

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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Drive them tires off in this mud
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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/>