

C.H.E.A.T.H.A.M.

Upchurch

[Intro]

Church (Church, Church, Church, Church, Church)

Yeah, okay[Verse 1]

Eh, I be posted up in park, fumes comin' out my shit exhaust
Yellow lights just beamin' on that gravel spot when no ones up
My glove box got Beam by the fifth, blunt look big like AO Smith
Mossy Oak drenched on my Range, 'cause I'm white trash that hit it big
They say I sound like Kid Rock if he's born in the south
Yeah, sweet potato pie and THC in my mouth
Got hollow tips in the nine, I'm so 6 1 to the 5
And I almost drowned in the river where Hank said we can survive

[Chorus]

C.H.E.A.T.H.A.M. (You know it)

You can hear my pipes all the way into the A.M.â€

C.H.E.A.T.H.A.M. (You know it)

Rollin' stoned before I was in every stoners playlist

C.H.E.A.T.H.A.M.â€

Ain't changed from the days when I didn't have a thing, bitch

C.H.E.A.T.H.A.M. (You know it)

I say I got them tags to cap the rappers when I hunt shit[Verse 2]

Been whippin' off of my soul forever

Until the ocean is an empty desert

Until a fat chick grows big wings

And sings the fuckin' National Anthem

I'm so river rat until I eve off to a monster brah

I was a fish now I'm the megalodon that's hungry for your boat

And I stay in the sticks with the hicks and the firearms

So much smoke out my windows I'm hearin' my neighbors fire alarm

It's Mr. Cheatham County, Mr. nothing you can tell me

Mr. one of Nashville's legends, Johnny Cash would be impressed with Church

[Chorus]

C.H.E.A.T.H.A.M. (You know it)

You can hear my pipes all the way into the A.M.â€

C.H.E.A.T.H.A.M. (You know it)

Rollin' stoned before I was in every stoners playlist

C.H.E.A.T.H.A.M.â€

Ain't changed from the days when I didn't have a thing, bitch

C.H.E.A.T.H.A.M. (You know it)

I say I got them tags to cap the rappers when I hunt shit

(Blah, blah, blah, blah)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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