

Catch Hell (feat. Katie Noel)

Adam Calhoun

[Chorus: Adam Calhoun]

Oh Lord, I ain't never gonna run
From no one, you fuckin' with the wrong one, yeah
'Cause you can get it right (Oh), you can get it right
Run up, catch hell, take this L, you can get it right (Ayy)
Oh Lord, I ain't never gonna run
From no one, you fuckin' with the wrong one, yeah
'Cause you can get it right (Oh), you can get it right
Run up, catch hell, take this L, you can get it right (Ayy)

[Post-Chorus: Adam Calhoun]

My throne, this is my throne
Heavy is the crown, and this shit is so cold
So cold like my veins, I ain't never lied
Castin' out these demons like I'm castin' out a line

[Verse 1: Adam Calhoun]

Okay chill, calm your horses, you get killed like abortions
I'm so real, make you fear, them bullets hit you in your torso
How you want it? You can get it, split 'em like some firewood
I'm just out here by myself, wish-a-motha-fucka-would
Okay, hit 'em with the buckshot, no fuck shit
Go ahead call the cops, no fucks to give
What's up bitch? Lookin' for a lick, well shit
I'm pissed, I don't need no pistol, hit 'em with fists
Life's a bitch, mine's a hooker and she's rich
And I'm a pimp, so off that money miss me with that funny shit
Country rappers make me sick, half of y'all can't rap for shit
Comin' at you like a pit, then I'm passin' you like Vick
I feel bad for laughin', when this half-assed rappin' gonna quit?
I ain't known for runnin', but just know I came to run this shit
For real

[Chorus: Adam Calhoun & Katie Noel]

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[Post-Chorus: Katie Noel]

Two times, hit 'em two times
Castin' out these demons like I'm castin' out a line
I ain't lyin' fist fight , who hit like a girl
In the woods spinnin' tires, paint looks like a pearl

[Verse 2: Katie Noel]

Ayy, we got the sauce, you with the crust
Feel the hit sit down deep in your gut
One little gunshot make the barn rock, what the fuck
Middle finger up, cook 'em in the crock pot
Hop out while it's runnin', what up?
You will never see me comin', shut up
All my critics mind your business
Ain't hear nothin' but some crickets
Butter you up like homemade biscuits
Don't kiss ass but damn sure kick it
Bitches, I'm up in these trenches
Busta lookin' like a princess
Princess up in lifted trucks
No DJ but I mix it up
No replay so live it up
Don't take L's, we winnin' yup
[Bridge: Katie Noel]
We winnin', come get it
You fakin', we livin'
Yeah, yeah, yeah

[Chorus: Adam Calhoun]

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