

Cunninlynguists

"Georgia"

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[Hook]

Georgia, The clay is runnin red
From the blood that done been shed down in
Gergia, Now we weepin to the sound
from the color of the ground down in

[V1 - Kno]

Georgia, My state my home
For 17 years learned right from wrong
Cried saline tears when i write these poems
As I made these fears give flight to song
The red clay stains the soles of my shoes
The red clay stained the soul of a fool
My grandparents told me the goal that you choose
When you realize the worlds only open to few
Will measure your worth, tether your hurt
Its that same search that can lead you to church
But if they have the time to hate a whole race
How do yall have the time to tel me about my faith?
Do ya'll have time to discuss God's grace
If youre too busy studying the color of a face?
I don't follow man to avoid the disgrace of
the closeminded culprits of southern mistakes
Glass houses built out of empty Coke bottles
Throwing rocks at statues of southern role models
Use to be followed by souls that are hollow
But had to much love to ever get swallowed
By the dark hearted people that threatened my kin
Spit on my friends for the color of their skin
So when i think back to the clay that raised me
I thank God for the strong man it made me

[V2 - Natti]

Georgia Lee Andrews, raised a man wearin dad's
pants plus her shoes
Never wavered in faith in her lovin embrace
That Garnett Lamar Bush would find a way to be great
Even after plenty meals off juvy hall plates
Calls at prison rates, pushed back release dates
Only to come home to mere months of your smile
While the nigga you married to give me a dad behave

foul

Your massive stroke one of luck for him
Kept the house, bought a car and a truck for him
Loved my brother too much to go and orphan him
So his daddy walks this earth the only man I hate
With the bitch he moved in a week after your wake
Sure as Georgia birthed me, in Kentucky my state
Seem empty, without you holding your grandson
Who smiles at your picture, not a tooth in his mouth
So handsome, you'da had him like mile left out
You'da swore I had asthma as my breath came out
Missing you, feeling like the Lord did me bad
But somewhat greater later when he made me dad
Bittersweet symphony simply played in pain
Encored by the tears that I strain to contain
But sometimes I can't help it, sometimes I'm so selfish
Feeling like God dont love you like I do
Georgia

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