

# Witchdoctor, Georgia Plains (Holy Grounds)

(feat. Cool Breeze)

This is what I want you to do, right?  
Take your shoes off, goddamn ground is holy  
I understand that

Give me strength Lord, Lord  
Give me strength, Give me strength  
Give me strength Lord

[Witchdoctor:]

Ugh, My choice was the streets, kinda came natural to me  
So i'm fishin', trouble comes  
I'm dishin' out some shots from the doctor's gun  
Got me trapped in this world under this moon and sun  
Shit aint fun or funny, fuck a smile, it's 'bout collectin' money  
I'm tryin' to take better care of my body this quarter  
Docter say drink more water, but Bacardi got you bent in this bitch  
Life sometimes is like steppin' in some fuckin' house shit  
Seven years of tears in the game  
Made me one of the smallest predators on this Georgia plain  
In the fields, in the hills, never picked no cotton  
It's the nigga wit that golden trigga  
I'm seein' more planes in the sky at night  
Look like UFO's, think they transportin' dem kilo's  
The drug cartel has swelled out of proportion  
On the corner everyday we indorsin'  
The street life is my life, scratchin' to stay on top  
I'm rappin' it for my block, Atlanta  
You betta have some game in yo' veins  
You betta learn this southern slang

[Cool Breeze talking]

Thats right, from East Point to Southwest  
Southwest to East Piont, y'all know what it is  
Come on in

[Cool Breeze:]

I'm hearin' rumors about what yo' clique gone do  
I stepped up like it was cool and confronted his crew  
I said "Now which one of y'al suppose to take me to school?"  
If you see a lame nigga, nigga take his shoes  
I'm from Eats Point, Atlanta, we dont fight by rules  
You dont know Cool Breeze or lil Freddy Calhoun  
In this place, the dirty south, we'll hit ya for a lick  
Sell you dreams, nice things, and it be a box of bricks  
Most haters, imitators, think they know Cool Breeze  
Aint jack but a rat on my East Point cheese  
I know it iritates yo' ears, how I chop these trees  
You nothin' but a lame 'round these EPV's  
All my enemies who don't know what they jumped in  
If the doctor came through once, he'll come through again  
And when look and he ask me where everybody is  
They didnt believe in your return so they ran for the hills  
And I still got that same pain in my chest  
My perscription stress, no cess, and wear a Teflon vest  
And these niggas still try and test  
Dont even know me or these Georgia plains  
Boy these grounds are HOLYYYY!!!!