

Field Mob f/ Ludacris**"Georgia"**

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* first single; send corrections to typist

"Georgia" "Georgia!"

"Georgia" "Georgia!"

[Chorus 2X: Ludacris]

We on the grind in ("Georgia!")

All the time....

It ain't nothin' on my mind but ("Georgia")

We ain't playin' witcha

[Ludacris]

Country names, country slang, fiends at the liquor sto'

Black cruisin', craps shootin', 50 on the 10 to 4

Overcast, the forecast, shows clouds from plenty dro

And we read for war in the state of ("Georgia")

YEAH! Dirty words, dirty birds, it's MEAN in the Dirty South

If you ever disrespect it, then we'll CLEAN out ya dirty mouth

+Bulldogs+ clockin, these lookout boys is hawkin'

You gotta be brave in the state of ("Georgia")

I got five Georgia homes, where I rest my Georgia bones

Come anywhere on my land, and I'll aim at ya

+Georgia Dome+

If you get into an altercation, just hop on ya mobile phone

And tell somebody you need HELP in the middle of ("Georgia")

We some +ATL Thrashers+, scope ya punk and then smash ya

We'll come through ya hood worse than a tsunami disaster

Don't know who they gonna get, or who them robbers gonna hit

That's why I keep my +Georgia Tech+ in the state of ("Georgia")

[Chorus 2X: Shawn Jay]

We on the grind in ("Georgia!")

All the time....

It ain't nothin' on my mind but ("Georgia")

We ain't playin' witcha

[Shawn Jay]

I'm from the home of neckbones, black eyed peas,
turnip, and collard greens

We the children of the corn, dirtier than Bob Marley's BP
GA, the Peach State, where we stay

My small city is called Albany ("Georgia")

(Hahaha) Pecan Country, like catfish wit' grits

Candy yams and chitlins', Grandma's home made
baked biscuits

The land of classical Caprices and Impalas, and super
sports

Ingredients in this Peach cobbler called ("Georgia")

I love the women in LA and the shoppin' stores in NEW
YORK!

The beaches in M.I.A.; But ain't nothin' like that GA, red
clay

Look on ya map, we right above Florida, Nex to 'Bama
Under that Carolina to Tennessee, you'll see ("Georgia")

Well Gladys Knight took the "Midnight Train", The
birthplace of Martin Luter King

With ass so plump, (?), With 'Llac trucks sittin' on 26s

Know where you goin' or you'll get lost, Found in these
plumb trees in the south

Choppers'll tomahawk your top, down here in
("Georgia")

[Chorus 2X: Smoke]

We on the grind in ("Georgia!")

All the time....

It ain't nothin' on my mind but ("Georgia")

We ain't playin' witcha

[Smoke]

Now I was born in a Bentley in the bottom of the map;
with a wet paint

Chip chin on barettas, And chome on the chevys, When
I'm choppin' in the trap

Konk his head on some (?), tote somethin' spray
somethin'

the same shape as Florida; Lookin' for me boy

You'll find me down in Dougherty County in a small city
called Albany ("Georgia")

Where they used to call us some bammers, And now
the

chocolate grammer; Watch your mouth unless you
offer some manner

But ya hustlers on ever corner like the Waffle House in

Atlanta
R.I.P Camoflaudg out in Savannah ("Georgia")
Now you might come from vacation, leave on
probation, Home of the stip club
Known for the thick girls, With the chicks put tips in the
dip, girl
Hundred thick chicks wit' the thongs and the big butts,
Wanna get the
Wanna be cheap, (?) like Peactree
Man she take it off like freak meat down here in
("Georgia")
When you see them confederate flags, you know what
is
Yo folks picked cotton here, that's we call if the field
I got a Chevorlet sittin' on twenty - sixes; I'm from GA,
GA ("Georgia")

[Chorus 2X: Field Mob & Ludacris]
We on the grind in ("Georgia!")
All the time....
It ain't nothin' on my mind but ("Georgia")
We ain't playin' witcha

"Georgia" "Georgia!"
"Georgia" "Georgia!"
"Georgia!!!"

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