

Youngbloodz "Ridin' Thru Atlanta"

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intro

whaaat!

r-ridin thru atlanta in a phantom wit d-double doors

r-ridin thru atlanta in a phantom wit d-double doors

r-r-ridin thru atlanta, r-r-ridin thru atlanta, r-r-ridin thru

atlanta in a phantom wit d-double doors

blowin dro 24(blowin dro)

r-ridin thru atlanta in a phantom(blowin dro)

verse 1

im ridin thru atlanta and im hangin out da d-double door

a famous thrower scrapped up rockin travis barkler clothes

breakin down the foolio so we call it that keyshia cole

i aint got no midtown we dont smoke that shit no mo

i hit da lot just like da store and im at that hoe on 24

then i let my screen fall im da man like shorty low

they lookin so i whip it slow grab my chain and strike a pole

i put this shit on everything everywhere i go i show

im showin up and showin at big faces and fool im not

upgraded out the where he at everytime you step it up a notch

im blowin dro on 24 countin bread and pullin hoe

chorus

r-ridin thru atlanta in a phantom wit d-double doors

r-r-ridin thru atlanta, r-r-ridin thru atlanta, ridin thru

atlanta in a phantom wit the double doors

blowin dro on 24(blowin dro)

blowin dro on 24(blowin dro)

r-r-ridin thru atlanta, r-r-ridin thru atlanta, ridin thru

atlanta in a phantom wit d-double doors

blowin dro on 24(blowin dro)

r-ridin thru atlanta in a phantom(blowin dro)

verse 2

im ridin thru atlanta stay clean in atlanta im a god

damn rebel in these streets of atlanta

a young santana dont wear no bandana

im of old school vette like how they ride in alabama

magic city body tell em wish they woulda left
now im one sixty six so baby bop im going back
tvs in the headrest 24s up on the feet
and yeah i know a couple broads ready anytime to
freak
whos the man yeah i am im blowin bout a hundred
grand
poppin rubberbands like it aint nothings cuz i know i can
beat they thangs cuz they lil black they jumpin at the
corner store

chorus

ridin thru atlanta in a phantom wit the double doors
r-r-ridin thru atlanta, r-r-ridin thru atlanta, ridin thru
atlanta in a phantom wit the double doors
blowin dro on 24(blowin dro)
blowin dro on 24(blowin dro)
r-r-ridin thru atlanta, r-r-ridin thru atlanta, ridin thru
atlanta in a phantom wit d-double doors
blowin dro on 24(blowin dro)
r-ridin thru atlanta in a phantom(blowin dro)

verse 3

im ridin im swervin im slidin and mergin'
im bout to kill em so hard yo car gon need a searchin
steering wheel wood grain baby blue candy paint
im floatin swangin so wide wit a jar full of that purple
stank
now say it and i told you so i always keep a blunt of dro
i always keep a bad bitch but still i never trust a hoe
now im the type that let you know see i aint wit no fuck
shit
cuz i dont really give a damn my attitude like fuck this

verse 4

man fuck that ima pull up stuntin wit the top back
my gears not from around here they like where shorty
cop that
follow this car here and this gon take you where the
squad at
i know yo boy been practicin but i dont think it hard yet
im all him let me be the first to tell you bout him
anything you want you get for the right amount yeah
hustle man thats why im blowin dro and sittin on 24s

chorus

r-ridin thru atlanta in a phantom wit the double doors
r-r-ridin thru atlanta, r-r-ridin thru atlanta, ridin thru
atlanta in a phantom wit the double doors
blowin dro on 24(blowin dro)
blowin dro on 24(blowin dro)
r-r-ridin thru atlanta, r-r-ridin thru atlanta, ridin thru

atlanta in a phantom wit d-double doors
blowin dro on 24(blowin dro)
r-ridin thru atlanta in a phantom(blowin dro)

lyrics provided by JKRUC!!! represent that co-town!!! ya
dig?

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