

JD Feat. Ludacris "Welcome To Atlanta"

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Yeah, welcome to Atlanta, jackin' hammers and vogues
Back to the mackin' and jackin' the clothes
Adolescent packin a fo', a knock on the do'
Who is it? I would happen to know the one with the flow
Who did it? It was me I suppose
J-D in the Rolls and Luda's in the Cutt Supreme
Skatin' down Old Nat, gat tucked and lean

I split ya spleen, as a matter of fact, I split ya team
No blood on the sneaks, gotta keep it, so my kicks is
clean
I get the cream, cops see me flick, my beams
I'm allergic to doc' prescribed antihistamines
Oink oink, pig pig, do away with the pork
Only silverware, I needs a steak knife and a fork

Did you forget your fuckin' manners, I'm Bruce with
Banners
Ludacris, Johnny Rockets when I shoot the cannon
The wooly mammoth sabretooth, bitch, bite your
tongue
I won't stop until I'm rich as them whites'll come
I pulled up in the black Lotus, your plaques are bogus
So I stripped them off the wall

Waitin' for my cue to corner pocket eight balls, you
rackin' 'em up
I'm big paper like pancakes, stackin' 'em up
In fact, I'm slappin' 'em up, Cadillac and the truck
I can't lose with twenty-two, bitch that's what's up
Runnin' in the back to fuck, better tha-than the
aqueduct
Chillin', flippin', what?

Yo, yo, y-y-yo, yo, yo
Y-y-yo yo, yo yo yo
Yo yo yo yo, yo yo, yo
Y-yo, yo, yo yo yo yo yo yo

Welcome to Atlanta where the players play
And we ride on dem thangs like every day
Big beats, hit streets, see gangsters roamin'

And parties don't stop 'til eight in the mornin'

Welcome to Atlanta where the players play
And we ride on dem thangs like every day
Big beats, hit streets, see gangsters roamin'
And parties don't stop 'til eight in the mornin'

Yo, uhh, now the party don't start 'til I walk in
And I usually don't leave until the thang ends
But in the meantime, in between time
You work yo' thing, I'll work mine
I been puttin' it down here since eighty-three
Since the Lake Show MD rivalry
When Frozen Paradise was the place to be
If you was ridin', you was bumpin' to homie Shy-D

I'm the M.B.P., Most Ballin-ist Player
Make my own rules, bitch, call me the mayor
Monday night, Gentleman's Club
Tuesday night, I'm up in the Velvet Room, gettin'
fucked up
Wednesday, I'm at Stokers on lean
Thursday, Jump Clean, then I fall up in Kream

Friday, Shark Bar, Kaya with Frank Ski
Right on the flo' is where you can find me
Saturday is off the heezy fo' sheezy
You can find me up in One-Tweezy
Sunday is when I get my sleep in
'Cause on Monday we be at it again, holla

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