

Ludacris "Welcome 2 Atlanta"

Visit "[Welcome 2 Atlanta](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yeah

Welcome to Atlanta, Jack and Hammer 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 Rollz and Luda's in the Cutt Supreme

Skatin' down old Nat, Gat tooked and lean

I split ya spleen, as matter' fact, I split ya team

No blood on the sneak's, gotta keep it so my kicks is
clean

I get the cream, cops see me flick my beams

I'm allergic to 'doc perscribed anti-histemines

Oink, oink, pig, pig, do away with the pork

Only siguar needs a steak knife and a fork

Did you forget your fuckin' manners? I'm loose with
banners

Ludacris, Johnny Rockets when I shoot the cannon

The Wooley mammoth saber-tooth, bitch, bite your
tounge

I won't stop until I'm rich as them, white-boy, come

I pull up in the black Lotus, you're plaque's are bogus

So, I stripped them off the wall

Waiting 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, Cadallacin' the truck

I can't loose with 22's, bitch, that's what's up

Runnin' in the back, the fuck, runnin' better than
aquaduct

Chil-li-li-lin', what?

Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo

Welcome to Atlanta, where the playas play

And we ride on them things, like every day

Big beats, hit streets, see gangsta's roamin'
And parties don't stop til' eight in the mornin'

Welcome to Atlanta, where the playas play
And we ride on them things, like every day
Big beats, hit streets, see gangsta's roamin'
And parties don't stop til' eight in the mornin'

Now, the party don't start 'til I walk in
And I usually don't leave until the thing ends
But in the mean-time, in between time
You work yo thing, I'll work mine

I been puttin' it down here since 83'
Since the late show 'MD rivalry'
More froze than bad ice, with a place to be
If you was ridin', you was ballin' to homie, Shadi

Im the M B P, most ballernous player
Make my own rules, bitch, call me The Mayor
Monday night, Gentlemen's Club
Tuesday night, I'm up in the velvet room, gettin' fucked
up

Wednesday, I'm at strokers on lean
Thursday, jump clean and I fall up in cream
Friday, shark bar kyack with Frank Skeem
Right on the floor 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 sleepin'
'Cause on Monday we be at it again, holla

Welcome to Atlanta, where the playas play
And we ride on them things, like every day
Big beats, hit streets, see gangsta's roamin'
And parties don't stop til' eight in the mornin'

Welcome to Atlanta, where the playas play
And we ride on them things, like every day
Big beats, hit streets, see gangsta's roamin'
And parties don't stop til' eight in the mornin'

Visit [Ludacris](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.