

Disturbing Tha Peace, Georgia

(feat. Field Mob)

"Georgia" "Georgia!"
"Georgia" "Georgia!"

[Chorus x2: Ludacris]

We on the grind in ("Georgia!")
All the time....
It ain't nothin' on my mind but ("Georgia")
We ain't playin' witcha

[Ludacris]

Country names, country slang, fiends at the liquor sto'
Black cruisin', craps shootin', 50 on the 10 to 4
Overcast, the forecast, shows clouds from plenty dro
And we read for war in the state of ("Georgia")
YEAH! Dirty words, dirty birds, it's MEAN in the Dirty South
If you ever disrespect it, then we'll CLEAN out ya dirty mouth
+Bulldogs+ clockin, these lookout boys is hawkin'
You gotta be brave in the state of ("Georgia")
I got five Georgia homes, where I rest my Georgia bones
Come anywhere on my land, and I'll aim at ya +Georgia Dome+
If you get into an altercation, just hop on ya mobile phone
And tell somebody you need HELP in the middle of ("Georgia")
We some +ATL Thrashers+, scope ya punk and then smash ya
We'll come through ya hood worse than a tsunami disaster
Don'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")

[Chorus x2: Shawn Jay]

We on the grind in ("Georgia!")
All the time....
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[Shawn Jay]

I'm from the home of neckbones, black eyed peas, turnip, and collard greens
We the children of the corn, dirtier than Bob Marley's BP
GA, the Peach State, where we stay
My small city is called Albany ("Georgia")
(Hahaha) Pecan Country, like catfish wit' grits
Candy yams and chitllins', Grandma's home made baked biscuits
The land of classical Caprices and Impalas, and super sports
Indgredients in this Peach cobbler called ("Georgia")
I love the women in LA and the shoppin' stores in NEW YORK!
The beaches in M.I.A.; But ain't nothin' like that GA, red clay
Look on ya map, we right above Florida, Nex to 'Bama
Under that Carolina to Tennessee, you'll see ("Georgia")
Well Gladys Knight took the "Midnight Train", The birthplace of Martin Luter King
With ass so plump, (?), With 'Llac trucks sittin' on 26s
Know where you goin' or you'll get lost, Found in these plumb trees in the south
Choppers'll tomahawk your top, down here in ("Georgia")

[Chorus x2: Smoke]

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All the time....
It ain't nothin' on my mind but ("Georgia")
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[Smoke]

Now I was born in a Bentley in the bottom of the map; with a wet paint
Chip chin on barettas, And chome on the chevys, When I'm choppin' in the trap
Konk his head on some (?), tote somethin' spray somethin'
the same shape as Florida; Lookin' for me boy

You'll find me down in Dougherty County in a small city called Albany ("Georgia")
Where they used to call us some bammers, And now the
chocolate grammer; Watch your mouth unless you offer some manner
But ya hustlers on ever corner like the Waffle House in Atlanta
R.I.P Camoflaudge out in Savannah ("Georgia")
Now you might come from vacation, leave on probation, Home of the stip club
Known for the thick girls, With the chicks put tips in the dip, girl
Hundred thick chicks wit' the thongs and the big butts, Wanna get the
Wanna be cheap, (?) like Peactree
Man she take it off like freak meat down here in ("Georgia")
When you see them confederate flags, you know what is
Yo folks picked cotton here, that's we call if the field
I got a Chevorlet sittin' on twenty - sixes; I'm from GA, GA ("Georgia")

[Chorus x2: Field Mob & Ludacris]
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"Georgia" "Georgia!"
"Georgia" "Georgia!"
"Georgia!!!"