It's On Da' Map (feat. Fabo & Pastor Troy)

Drama

Hook: 8xIt's on da map (uh huh, yeah!)Verse 1: DramaBeen down and dirty from the start
Bitch I been damn hard
Kept it treal, locked our grills, stayed away from them buster's
Hidey hi, hidey ho, listen nigga this here how it go
C-4 to ya door, blow yo muthafuckin block off
Thoroughbred, bitch, ho, nigga, let's lock up
A-t-l-a-n-t-a, G-A that's where I fuckin' stay
Haps and hurl ya gats, listen boy check ya map
Hydro, I blow everyday all day
When I die Lord please let me be high and fucked up
A blunt off in my mouth and some yak off in my cup
Chin checking, wig splitter, with a tank off in my pants
Fuck the talking, square it out, cock ya pistol let's dance
Its Tight IV Life and this ya Colonel, Mr. D-r-a-m-a
Godby Road is where ya from and that's located in the A
But since ya won'ts ta ask, then I got to let 'cha know
I represent Atlanta, Georgia, please believe that's on the blowHook: 8xIt's on da map (uh huh, yeah!)Verse 2: Pastor TroyI pump slugs, please do not play with me
I promise you gone see a place that you gone hate to be
I stand there patiently, then I start cranking up
This Remi in my cup
Tell them they fucking up
I come from way back, it's Bankhead ho
A North Avenue, 1342
While you at home with boo, I'm on the grind ho
I come from Georgia ho
Just thought I'd let y'all know
I puff upon my dro', the best I ever had
Please do not make me mad, with all the ackin bad
Boy I swear I got some bullets long as ding-a-ling
And I ain't only killing you I'm killing everything
So bling bling if ya wanna, I'm cut off jeans and a tee
I'm representing like a flag for D.S.G.B.
Ain't nothing free so you ol' me for this ass spankin'
Where the muthafuckers from what'cha thinkingHook: 8xIt's on da map (uh huh, yeah!)Verse 3: FaboThere come the police, knocking on my do'
With the GBI, said I was over the Georgia line
I committed a homicide
Running for my life this year it's 2000 I'm bout to get mine

Started flipping the scrip, on the grind, all the time
Now it's tragedy, cause everybody know what's happening
They got me up at the post office, they after me
Can't capture me
I'm a young gun, a desperado
Go blow for blow
I'm a hell of a nigga, they already know
I know they'll try that's why I got my vest protecting my chest
And I'm dressed in black boy
And that's the really take care of the rest
I'm feeling distressed, I know I should've but do I would
Muthafucker tried to buck, that's why I had to do it
I could've blew it, I did it execution style
He was on his knees and nailed his hands on the bathroom tile
I stayed awhile, and filled the house of evidence
They go through hell fucking with this Georgia residentHook: 16xIt's on the map (uh huh, yeah!)(Pastor Troy)They bout to see a blood bath, A blood bath

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/