

Womatic

Bizzy

Said I'm tryna make it, tryna make it for my folks
Gotta stay down, keep my business on the low
Can't be falling off, I can't be falling for no ho
Tryna make it on the Hills, I ain't got nowhere to go
Said I was born in Georgia, on the corner, by the U-G-L-Y corner (Yeah)
A-T-L-A-N-T-A (Yeah)
678, 404, bed made

I get my bed made, nigga, now I'm straight
I ain't even gotta starve, I ain't hungry, I done ate
Got me feeling like a star when I walk up in the place
I ain't got time to play, put them hundreds in your face
Put them hundred in your face, okay, okay
Put 'em in your bae face, okay, oh yay
We smokin' on gas, they smokin' hay
And I'm ride down the Nat in a drop-top Wraith, shout out to Chainz
Shout out to my mama, yes, I love her like no other
Shout out to my brother, we rose up out that gutter
And shout out to my sister, I miss you, you know I love you
And shout out to my glizzy for never jamming up on me
Shout out to the East Side, West Side, South Side
Shouts out to the young niggas thuggin' that's outside

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I'm from where the rent kinda low and you sleep on the floor
And the stick in the crib and the pit by the door
Long johns with the shorts even when it ain't cold
Seen a lot of shit that no one ever told
In Georgia, Ray Charles (Ray Charles)
On the corner (On the corner), eight ball (Eight ball)
Fifteen (Fifteen), AR (AR)
I'm from the 'partments, never held a rake at all (Nah)
We used to put the paper cups in the dish water
Trap jumpin' like Vince Carter
Ride MARTA
Shit, every Friday, Chris Tucker
I treat the streets like my big brother (True)
ATL (L), barbecue sauce in my fingernail (Yeah)
We gon' set it off to the right, to the left (Left)
And I'ma rep the state 'til I run out of breath, yeah

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My girl hair layed, now she looking straight
Food stamps back, ain't no fast food today
Tryna get big, need a home-cooked steak
Rice with the beans, greens falling off the plate
Said I was born in Georgia, grandma spoil ya
Where the Falcons never win, but they loyal
Everybody banging with a whole different gang
But we stick together, gotta make it through the rain
A-T-L-A-N-T-A
Hardball baby, we ball, cancer patient
678, rent due, Section 8
First you got respect, get from my plate
School shoes never dirty, mama didn't play
Smoke a blunt at the bus stop, bitch, always late
Skippin' class, in the hallway catchin' a play
I'm tryna make it to the top, I ain't got time to wait

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Put your hands up if you from Savannah
Put your hands up if you from Atlanta
Put your lighters up if you from Augusta
Hand 'round your girl if you know you love her
Hand 'round your man if you know you love him
Salute to Macon and I fuck with Columbus
229, showing love to Albany
I'm from the Peach State, I ain't stuntin' no Applebee's, tea