

Conspiracy

Upchurch

[Intro]

Yeah, yeah
Church

[Verse 1]

Man, I know I'm gettin' stupid hella views, closet got about a hundred pair of boots
Lookin' like the set of Walker Texas Ranger every time you step inside my fuckin' room
Gun sittin' in the corner loaded ready when the thief is stealin' shit up out my yard
I don't even call the Cheatham County police, I just call the morgue to get you out my yard
I got more connections than a box of Legos, got enough bread to buy a fuckin' Lambo
But I'd rather buy mud trucks, smoke good weed and roll that shit by the fuckin' handful
Yeah, I'm tatted up, 26, from the sticks, got a gift, so legit
How I spit, from the trench, bought a single wide trailer and I made that pimp (ah yeah)
Got the 'Vette on fleek with the top of the house, no shoes, no shirt, with the sunshine out
But I won't get burnt, still cold in south, shit, dog, just bring that microphone out
Yeah, I'm black on black, The Intimidator, still making noise like damn cicadas
This white boy got a little bit of flavor, still keep it country like green tomatoes

[Chorus]

Tailgates droppin' on the south side, got that black smoke steady rolling
Glovebox got that James Bond and I ain't scared to bust you open
From the land of I don't trust you so don't take my shit too serious
Unless you're tryin' to fuck with me, you'll end up a conspiracy, yeah

[Sample: Alex Jones from InfoWars]

That's destiny, that's will
That's striving, that's being a trailblazer
An explorer, going into space
Mathematics, quantum mechanics, the secrets of the universe
(The secrets of the universe)

[Verse 2]

All I know is doin' hard work, blood, sweat and tears stained up in my shirt
Mama told me, "Keep dreamin' 'til the dream come to life", yeah I grew it from the dirt
Used to play, gettin' dirty in the mud, now I'm grown, still dirty with it son
Rebel flag wavin' in the southern sun, this is who I am, you cannot take it from me
I don't Twitter beef, I'm out here gettin' even, hidin' in your bushes while your ass is sleepin'
Jack the Ripper kind of vibe is when I'm creepin', leave you like a broken sink, you're steady
leakin'
Big guns, clicked up lookin' like we're gettin' ready for the fuckin' purge

Toolbox got enough ammunition to wipe out a city from the motherfuckin' curb
Big game, big boots, big balls, big wallet, shockin' people
Like they stuck their head inside a light socket, Einstein-looking ass every time I drop it
I will never lose my shine, skin is diamond plate, they want me to stop but I fuckin' cain't
Out there reppin' for my little country state, Cheatham County, baby, that is where I stay

[Chorus]

Tailgate's droppin' on the south side, got that black smoke steady rolling
Glovebox got that James Bond and I ain't scared to bust you open
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[Sample: Alex Jones from InfoWars]

Don't you understand the magnitude, I'm right, I'm correct
I've done the research, I know what I'm talking about
I don't like being right, I wish I was wrong, but I'm correct
They hate your success!
They hate your strengths!
They hate your passion!

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