Raise Hell and Eat Cornbread

Upchurch

[Intro] Hashtag RHEC (You know you love the movement) (Don't lie, don't lie, don't lie)

[Chorus] Raise hell and eat cornbread Raise hell and eat cornbread Them boys 'round here Yeah, they sunburnt and they corn-fed Raise hell and eat cornbread Raise hell and eat cornbread Them girls 'round here Yeah, they fire-hot with them long legs

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[Verse 1] Straight up outta Dixieland, I ain't gotta say the name Chevy S-10 sittin' on a K5 frame Born in a small town, that's just how the shit goes Once a nobody, now I get compared to Big Smo Met a couple people that I like to call my homies Fatt Tarr from Tiller Gang, boy, two counties above me The public seem to love me but these haters say I'm frontin' (Huh) Bring your ass to Tennessee and lemme show you somethin' (Yeah) We got trucks that look like Grave Digger, 35's and go bigger AR-15 .223 rounds with hair triggers Straight tatted up like I'm datin' Kat Von D Country boy fresh, representin' middle Tennessee Kentucky, Alabama, Georgia, Florida, Louisiana Maryland and Mississippi and both of them Carolinas (Huh) RHEC, raising hell up in them Tonka Toys

RHEC, yeah you know that world-wide noise

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[Verse 2]

Brahma grade Ford with a hella lotta hunting stickers Born where my roots tend to run just a little deeper Barefoot bandit, grew up as a true creeker Pop's up at holly ran momma was a chill hippie (Hit me) If the Devil was in was Georgia then he traveled down to Tennessee I guess somebody told him that he had to come and challenge me I put his ass in check like the kid with the fiddle Then I left his ass numb with them backwoods riddles I ain't tryin' to be a boaster but I roast it like a toaster I'm as good as cold beer in the summer and you know it Got you high like THC while you're swingin' off a rope swing CEO, boy, hashtag RHEC

[Outro]

I just wanna give a big thanks To Showtime, Tiller Gang, Fat Tarr, C-Hubb, Big John, Big Smo You know you gotta represent for us

[Chorus]

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