

Jermaine Dupri

"Welcome To Atlanta Feat:Ludacris"

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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're
rackin 'em up
I'm big paper like pancakes, stackin 'em up

In fact I'm slappin 'em up, Cadallac'n 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
Chil-li-li-li-li-n, fli-pi-pi-pi-pi-n, 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, uh, 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 allinist 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 strokers 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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