

Back N Forth

Upchurch & Adam Calhoun

[Adam Calhoun:]

I ain't 'posed to be here, yeah that's what they told me
But I keep showin' up like "Fuck you, pay me", yeah you owe me
I don't need a record deal for me to see a couple mil'
I drop a record, my people go buy it 'cause that shit is real
Ayy, you ain't gonna silence this bias or try to shelf me
Fake as fuckin' bitches lookin' like a filtered selfie
All these streams and record sales I'm keepin' up with top 3
I don't get dropped, I dropped the label, try and stop me
Take a picture it will last longer, I'm doin' numbers
I'm alkin' way bigger than last summer, I'm fuckin' hungry
I stay with my buddies, bonfires and hoodies
In the front yard drinkin' beer lookin' like bullies
Ayy, don't touch my patience, I went from prison to greatness
I'm sayin' I could stay calm if you hatin', but I'd rather go ancient
I'm sayin', this is fuckin' legendary, colder than February
I can't kill you anymore you dead already

[Upchurch & (Adam Calhoun):]

If I walk this red carpet, I'ma leave a trail of muddy footprints
That's why I'm drippin' on the public, no gold I go rust
Save the gold for the ladies 'cause these dudes ain't us, ain't us
If I walk this red carpet, I'ma leave a trail of muddy footprints
(Cause these dudes ain't us)

That's why I'm drippin' on the public, no gold I go rust
Save the gold for the ladies 'cause these dudes ain't us, ain't us [Upchurch:]

I ain't 'posed to be here, yeah that's what they told me
I've been in rooms with millionaires while they talk that baloney
Put some mustard on that biscuit, Taylor Swiftly slide it to me
I'm an artist not an action figure but I do play stupid
Got that lil' NOS in my gas tank, no X for destinations
I'm one of them, the industry ain't never gonna replace me
So fuck a fuckin' label 'til the owners gettin' clingy
I must be a trout because I always up my streamin'
And I'm cut from different cloths, won't you grizzly bear with me
Leonardo decapitatin' like animals within me
Beast (Beast), savage (Savage), Tennessee magic
Feel like Hercules when I'm 6-1-5'n these lanes of traffic
Can't decipher my demeanor, part the ninein with Athena
Lightnin' struck ceramic ceilings, then a portal opened in it
I'ma Einstein my inner eye, skull crafted with Labradodite
Transformin' like the [?], like a sundial with no sunlight

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