

Ludacris "Georgia"

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Georgia, Georgia
Georgia, Georgia

We on the grind in Georgia
All the time, it ain't
Nothin' on my mind but Georgia
We ain't playin' witcha

We on the grind in Georgia
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Country name, country slang
Fiends at the liquor store
Lac Cruisin', crap shootin'
50 on the 10 to 4, overcast the forecast
Shows clouds from plenty dro
And we ready for war in the state of Georgia

Dirty words, dirty birds
It's mean in this dirty south
You ever disrespect it
And we'll clean out your dirty mouth

Bulldawgs is clockin', these look out boys is hawkin'
You gotta be brave in the state of Georgia
I got 5 Georgia homes where I rest my Georgia bones
Come anywhere on my land and I'll aim at your Georgia
dome
If you get in an altercation just hop on your mobile
phone
And tell somebody you need help in the middle of
Georgia

We some ATL thrashers, scope your pumpkin' and
smash ya
We'll come through your 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

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I'm from the home of the neck bones
Black eyed peas, turnip and collard greens
We the children on the corn
Dirtier than Bob Marley's pee pee

GA, the peach state, where we stay
My small city's called Albany Georgia
Pecan country like catfish with grits
Candy yams and chitlins
Gram's homemade baked biscuits

The land of classical Caprices and Impala super sports
Ingredients in the peach cobbler called Georgia
I love the women out in L.A.
And the shopping stores in New York
The beaches in MIA

But they ain't nothin' like that GA red clay

Look on your map, we right above Florida, next to
Bama
Under the Carolinas and Tennessee, you'll see Georgia
Where Gladys Knights and the Midnight Train
The birthplace of Martin Luther King

Where ass so plump and hips are thick
Where Lac trucks sit on 26's
Know where your going or your get lost
Found on these plum trees in the south
These choppas will tomahawk your top down here in
Georgia

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Now I was born in the belly of the bottom of the map
Where the wet paint drip jelly on pirelliz
And the chrome on the Chevy when I'm choppin in the
trap

Country as hell, they some warriors
Told some to spray something the same shape as
Florida
Lookin' for me boy, ya find me, out of Dougherty
County
In a small city called Albany Georgia

Where they use to call us some bamas
And now they jockin' the grammar
Watch yo mouth unless you out for some manner
Bunch of hustlers run on every corner
Like the Waffle house in Atlanta

R.I.P Camoflauge out in Savannah Georgia
Now you might come for vacation
Leave on probation, home of the strip club
Known for the thick girls
Where the chicks put tips in the tip cup
Of thick chick in a thong with a big butt

When it gettin' on, won't be cheap when it on like
Peachtree
Make a chick take it off like freaknik, down here in
Georgia
When you see them confederate flags, you know what
it is
Your folks picked cotton here, that why we call it 'the
field'
I got a Chevrolet on 26's, I'm from GA, GA, Georgia

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