

Conspiracy

Upchurch

Yeah, yeah
ChurchMan, I know I'm getting stupid hella
views, closet got about a hundred pair of boots
Looking like the set of Walker Texas
Ranger every time you step inside my fucking room
Gun sitting in the corner loaded ready
when the thief is stealing shit about my yard
I don't even call the Cheatham County police,
I just call the morgue to get you out my yard
I got more connections than a box of
Legos, got enough bread to buy a fucking Lambo
But I'd rather buy mud trucks,
smoke good weed and roll that shit by the fucking handfull
Yeah, I'm tatted up, 26, from the stix, got a gift, so legit
How I spit from the trip,
bought a single wide trailer and I made that pimped (Oh yeah)
Got the 'Vette on fleek with the top of the
house, no shoes, no shirt, with the sunshine out
But I won't get burned,
still cold in south, shit, dawg, just bring that microphone out
Yeah, I'm black on black,
the intimidator, still making noise like damn cicadas
This white boy got a little bit of
flavor, still keep it country like grape tomatoes
Tailgates dropping on the south
side, got that black smoke steady rolling
Glovebox got that James Bond and I ain't scared to bust you open
From the land of I don't trust you so don't take my shit too serious
Unless you're trying to fuck with me, you'll end up a conspiracy That's destiny, that's will
That's striving, that's being a trailblazer
An explorer, going into space
Mathematics, quantum mechanics, the secrets of the universe All I know is doing hard work,
blood,
sweat and tears stained up in my shirt
Mama told me,
"Keep dreaming till the dream come
to life", yeah I grew it from the dirt
Used to play,
getting dirty in the mud, now I'm grown, still dirty with it son
Rebel flag waving in the southern sun,
this is who I am, you cannot take it from me
I don't twitter beef, I'm out here getting even,

hiding in your bushes while your ass is sleeping
Jack the Ripper kind of vibe is what I'm creeping,
leave you like a broken sink, you're steady leaking
Big guns, clicked up looking like
we're getting ready for the fucking purge
Toolbox got enough ammunition to wipe
out a city from the motherfucking curb
Big game, big boots, big balls, big wallet, shocking people
Like they stuck their head inside a light
socket, Einstein-looking ass every time I drop it
I will never lose my shine,
skin is diamond plate, they want me to stop but I fucking can't
Out there repping for my little country
state, Cheatham county, baby, that is where I stay
Tailgate's dropping on the south
side, got that black smoke steady rolling
Glovebox got that James Bond and I ain't scared to bust you open
From the land of I don't trust you so don't take my shit too serious
Unless you're trying to fuck with me, you'll end up a conspiracy Don't you understand the
magnitude, I'm right, I'm correct
I've done the research, I know what I'm talking about
I don't like being right, I wish I was wrong, but I'm correct
They hate your success!
They hate your strengths!
They hate your passion!

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

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