

Witchdoctor "Georgia Plains (Holy Grounds)"

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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

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 ain't fun or funny, fuck a smile, it's 'bout collectin'
money
I'm tryin' to take better care of my body this quarter
Doctor 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 predictors 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

That's right, from East Point to Southwest
Southwest to East Point, y'all know what it is
Come on in

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'all suppose to take me to school?"

If you see a lame nigga, nigga take his shoes

I'm from East Point, Atlanta, we don't fight by rules
You don't 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
Ain't jack but a rat on my East Point cheese
I know it irritates 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 didn't believe in your return so they ran for the hills

And I still got that same pain in my chest
My prescription stress, no cess and wear a Teflon vest
And these niggas still try and test
Don't even know me or these Georgia plains
Boy these grounds are holy

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