

## **Cook Barbara**

### **"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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