

Georgia

Field Mob

Georgia, Georgia
Georgia, Georgia

[Chorus 2x]

We on the grind in...Georgia
All the time, It ain't
Nothin on my mind but...Georgia
We ain't playin witcha

Country Name
Country Slang
Fiens at the liquor store
Lac Cruisin
Crap Shootin
50 on the 10 to 4
Overcast the forecast
Shows clouds fromt plenty dro
And we ready for war in the state of...Georgia
Dirty Words
Dirty Birds
Its mean in the dirty south
If you ever disrespect it then 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 smasha
We'll come through your hood worse than a tsunami disaster
Don't know who they gonna get or who them robbers gonna hit
Thats why I keep my Georgia Tech in the state of...Georgia

[Chorus 2x]

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All the time, It ain't
Nothin on my mind but...Georgia

We ain't playin witcha

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 LA

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

[Chorus 2x]

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All the time, It ain't

Nothin on my mind but...Georgia

We ain't playin witcha

Now I was born in the belly of the bottom of the map,

Where the wet paint drip jelly on pirelliz an the chrome on the Chevy when im choppin in the trap

Country as hell, dey sum warriorz, told sum to spray sumthan the same shape as Florida,

Lookin for me boy, ya find me, outta Dougherty County in a small city call'd Albany...Georgia

Where dey use to cAll us sum bamas,

An now dey jockin da grammar

Watch ya mouf unless you out foe sum mannar,

Bunch of hustlaz run on every corna like the Waffle house in Atlanta

Or I be camouflag'd out in Savannah...Georgia

Now u might come foe vAcAchun,

leAve on probAchun

home of dA strip club,

known foe dA thyck gulz

where dA chickz put tipz in dA tip cup,
of thyck chick in A thong wit A big butt
when it gettin on, wont b cheap when it on like peachtree,
mAKE A chick tAKE it off like freAknik, down here in ...georgiA
when u see dem confederAte flAgz yA know wut it iz,
yA folkz pick cotton here dAtz y we cAll it dA field
i got A chevrolet on 26'zzz,
im frum GA ...GA ...georgiA

[Chorus 2x]

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Lyrics submitted by jr.

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