Georgia

Omd (orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark)

Georgia, Georgia
Georgia, Georgia
We on the grind in, Georgia
All the time, it ain't
Nothin' on my mind but, Georgia
We ain't playin' witcha
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We ain't playin' witcha
Country name, country slang, fiends at the liquor store
Lac Cruisin', crap Shootin', 50 on the 10 to 4
Overcast the forecast shows clouds from plenty dro
And we ready for war in the state of, Georgia
Dirty words, dirty Birds, it's mean in this dirty south
You ever disrespect it, and we'll clean out your dirty mouth.
Bulldawgs is clockin' these look out boys is hawkin'
You gotta be brave in the state of, Georgia
I got 5 Georgia homes where I rest my Georgia bones
Come anywhere on my land and I'll aim at your Georgia dome
If you get in an altercation just hop on your mobile phone
And tell somebody you need help in the middle of, Georgia
We some ATL thrashers, scope your pumpkin and smash ya
We'll come through your hood worse than a tsunami disaster
Don't know who they gonna get or who them robbers gonna hit
That's why I keep my Georgia Tech in the state of, Georgia
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I'm from the home of the neck bones
Black Eyed Peas, turnip and Collard Greens
We the children on the corn dirtier than Bob Marley's pee pee
GA, the peach state, where we stay
My small city's called Albany, Georgia

Pecan country like catfish with grits
Candy yams and chitlins, gram's homemade baked biscuits
The land of classical Caprices and Impala super sports
Ingredients in the peach cobbler called, Georgia
I love the women out in L.A.
And the shopping stores in New York
The beaches in MIA
But they ain't nothin' like that GA red clay
Look on your map, we right above Florida, next to Bama

Under the Carolinas and Tennessee, you'll see, Georgia
Where Gladys Knights and the Midnight Train
The birthplace of Martin Luther King
Where ass so plump and hips are thick
Where Lac trucks sit on 26's
Know where your going or your get lost
Found on these plum trees in the south
These choppas will tomahawk your top down here in, Georgia
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Now I was born in the belly of the bottom of the map
Where the wet paint drip jelly on Pirelliz
And the chrome on the Chevy when I'm choppin' in the trap
Country as hell, they some warriors
Told some to spray something the same shape as Florida,
Lookin' for me boy, ya find me
Out of Dougherty County in a small city called Albany, Georgia
Where they use to call us some bamas
And now they jockin' the grammar
Watch yo mouth unless you out for some manner
Bunch of hustlers run on every corner like the Waffle house in Atlanta
R.I.P camoflauge out in Savannah, Georgia
Now you might come for vacation, leave on probation
Home of the strip club, known for the thick girls
Where the chicks put tips in the tip cup
Of thick chick in a thong with a big butt
When it gettin' on, won't be cheap when it on like Peachtree
Make a chick take it off like freaknik, down here in, Georgia
When you see them confederate flags, you know what it is

Your folks picked cotton here, that why we call it, "The Field"
I got a Chevrolet on 26's, I'm from GA, GA, Georgia
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