

The Buoy

"Midnight Train"

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[Chimere]

Ooh, hey yeah

Do you know how to leave, ride...ride

[Verse 1]

Ya see, it started off in St. Paul from the street of Old Nash

And it feels so good to escape and just kick it and laugh

My clan had to bring the ruckus cause we had the cream

All you can eat over at Ryan's or some fish at Gaseen's
And I had to fix a good bag and make decisions and haste

Cause soul food ain't the motherfuckin' thang to waste
So let's get looney up on the set cause I got five on the fire

Will slide to East Point and make our way to Black Rirer

Lookin' like Outkast on the spot smokin' blunts and

Hit the liquor store got up, got out and got something

That eightball, so I can do some space age pimpin'

My blood stay young off 45's Colt and chicken

Camels and Rolls filled with d's and Vogues

And playas mackin' them hoes, in dyke clothes

Comin' up slammin' Caddy doors

In Southwest, we'll take it to yo chest

And we got it locked like some niggas on house arrest

Cause we ridin'

[Chorus: Chimere]

Ridin' on that midnight train to Georgia, riide

Ridin' on that midnight train to Georgia, riide

[Verse 2]

It's just one of those days when I can kick it like this and like that

It's a free day, my folks got rowdy way back

I right off of Cascade or Ralph David Abernathy

I shall proceed and continue to keep my roots nappy

Cause afros in all seasons, they keep me warm

Some livin' that thug life so how long will they mourn

I still ride, that's why I bounce my way to bank-bed
I'm so bad that I'll knock you out, that's what my mama
said
Sippin' on brandy, sunny days with my best friends
Today you see and then you cruise through the West
end
They should've said it was Six Flags Over Georgia
Then underground, my Tuesdays would be packed
when I got older
If I told you one, I told ya ass a thousand times
I got em' all in check when it comes to bustin' rhymes
Don't sweat the technique cause I just move the crowd
My mob's deep of alcoholics, people label us loud
because we ride

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

See I felt my bones jump as I crossed the road
I heard the squad was wiped up so I flipped my mode
On my way to D-E-C, baby can't you see
That Decatur is totally to B-I-G for thee
Lost Boyz ridin' around in Jeeps, Lex Luth's, and
Beamers
Yo cars get scooped just like Regina carpet cleaners
It's Stone Mountain Cats puttin' it down
They played Kurupt so I just gave all my dogs a pound
Now my conflict was crucial off some hay I smoked
I should be gettin' it cause life is too got damn short
And now my mind's playin' tricks and my boys actin'
ghetto
Back to the C-P, I put the pedal to the metal
God bless the child that's just got his own
Since I was a juvenile makin' cash money at home
I'm from a boy to a man, I've reached the end of my
road
It's Ludacris signin' off till the next episode, let's ride

[Chorus]

[Verse 4]

Cause it's the A-T-L
Where all the pimps and the playas just dwell
We get the cash and the ass then bail
We leave a trace but never leave a trail
Say it again
Where all the pimps and the playas just dwell
We get the cash and the ass then bail
We leave a trace but never leave a trail

[Chimere ad-libs to fade]

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