

# Cheatham County

## Upchurch

[Intro]

Man, these boys think they got me, ha ha  
You ain't got shit son  
I'm the Lane Frost of this shit  
So bring ya ass on then  
(Hell yeah)

[Pre-Chorus]

I'm on my country boy shit hillbilly like it's Beverly  
Cherry red Chevy, lift kit about a couple feet  
Roots in my boots and I ain't gotta prove shit  
Follow me down to my woods boy and hop off in these sticks

[Chorus]

We got clips, we got guns  
Drive them tires off in this mud  
I'm from backwoods Cheatham County boy  
Them three words say it all  
Droppin' bucks, makin' dolla's  
Small town man, down from the holla'  
Middle finger to the world 'cause America's my daughter  
We got clips, we got guns  
Drive them tires off in this mud  
I'm from backwoods Cheatham County  
Boy them three words say it all  
Droppin' bucks, makin' dolla's  
Small town man, down from the holla'  
Middle finger to the world 'cause America's my daughter

[Verse 1]

When I started from the bottom, now ya' honky got a buzz on  
Pabst Blue Ribbon, crankin' up a thumpin' country song  
Tailgatin', drinkin' beer, rollin' up that greenery  
Shootin' at the ducks while they passin' by my scenery  
I came up from nothin' now my face in more than 50 states  
Pedal to the metal, I ain't even go and tap the brakes  
And I ain't from the city I'm from hollers, rivers, creeks, and lakes  
Redneck as it gets 'cause this boy ain't time to go and fake it  
Woo

[Bridge]

Now let me pop that clutch  
Ain't your man with a plan though that always crunch  
I'm that motherfuckin' Hoss now with zero trust  
Rollin' through your damn city in this bucket of rust (Hell yeah)

[Chorus]

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[Verse 2]

Nashville born, small hick town raised  
On the edge of Music Row, corn field, wind sways  
Ford, Dodge, Chevrolet, rust bucket, still blaze  
Everything gets dirty tryna' pave that way  
I ain't never had a hand out, never had a pick me up  
Budweiser beer bottles breakin' in my pickup truck  
Chip on my shoulder, rockin' me a heavy farmers tan  
Honeys treat me lovely 'cause I'm popular on Instagram  
Haters say I'm fakin' shit, say I'm not famous, barely lit  
When I didn't have the management to make sure that I'm well equipped  
So fingers up and shots on me famous and I'm 23  
Self made son, country boy from middle Tennessee

[Chorus]

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[Outro]  
(Hell yeah)

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