

Can't Fuck with Us

Upchurch

[Intro]

God dang I've had a bad day
Two of my trucks fuckin' broke down I ended up almost fighting a motherfucker band play side
(Ha ha ha)
(You can come and get it, come and get it, get it, pow, pow)
Church

[Verse 1]

Yeah I know some folks don't wanna see me win
I'll replicate Talladega just to cut me some donuts in (Oh yeah)
Hah, with all the beer cans in my back yard
You got a second look to make sure it ain't Sterling Marlin's car
You wanna test my redneck, try to punch me in my white face (yeah)
Keepin' up with me is like bringing shoes to a drag race
I got some much traction I'm gettin' sponsored by Firestone
I've yet to find a country rapper makin' me work more
'Cause I'm the king of this shit, I can't stress it enough
Everybody writin' songs like they someone tough
And I confront you at a show and you don't say nothin'
Chop ya fingers off, bitch, and stop pressin' my buttons
Yeah, I'm loosin' the boots and I'm throwin' curve balls with lightnin'
Pissing everybody off to me is kinda excitin'
I'm solo with a jack handle to anyone wanna fight me
I got more guns in my truck than T.I. when he got indicted, bitch

[Hook]

You gon' get your head bust if you fuck with us (Fuck with us)
You gon' get your head bust if you fuck with us (Fuck with us)
You gon' get your head bust if you fuck with us
Mile deep in the woods, yeah, they know what's up
You gon' get your head bust if you fuck with us (Fuck with us)
You gon' get your head bust if you fuck with us (Fu-fu-fuck with us)
You gon' get your head bust if you fuck with us
Mile deep in the woods, yeah, they know what's up

[Verse 2]

I didn't travel to Nashville, shit, I was born in the heart
'Round a bunch of Dixie chicks and some slick-ass cars
Dancin' neon lights, fist fights poppin' on Broadway
Broken bottles in the alleys from last Friday
You can say you're from the Ville to give your image some flavor
But I didn't jumped them Printers Alley, won't you do me a favor
Take a handle of Jack and get loose down on Second Avenue
Slap a chick on the ass and fight her boyfriend and brother too

Nashville made me mean, Cheatham County made me meaner
That's why when I'm out in public I'm Bruce Wayne with my demeanor
Your truck clean, my trucks cleaner, your bad bitch, she want my wiener
I'm that motherfucker makin' all y'all look some beginners, Church

[Hook]

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Mile deep in the woods, yeah, they know what's up

[Outro]

Yeah I know some folks don't wanna see me win
I'll replicate Talladega just to cut me some donuts in
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

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