

Johnny Cash

Upchurch

Let the band play Johnny Cash, black on black
Johnny Cash, black on black
Johnny Cash, Johnny Cash
Johnny Cash, black on black
Johnny Cash, black on black
Johnny Cash, black on black
Johnny Cash, Johnny Cash
Johnny Cash

Honestly something has gotten into me lately
I don't mean to go so hard but damn the industry makes me
We done created something epic
Now they all wanna take it
All they see is dollar signs and return from my fucking greatness
Well, bitch I ain't for sale and I damn sure ain't just show and tell
And there ain't no motherfucker that's alive right now
That's gonna come top me on this scale
'Cause I'm connected to the time and y'all connected to the phones
How many followers all y'all got and how many hoes you're taking home
On that little boy shit, I came into this world like fully grown
'Bout to turn 26 and I already customized my tombstone
My casket look like a Cadillac so when I lock this only door
Arms crossed, eyes shut, people gonna look at me and say Good Lord

Johnny Cash, black on black
Johnny Cash, black on black
Johnny Cash, Johnny Cash
Johnny Cash, black on black
Johnny Cash, black on black
Johnny Cash, black on black
Johnny Cash, Johnny Cash
Johnny CashHey

I'm soul-searching a sole purpose,
There's no certain curtain I'm supposed to emerge in
Before a show opens a microphone is coded
With the truth of man that's older than he leads on to be spoken
But maybe the Illuminati is on the way that he's flowing, heh Yeah, fuck, I've recognized that a
thousand times
Still standing while I write a thousand rhymes
Got a lot of people trying to give advice
Honestly they should probably take mine
I'm dressing like I'm the head of Tennessee amazed
Rolling in a car took 20 on the dash
Glovebox got a pistol and a bunch of cash

Give me some extra about the next
Gosh, smoke his Mary Jane about the glass,
Thousand dollar suit don't cover white trash
Tattoos on my finger, I'm okay with that,
I'm from the woods but dirty dirty on the map
Tennessee all the way to Alabama,
Kentucky, Florida, Georgia and Indiana
We about to party like Louisiana,
I'ma make it rain like hurricane so cover
Really got some nerve doing what I do
Writing songs like motherfucker rules
Playing in front of hundreds, some pissed off
But I'ma make it man, we're gonna set a cause
The only person that could kill me is myself
As legendary as underground'll ever get
A Nashville man that you could never go forget it,
When I'm done you know I'll be well-dressed, bitch
Johnny Cash, black on black
Johnny Cash, Johnny Cash
Johnny Cash, black on black
Johnny Cash, black on black
Johnny Cash, black on black
Johnny Cash, Johnny Cash
Johnny Cash Black on black
Johnny Cash, black on black
Johnny Cash, Johnny Cash
Johnny Cash Black on black
Johnny Cash, black on black
Johnny Cash, black on black
Johnny Cash, Johnny Cash
Johnny Cash

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

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>