

Insyderz

"The Damm"

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Yeah, it's Fulton County
In the Woods, where niggaz got bounties hangin over
they heads
We done went back down the street
And stayed from the concrete treads

Chorus:

Let's hit the damm, where all the beavers go chill
If you trill you betta not squeal
Cause if you squeal, you will disappear
Now that's for trill

Chorus

Verse One: Cool Breeze

Ay, ay, I used to kick the back do' down with the
chrome
Now when they see me, you oughta hear em, it's like
the leash still on
(FREEZE!) I hit the stage, grab the mic, they gets crunk
when I speak
Get my money, then I'm out, back at the Embassy
Suites
I got some cut with a switch you can't do nothin but
admit
I'm East Pointe's greatest hit, she all on my stick
On the strength she be steamin, she come through for
any reason
She work at the Parisian, and this is Polo season
Bam, with them Calhouns, high-tops for my feet
Outfit ain't missin nuttin like Brandy, peep
That's how us Headland hustlers ball
Next stop gonna be Greenbriar Mall

Chorus

Verse 2: Gipp

Stay in the streets like a Herby Curby

Some that didn't make it through the rain wasn't worthy
96 stamp dirty, flip wide wheels, watch for oil spills
What it is, what it ain't, in the paint, some slow by the
dank
I think, make you go blank, lookin for work
left you where you started shinin shins, under them
skirts
at the airport, Gipp cruise the hood
like a snake up in the woods lookin for a cut party

Chorus

Verse 3: Khujo

You know we don't use the Goodie name to pack they
function
at the last minute, request for, guest appearances,
denied
Time is money, on the wood, many bed no good
Ain't nothin here for you freak, off-brand frapp, really
need to learn
how to pick up an Alexander Graham Bell, for she get
gripped
get some nights on beaver, made her way through the
damm
Down stream, two crabs, a set of twins, three fins
One main pain was for soldiers to feel
Warriors don't take orders, ain't no serial killers in
Georgia
The culprit is blue words in pink skin, so listen our
daughters
Daddy's little girl, dialling 1-800-Earl
cause she want to do what men do

Chorus

Verse 4: T-Mo, Cee-Lo

How I wish, you was the last fish, I would have to catch
It was a mess, how the last one, jumped back in the sea
of Goddesses, from the SWAT it is
A poor playa with skills to build nations of people
not giving a fuck bout no color, we all brothers that ball
While others get manipulated and fall
Nose wide open to that beast, like it was yo' first
to cash in your V-club, is it really love
that you feel for her, you a betta man than me
To think I can't keep a girl that I like around me
And so there's many that await, stay after plate
my stomach full after I take a pull

Yeah, uh-huh, many gon' come, many gon' go
some thinkin, I'ma overwhelm, fuck the foes
Some wanna little time, wanna conversate
Some too impatient to wait so we can fully relate
Some Bouvier, and you bout fall clean through thin ice
tryin to skate
Your girl and I all playin the game, y'all just don't play
the same
Don't give a fuck and brush up off me, tick, tick, shawty
Lo be
At a piece of being broken for emotion at F-O-E's
So she know it's gon' be a strike three
But you gotta strike two, huh
But at the damn I could find another just like you
At The Damm I could find another just like you
Huh, goodnight Boo

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