

Edwin McCain Band**"F.I.L.A"**

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[Intro: Lil' Jon (Lil' Scrappy)]

Yeah! Yeah! (I'm just BME)

Yeah! Yeah! (I'm just BME)

This ya boy Lil'Jon (I'm just BME)

Yeah! BME Click

A lot of y'all niggaz be talkin' 'bout Air Force Ones and
shit (O-k-k-k)

A lot of y'all niggaz be talkin' 'bout Adidas and shit (O-
k-k-k)

But me and my niggaz we rock the mothafuckin FILAs
(O-k-k-k)

Thats what we got on our feet (O-k-k-k)

Scrappy what's up?

[Chorus: Lil Scrappy (Lil Jon) 2x]

Forever I love Atlanta

Forever I love Atlanta (what!)

Forever I love Atlanta

Forever I love Atlanta (what!)

Forever I love Atlanta

Forever I love Atlanta (what!)

Forever I love Atlanta

Forever I love Atlanta (Fila nigga)

[Verse 1]

I'm a Grady baby, ATL

And all my life the ?? so crunk as hell

You don't wanna step too close or go too far

Cause where I'm from, shawdy, niggaz beat you down
with they cars

Fila, Prada, from my head to my feet

Niggaz on the block with the rock they don't sleep

Man, South Dekalb Mall be the crunkest shit

You can roll through Buckhead and go to fall on a bitch

I'm a giant ass playa, I'll stomp on a hater

I'ma pop the shit off in Zone 3, the Decatur

We can go back down to where my grandma stay

Depending on the area you better watch what you say

And I don't care if you over there lookin all crazy

When I get locked up man them broads they wanna
save me

This the home of the ass where my biscuit's in
And the J's on the street charge mo' than a penny A!

[Chorus 2x]

[Verse 2]

Niggaz grind time let my A shine
When I'm bussin rhymes smokin pine
My blood see through like Georgia wine
And niggaz don't love the A like I love the A
I just love the way the A smell everyday
A town to yo' town yeah this how it go
Smokin dro' fuckin' hoes on the city road
When I stomp that bastard I left him with a bruise
Got Fila on my feet so it had to be a shoe
I live for the A, I die for the A
I ride for the A, so fuck what you say
What you know about I-20 to 285
Got a fine atlanta bitch givin head in the ride
G'd up get yo' G's up in the classroom crunk
Got henny by my shit so I stay super drunk
Ridin' downtown with a shot of tequila
Jon introduced me to the gang I'm hot like reefer
A!

[Chorus 2x]

[Verse 3]

Carry the A on my back like a torture rack
I'ma represent it if you scared to go handle that
Drankin' on crunk, reminiscin' on crunk years
It's the city of crunk where I shed my tears
Throw me the peace sign up then upside down
A-town off the rip hell yeah I'm proud
Get crunk all day we don't sleep at night
And if you fight one shawdy then we all gon' fight
Don't nobody get crunk in the club like us
If security trippin' on pimpin' we all gon' rush
Even though other niggaz think they hard
Ain't nothin harder than Stone Mountain, I swear to god
Yeah y'all love our hoes, you love our gold
Ma with the key from the A so I love my home
Westside to Scottdale we all cut hammers
You can catch kids skippin' at Underground Atlanta
Yeah

[Chorus 2x]

