

## Dave Koz

# "It's On Da Map"

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Hook: 8x

It's on da map (uh huh, yeah!)

Verse 1: Drama

Been down and dirty from the start  
Bitch I been damn hard  
Kept it treal, locked our grills, stayed away from them  
buster's  
Hidey hi, hidey ho, listen nigga this here how it go  
C-4 to ya door, blow yo muthafuckin block off  
Thoroughbred, bitch, ho, nigga, let's lock up  
A-t-l-a-n-t-a, G-A that's where I fuckin' stay  
Haps and hurl ya gats, listen boy check ya map  
Hydro, I blow everyday all day  
When I die Lord please let me be high and fucked up  
A blunt off in my mouth and some yak off in my cup  
Chin checking, wig splitter, with a tank off in my pants  
Fuck the talking, square it out, cock ya pistol let's  
dance  
Its Tight IV Life and this ya Colonel, Mr. D-r-a-m-a  
Godby Road is where ya from and that's located in the  
A  
But since ya won'ts ta ask, then I got to let 'cha know  
I represent Atlanta, Georgia, please believe that's on  
the blow

Hook: 8x

It's on da map (uh huh, yeah!)

Verse 2: Pastor Troy

I pump slugs, please do not play with me  
I promise you gone see a place that you gone hate to  
be  
I stand there patiently, then I start cranking up  
This Remi in my cup  
Tell them they fucking up  
I come from way back, it's Bankhead ho

A North Avenue, 1342

While you at home with boo, I'm on the grind ho  
I come from Georgia ho  
Just thought I'd let y'all know  
I puff upon my dro', the best I ever had  
Please do not make me mad, with all the ackin bad  
Boy I swear I got some bullets long as ding-a-ling  
And I ain't only killing you I'm killing everything  
So bling bling if ya wanna, I'm cut off jeans and a tee  
I'm representing like a flag for D.S.G.B.  
Ain't nothing free so you ol' me for this ass spankin'  
Where the muthafuckers from what'cha thinking

Hook: 8x

It's on da map (uh huh, yeah!)

Verse 3: Fabo

There come the police, knocking on my do'  
With the GBI, said I was over the Georgia line  
I committed a homicide  
Running for my life this year it's 2000 I'm bout to get  
mine  
Started flipping the scrip, on the grind, all the time  
Now it's tragedy, cause everybody know what's  
happening  
They got me up at the post office, they after me  
Can't capture me  
I'm a young gun, a desperado  
Go blow for blow  
I'm a hell of a nigga, they already know  
I know they'll try that's why I got my vest protecting my  
chest  
And I'm dressed in black boy  
And that's the really take care of the rest  
I'm feeling distressed, I know I should've but do I would  
Muthafucker tried to buck, that's why I had to do it  
I could've blew it, I did it execution style  
He was on his knees and nailed his hands on the  
bathroom tile  
I stayed awhile, and filled the house of evidence  
They go through hell fucking with this Georgia resident

Hook: 16x

It's on the map (uh huh, yeah!)

(Pastor Troy)

They bout to see a blood bath, A blood bath

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