

Huck Fosier

Adam Calhoun

[Intro: Adam Calhoun]

This is not a song

This is not even a fuckin' warning

I'm comin' for all you motherfuckers

If you diss me, I'm comin' to your front door

There won't be no reply

[Verse 1: Adam Calhoun]

Le-le-let me make this crystal clear

This country rap ain't shit to hear

Y'all ain't moved an inch in years

Stuck in the mud, shiftin' gears

You must write your raps with crayons

Hosier's got like a dozen fans

Know for fuckin' his cousin and

Talkin' shit but won't throw hands

You ain't a man you a bitch, right

You buddy up and you switch sides

Can't get nowhere so you dick ride

That's straight up, midnight

[Verse 2: Adam Calhoun]

Don't get me wrong, tryin' to put us on
But half of y'all can't write a song
The other half is doin' shit
They build it up and you ruin it
It's time to man up, no more bitch
Why you on stage grabbin' your dick
Talkin' about the beers you drink
And braggin' about the cans you dip
You so camo I can't see you
This ammo make yo' ass see-through
Talk tough, get fucked, tossed in the trunk
Then take that punk to ICU

[Verse 3: Adam Calhoun]

What's a hillbilly, get killed really
I fuck with ol' boy Chicken Willie
It's summer time buyin' still chili
Can't touch your boy but you still feel me
I'll choke a hater with Copenhagen
Dope as fuck, no mistakin'
Far as hick-hop, I hit the top
Whether or not that shit's vacant

[Interlude: Who TF is Justin Time?]

Hold up! Hold up! Hold up! Hold up!

This is Who The Fuck is Justin Time?

This is Redneck Rave shit motherfuckers

What y'all think I wasn't gonna get on here and talk my shit

Y'all sadly motherfuckin' mistaken, now check this out

Y'all motherfuckers wanna talk about y'all gonna piss on somebodies boots

I've got 17 motherfuckin' reasons why you ain't gonna step bitch

You got a motherfuckin' problem

When you see me, make sure yo' ass hop out that motherfuckin' truck bitch

Let's go

[Verse 4: Adam Calhoun]

You, you, you thought I was done though

No, no, no harm to the teeth in a no gun zone

Got an army with me, quit talkin' to me

Lights on upstairs but nobodies home

Nobodies on shit, just fight me

Nobody wants it, unlikely

Get stomped out by Red Wing boots

We don't do soft shit around here, fuck Nike

[Verse 5: Adam Calhoun]

You won't pull it, shotgun bullets wreck your whole body (Body)

All I hear is a lot of bullshit, you ain't nobody (Body)

Who's going to check me, I'm waitin'

Please don't test me, my patience

Runnin' out, don't run your mouth

This gun I got ain't got no safety

Lord have mercy, I mean that

If I react, it means hearses

Bunch of virgins

I can't fuck with these bitches weak ass verses

This is curtains, show's over

Not for me, but for those of

You who oppose the fact I just showed you

That the game is over

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>