
With a barbed wire fence wrapped all the way around my house  
Four-wheelers, dirt bikes, 80 model high rise  
Snipers spittin' beech nut from a hilltop rise  
Yeah, motherfucker, everybody's on my team  
Bikers, OG's, Klan members and the police  
And everybody's still figurin' out what's on the news  
And they do this shit on purpose who ain't even got a clue  
White lives, black lives, and the blue matter too  
So point your gun across the sea and let's just stand as a group  
'Cause they got people tryna kill us 'cause our fuckin' beliefs  
And towelheads in the subway with a bomb in their briefs  
So let's cut the bullshit and stand for all our people  
And cut some motherfuckin' throats, let them bleed 'til we're equal

[Chorus]

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My homeland, yeah

[Verse 2]

Thunder bar runnin' I'm the man behind the curtain  
Got a fuck you, I don't even know you attitude for certain  
I'm just tryna find my purpose while the vultures fly around my head  
Tellin' me the things I can do to darn prove myself  
Friends fallin' off of the face of the Earth  
'Cause they don't know how to act that I made myself somethin'  
I'm unity bustin' southern motherfucker for real

And I live by the home flag, die by the steel  
Gunpowder and kerosene, grenades and pride  
And if you tryna harm my country then you in for a ride  
And we don't bury you bitches we just throw you up in the fire  
That's the smell of sweet freedom, USA 'til I die

[Chorus]

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Scars on my knuckles and that's still who I am  
Don't come over here disrespectin' my homeland  
My homeland, yeah

My homeland, my homeland, my homeland  
(Yeah my homeland, yeah my homeland)  
My homeland  
(Yeah my homeland, yeah my homeland)

Yeah I'm the son of the south, blood crimson red  
Blue jeans faded with the grease-stained hands  
Scars on my knuckles and that's still who I am  
Don't come over here disrespectin' my homeland  
(Yeah my homeland)  
My homeland

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