

Mark Morrison

"Georgia Plains"

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This is what I want you to do, right?
Take your shoes off, goddamn ground is holy
I understand that

Give me strength Lord, Lord
Give me strength, Give me strength
Give me strength Lord

Witchdoctor:
Ugh, My choice was the streets, kinda came natural to
me
So i'm fishin', trouble comes
I'm dishin' out some shots from the doctor's gun
Got me trapped in this world under this moon and sun
Shit aint fun or funny, fuck a smile, i'ts 'bout collectin'
money
I'm tryin' to take better care of my body this quarter
Docter say drink more water, but Bacardi got you bent
in this bitch
Life sometimes is like steppin' in some fuckin' house
shit
Seven years of tears in the game
Made me one of the smallest predators on this Georgia
plain
In the fields, in the hills, never picked no cotton
It's the nigga wit that golden trigga
I'm seein' more planes in the sky at night
Look like UFO's, think they transportin' dem kilo's
The drug cartel has swelled out of proportion
On the corner everyday we indorsin'
The street life is my life, scratchin' to stay on top
I'm rappin' it for my block, Atlanta
You betta have some game in yo' veins
You betta learn this southern slang

(Cool Breeze talking)
Thats right, from East Point to Southwest
Southwest to East Piont, y'all know what it is
Come on in

Cool Breeze:

I'm hearin' rumors about what yo' clique gone do
I stepped up like it was cool and confronted his crew
I said "Now which one of y'al suppose to take me to
school?"

If you see a lame nigga, nigga take his shoes
I'm from Eats Point, Atlanta, we dont fight by rules
You dont know Cool Breeze or lil Freddy Calhoun
In this place, the dirty south, we'll hit ya for a lick
Sell you dreams, nice things, and it be a box of bricks
Most haters, imitators, think they know Cool Breeze
Aint jack but a rat on my East Point cheese
I know it iritates yo' ears, how I chop these trees
You nothin' but a lame 'round these EPV's
All my enemies who don't know what they jumped in
If the doctor came through once, he'll come through
again

And when look and he ask me where everybody is
They didnt believe in your return so they ran for the
hills

And I still got that same pain in my chest
My perscription stress, no cess, and wear a Teflon vest
And these niggas still try and test
Dont even know me or these Georgia plains
Boy these grounds are HOLYYYY!!!!!!

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