

Madonna, Andrea Corr and Jonathan Pryce "In Decatur"

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* Chorus (singing) *

Oooh ahh, Ghetto Ma-fi-a
Comin at you live I mean
And we we just, don't know no
stress, we just roll up Devine and ride
In Decatur
Blowin up like some MegaMen (bitch)
Dodgin all you chickenheads
Did you hear just what I said?
Our destination is the hood
and we quickly comin your way

Verse One:

Uhh, I remember trampin, late at the sto'
Had no idea, what I was in fo'
Just me and my nigga, supplyin fiends
Broke as hell, we're chasin dreams
See it may seem, like we can't come up
But we a team, Nino, keep your head up
From sun-down to sun-up (what?) I'm a hustler
Gotta get my gun up, we're quick to tussle
We had to muscle, for a crack position
Niggaz didn't wanna let us roll, had no intention
And not mention, we had to shoot it out
Lives of a lynchin, had you hidin out
But now we ridin out, in the Delta
Tryin to grind it out, without no shelter
You shoulda seen us serve them niggaz like a waiter
... in Decatur

* Chorus *

Verse Two:

Now we were tight, like Mike and Pip'
Rob a nigga, they bet' not slip
See I'm equipped (with what) with a nine and a dope
bomb
I've been trampin so long, people call me dog
Where you from? Straight From the Dec

But shit is real, you got to ride with your rec
Uhh, we stole Big Boi's car, and got our strip on
We got the rims the music, and the cell phone
Then we would drink, drink til we fell out
If bitches don't fuck, they got put out
And you didn't sell out, crunk up the jury
I paid your way out, gave you the fury
Yeah, fools know we real, cause they dap us
Niggaz know we on, cause they shop with us
Just show me a team that's greater
.. from Decatur

* Chorus *

Verse Three:

See they all know, we got the steel
We got tires, and Adams, and Thomasville
Yeauh, I know you real you hold your own in any hood
In Prarie Homes, Carver Homes, and Hollywood
Kirkwood and Summer Hill they spoke it real
I'm here flippin grindin, gotta pay a bill
Yo, I pack the steel, got no time for the switchblade
I was out my mind when I trapped off ? aid
See, every dime we stuck, they was stole
Make most of my money (off where) off Candle Road
I gotta kill my pressure, they had me hot
Hoes on the strip (where) in Flint Rock
Never buy our dope, without a scale
Learned that while I was trampin, in Scottsdale
And did I mention, we livin greater
(Where?) In Decatur

* Chorus *

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