

The Tennessean (feat. Struggle)

Upchurch

[Intro: Upchurch]

Church
Struggle

[Verse 1: Upchurch]

Damn I feel like Elvis Presley dog, paparazzi poppin' shit
So many flashes in my face, I fell off in a diamond pit
I'm drippin' sweat from all my shows, and fans be takin' pictures
Yeah, I do it for the movement, don't give a fuck 'bout gettin' richer
Yeah, I'm ridin' in that sleeper, Challenger, you know it's supercharged
I may have made some money, but I still reppin' them junkyards
The kid from the country, who put the woods on the map
100 million fuckin' plays, still ain't kissin' no ass
You know it, bitch I'm headbantin' like I'm drunk out in a rock band
230 pounds, still jumpin' into a thousand hands
Rebel flag on stage, if you don't like it leave the premises
If you hatin' cracker then, why'd you buy a ticket bitch

[Chorus: Upchurch]

I'm probably not what you wanted, know I'm not what you need
No need to impress you, won't catch me on TV
I am what I come from and what I breathe
I guess I'm the Tennessean
Every time I cut a track you know I'm bleedin' orange
Every time I cut a track you know I'm bleedin' orange
Yeah, I'm the Tennessean
Every time I cut a track you know I'm bleedin' orange
And every time I cut a track you know it's comin' from the Tennessean

[Verse 2: Upchurch]

From 51st in the Verge to the Ranchettes in the K
Ashland City no omission so I'm blazin' the hay
Tobacco barn puffin' 'til my eyes red and blue
Look like a county cop car after I smoke me a doob
Yeah, I rollin' stoned in Rolling Stone, cussin' out that author right
Well, fuck that magazine, they made us look idiots no lie
They asked me for an interview, I tell 'em give me eighty grand
Then take it to my shows, throw it all out to my fuckin' fans
'Cause they should get the credit for this dope position that I'm in
Every time I wake up all I want to do is fuckin' win
So fuck the whole game with two tatted middle fingers
Don't go steppin' in my woods unless you RHECin' with me stranger

[Chorus: Upchurch]

I'm probably not what you wanted, know I'm not what you need
No need to impress you, won't catch me on TV
I am what I come from and what I breathe
I guess I'm the Tennessean
Every time I cut a track you know I'm bleedin' orange
Every time I cut a track you know I'm bleedin' orange
Yeah, I'm the Tennessean
Every time I cut a track you know (Struggle) I'm bleedin' orange
And every time I cut a track you know it's comin' from the Tennessean

[Verse 3: Struggle Jennings]

Black feet from the concrete, always beat the street 'til my knuckles bleed
Feed the family, I'd die for that, never start a fight, but I fight back
Westside 'til they shovel dirt in a big hole out in Harpeth Hills
Say I made it, now life's sweet, I can take you back to the harder years
PGK and George Strait, tried to stay straight between court dates
Never made it, got a new indictment, couple warrants for me in four states
On the run, trust no one, backed in a corner with my guns out
Feds rushed in, took all my money, even the silver spoon out my son mouth
Gotta cry, 'cause daddy gone, but a five star from granddaddy's song
Outlaw shit took a lot of lives from a lot of people who was livin' wrong
Came home and I started grindin', got my family back, and changed my life
One thing you can bet your ass, us Tennesseans never say die

[Chorus: Upchurch]

I'm probably not what you wanted, know I'm not what you need
No need to impress you, won't catch me on TV
I am what I come from and what I breathe
I guess I'm the Tennessean
Every time I cut a track you know I'm bleedin' orange
Every time I cut a track you know I'm bleedin' orange
Yeah, I'm the Tennessean
Every time I cut a track you know I'm bleedin' orange
And every time I cut a track you know it's comin' from the Tennessean (Tennessean,
Tennessean, Tennessean)

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