

# 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  
(Georgia)  
We ain't playin' witchaWe on the grind in  
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We ain't playin' witchaGeorgia, Georgia  
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