A New Town

Field Music

Georgia, Georgia
Georgia, GeorgiaWe on the grind in
(Georgia)
All the time, it ain't
Nothin' on my mind but
(Georgia)
We ain't playin' witchaWe on the grind in
(Georgia)
All the time, it ain't
Nothin' on my mind but
(Georgia)
We ain't playin' witchaCountry name, country slang
Fiends at the liquor store
Lac cruisin', crap shootin'
50 on the 10 to 4Overcast the forecast
Shows clouds from plenty dro
And we ready for war in the state of
(Georgia)Yea! Dirty words, dirty birds
It's mean in this dirty South
If you ever disrespect it
Then we'll clean out your dirty mouthBulldogs clockin'
These lookout 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 DomeIf 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 disasterDon'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)We on the grind in
(Georgia)

All the time, it ain't
Nothin' on my mind but
(Georgia)
We ain't playin' witchaWe on the grind in
(Georgia)
All the time, it ain't
Nothin' on my mind but
(Georgia)
We ain't playin' witchaI'm from the home of neck bones
Black eyed peas, turnip and collard greens
We the children of the corn
Dirtier than Bob Marley's pee peeGA 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 biscuitsThe land of classical Caprices
And Impala super sports
Ingredients in this 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 clayLook 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'sKnow where you're going or you'll get lost
Found in these plum trees in the South
These choppas will tomahawk your top
Down here in
(Georgia)We on the grind in
(Georgia)
All the time, it ain't
Nothin' on my mind but
(Georgia)
We ain't playin' witchaWe on the grind in
(Georgia)
All the time, it ain't
Nothin' on my mind but
(Georgia)
We ain't playin' witchaNow I was born in the belly of the bottom of the map
Where the wet paint drip jelly on Pirellis
An' the chrome on the Chevy when I'm choppin' in the trap

Country as hell, dey some warriorsTold some to spray somethin' the same shape as Florida
Lookin' for me boy, ya find me
Outta Dougherty County in a small city called Albany
(Georgia)Where dey use to call us some bamas
An' now dey jockin' da grammar
Watch ya mouf unless you out fo' some manner
Bunch of hustlaz run on every corner
Like the Waffle House in Atlanta
Or I be camouflaged out in Savannah
(Georgia)Now you might come fo' vacation, leave on probation
Home of the strip club, known fo' da thick girls
Where da chicks put tips in da tip cup
Of thick chick in a thong wit a big buttWhen it getting' up
Won't be cheap when it on like peach tree
Make a chick take it off like freaknik
Down here in
(Georgia)When you see dem confederate flags
Ya know what it is
Yo folks pick cotton here
Dat's why we call it da fieldI got a Chevrolet on 26's
I'm from GA, GA
(Georgia)We on the grind in
(Georgia)
All the time, it ain't
Nothin' on my mind but
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We ain't playin' witchaGeorgia, Georgia
Georgia, Georgia

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