

# Georgia

## Pete Schmidt

Georgia, Georgia  
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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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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 camoflauged 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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