

# CunninLynguists, Georgia

(Hook)

Georgia, The clay is runnin red  
From the blood that done been shed down in  
Gergia, Now we weepin to the sound  
from the color of the ground down in

(V1 - Kno)

Georgia, My state my home  
For 17 years learned right from wrong  
Cried saline tears when i write these poems  
As I made these fears give flight to song  
The red clay stains the soles of my shoes  
The red clay stained the soul of a fool  
My grandparents told me the goal that you choose  
When you realize the worlds only open to few  
Will measure your worth, tether your hurt  
Its that same search that can lead you to church  
But if they have the time to hate a whole race  
How do yall have the time to tel me about my faith?  
Do ya'll have time to discuss God's grace  
If youre too busy studying the color of a face?  
I don't follow man to avoid the disgrace of  
the closeminded culprits of southern mistakes  
Glass houses built out of empty Coke bottles  
Throwing rocks at statues of southern role models  
Use to be followed by souls that are hollow  
But had to much love to ever get swallowed  
By the dark hearted people that threatened my kin  
Spit on my friends for the color of their skin  
So when i think back to the clay that raised me  
I thank God for the strong man it made me

(V2 - Natti)

Georgia Lee Andrews, raised a man wearin dad's pants plus her shoes  
Never wavered in faith in her lovin embrace  
That Garnett Lamar Bush would find a way to be great  
Even after plenty meals off juvy hall plates  
Calls at prison rates, pushed back release dates  
Only to come home to mere months of your smile  
While the nigga you married to give me a dad behave foul  
Your massive stroke one of luck for him  
Kept the house, bought a car and a truck for him  
Loved my brother too much to go and orphan him  
So his daddy walks this earth the only man I hate  
With the bitch he moved in a week after your wake  
Sure as Georgia birthed me, in Kentucky my state  
Seem empty, without you holding your grandson  
Who smiles at your picture, not a tooth in his mouth  
So handsome, you'da had him like mile left out  
You'da swore I had asthma as my breath came out  
Missing you, feeling like the Lord did me bad  
But somewhat greater later when he made me dad  
Bittersweet symphony simply played in pain  
Encored by the tears that I strain to contain  
But sometimes I can't help it, sometimes I'm so selfish  
Feeling like God dont love you like I do  
Georgia