

Huckleberry

Upchurch

Son, I've been in the woods for like a week
Smokin' weed and gettin' back to myself
Hehe, ha ha ha, yeah

Church

Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy Get the Yoder, load the Axxis, tilt the world right off it's axis
I stumbled up in this bitch and I ain't even need no practice
Babe Ruth is foul ball, son you know I'm always catchin' those
Amphibious with flows like I run the game with webbed toes
Yeah there that boy go, rooster necklace all gold
Diamonds in that mug cost more than the truck he drive yo
Damn straight motherfucker, my career come from the dirt
The same ground I got them maters from to add to my Bud Light son

Don't get me piped up, Chattanooga shine son
Gettin' drunk like a farmer, put the V8 in the mud
Fuck it, let it get stuck, get the tractor for the truck
Life's a wench in a rut, if you gotta crank it up
I'll be your Huckleberry, I'll be your dark and scary
I'll be your man of the hour, Mr. Church don't sour
And I'll be those KC lights in a farm boy's truck

Granddaddy's gun in a 1500

A son of a bitch and a crazy motherfucker Man I love that feelin' of blue lights on a Friday

One lane, one way, no way, roll a J

In my Carhartt toboggan, and I be flexin' like my driveway

It's a runway, fuck Hollywood the long way

I got dirt in my nails and there's nails in my dirt

Run barefoot behind me and your feet gon' hurt

My little piggy hit the market, your little piggy look whacked off

Y'all country but can't even get the blade up in the hacksaw

Chopped wood for the Gram let the wood get wet

I got bricks stacked up, with a tarp on it bitch

If you see me swingin' the axe it ain't because of bonfire

It's 'cause I went crazy and live in a house made of cross ties

I'll be your Huckleberry, I'll be your dark and scary

I'll be your man of the hour, Mr. Church don't sour

And I'll be those KC lights in a farm boy's truck

Granddaddy's gun in a 1500

A son of a bitch and a crazy motherfucker Mu-Mustang like a Socs, leather jacket like Dali

Outsider of my town, switchblade in my jacket

They don't make that soda pop pop, no carbonation added

River water in my veins to muddy water I'm an addict

Raisin' hell like I planted devil seeds then I grew it

Oh wait that's weed, hah damn I feel stupid

Devil's lettuce on the ranch I wish the ghost could be some peppers
Peter Piper picked a Chevy, now his truck is full of bad bitches
I'm rockin' rags up on these riches
Built my house in all these ditches
Instead of leavin' my home town
I settled down and now I fucks with it
It's Mr. Cheatham County, talk slow, rap fluid
Spit flames so much you think I drink starter fluid I'll be your Huckleberry, I'll be your dark and
scary
I'll be your man of the hour, Mr. Church don't sour
And I'll be those KC lights in a farm boy's truck
Granddaddy's gun in a 1500
A son of a bitch and a crazy motherfucker

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