

# Georgia

Gucci Mane

This is what's happenin'

Them pretty things got me across the border (Uh)  
Before they go in Bentleys on the way to Georgia  
Got my Migo gang and that comes with the charger  
He said it's sixty-five, that's only 'cause it's Georgia (Gangsta Grillz, sh  
outout to Russell Raw)  
She want to pick the bridge, they on their way to Georgia  
And I'ma sell them shits in East Atlanta Georgia (Seven Valley, it's Gucci)  
That's if the plug don't get behind that truck and trade (It's Gucci, baby,  
it's So Icy time)  
Lord please, let me and Ye get back to Georgia (It's Gangsta Grillz)

Ten bands on triple, these niggas want to triple  
Go watch yellow triple, go whine (Huh)  
Polo, Polo, slippers on me  
And my mama keep trippin' cause I'm selling cocaine (Huh)  
Came in the game with an ounce of game  
But I lost three times trying to work the flame  
I part the thing, then I worked the train  
Jumped off the train, then sold the 'caine  
I did the thing, I can't complain  
But sometimes things seem kinda strange  
Summer lost her grandma too, sometimes I gained that Aa-ni-ya  
And hit the water, then across the border  
Then the cross-cross floor on the clear to Georgia  
Had a hundred broads, three flipped the order  
You hoes scrap, I work the boiler

Shoutout to my Moolin Half niggas (Gangsta)  
Pressure Park niggas  
Eastside All-Stars, what's happenin'?  
Quick, what up? (Gangsta Grillz)  
Mack and Jay, what up?

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Just fucked twenty grand up, peace, I'll make another million (Go)  
Get 'em back to Georgia, break 'em down and make a killing (Yeah)  
Check the speed on Damana, thank god it's sixty-five  
Drop a quarter in the country, I'ma charge 'em sixty-five (Go)  
All the flies in my stomach, can I feel 'em finna fuck me?  
'Cause I just called Georgia borders and the state patrol watching shit (The  
y watching)  
Shit, I got 'em in the trunk of a Cevi so I don't look so suspicious  
Growing up in East Atlanta, I know Gucci doing dishes  
Where'd he go? New'll lick him when it hit us  
Say you coming back to town, about a thousand pounds a minute  
I'm doing digits, two mil a year in a week, what's a million dollar trap?  
And I did a lot of debit before I ever wrote a rap (Let's go)

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And I'ma sell them shits in East Atlanta Georgia (It's Gucci, man)  
That's if the plug don't get behind that truck and trade (East Atlanta, stand up, man, what's happenin'?)  
Lord please, let me and Ye get back to Georgia

I got this Mac N Cheese for naked men, she take that dick, she baking it (Huh?)  
That's how she be scraping it, her sick nigga let her take the shit (Skrirt)  
I cuffed and bust her, baby, baby, damn near by my razor (Yeah)  
Help me count these faces, shawty, help me, make me crazy rich  
My white girl down in the middle of Georgia, bringing me caucasian bricks  
And East wouldn't let him, learned his lesson, Boozoo to a mexican  
Them bands again show all his friends to this young black American  
He from lil shawty, bought that RZA, and he ain't even shot his son (Gangsta Grillz)

Shoutout to Stokeswood  
My nigga Mocho  
Quay  
Big Jay  
Gangsta Grillz

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Now, me, myself  
I'm originally from PA  
Named my name in GA  
See, I hustled this music all over Georgia  
Now they want the product worldwide  
It's nothing like it