

# Country Boy Shit

## Upchurch & Bottleneck

[Intro: Upchurch & Bottleneck]

Yeah  
Yeah  
Church

[Verse 1: Upchurch]

Bitch I came up from this shit, shotgun layin' right by the screen door (Yeah)  
Alarm buzzin' on my house, then my old lady know she gotta hit the floor  
Ain't taking shit from you fuckboys, I got Tennesseean's that make you get lost (Yeah)  
Bottom by the river no bubbles dog, concrete feet like a sidewalk

[Chorus: Upchurch]

So don't make no wrong turns that GPS might not pick up  
You might run up on some crackers that love crackin' people's skulls  
It's that country boy shit, yeah motherfucker (Yeah)  
Country boy shit, yeah motherfucker

[Verse 2: Upchurch]

If I get jammed up and I need a ride, I'm calling Sampson any day or night  
He's rollin' up in a El Camino with a engine built for a drag night (Yeah)  
Running 7 40s in a 8th mile with a pistol loaded, no driver's license  
And the game reserve come find me, city cop cars only two wheel drive (Yeah)  
With a crate of shine sittin' in a truck, we get heat it up with a Bic lighter  
Being crazy and with that created, it's actually how I fucking live player  
A lot of country rappers really can't hang 'cause I ain't livin' what they talk about  
Are you redneck and from the south, quit tryna convince me what you about  
Just tell it to the mic, show me on the road  
You got bullshit runnin' by the fuckin' load  
I don't believe a song you ever fuckin' sold  
You used to be a gangster and now you never was  
Claimin' you got shooters, keep it on the hush  
You ain't got no shooters, you can't shoot a gun  
You ain't fuckin' hard, why you lyin' son  
Everybody in here know where I'm from

[Chorus: Upchurch]

So don't make no wrong turns that GPS might not pick up  
You might run up on some crackers that love crackin' people's skulls  
It's that country boy shit, yeah motherfucker (Yeah)

Country boy shit, yeah motherfucker

[Verse 3: Bottleneck]

Well I've been here on that country shit, that cracker shit, that redneck shit (Yeah)  
A lotta these boys done changed their way but I'm still in the woods just killin' shit  
Still rap about some huntin', muddin', fishin', drinkin' country livin'  
I see a bunch of fuckboys in camo hats that's never lived it  
I see you got them jeans tucked with your Skoal ring and that pinch of snuff  
Where I'm from deep in the cut that fake shit'll get you fucked up  
Take a wrong turn and run that mouth and it won't be hard to find me  
Bring it son I do shoot guns, and I blend in with them pine trees  
Patrollin' down these backroads, I keep these gun racks shakin'  
Get tracks in the dirt on a redneck's turf and the buckshot keeps on sprayin'  
Don't run up on these country boys that's really on some country shit  
Leave your ass in a ditch, take your boots and take your shit

[Chorus: Upchurch]

So don't make no wrong turns that GPS might not pick up  
You might run up on some crackers that love crackin' people's skulls  
It's that country boy shit, yeah motherfucker  
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Make no wrong turns that GPS might not pick up  
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It's that country boy shit, yeah motherfucker  
Country boy shit, yeah motherfucker  
Country boy shit, yeah motherfucker  
Country boy shit, yeah motherfucker

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