

Ludacris "Welcome To Atlanta"

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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 prescribed anti-histamines

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
tongue
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 Im 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, chillin' 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'

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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

I'm the MBP, 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

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