

Ludacris

"Welcome To Atlanta Remix"

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After the party it's the Waffle House
If you ever been here you know what I'm talkin' about
Where people don't dance, all they do is this
And after the original you know what it is

Welcome to Atlanta

Remix, it had to go down
I got somethin' else to tell you 'bout the new Motown
Where people don't visit, they move out here
And ain't no tellin' who you might see up in Lennox
Square
I don't know about you but I miss the FreakNic
'Cuz that's where my city use to be real sick
People from other cities use to drive for miles
Just to come to get a taste of this A.T.L. style

I'm the M.B.P., most ballinist player
Make my own moves, call me the mayor
Monday night you know things change with time
Magic City back lookin' like eighty-nine
All my homies on the southside up in the Ritz
Tuesday night, the Velvet Room, same shit
Wednesday strokers, I don't go no mo'
'Cuz they don't know how to treat you

When you come through the do'
Thursday night, was Plush but we moved to Fuel
And I be up in the booth drunk actin' a fool
Friday night, at Kaya they still got love
And the Shark Bar be poppin' like it's a night club
Saturday still off the heezy fo' sheezy
You can find me up in One Tweezy
Sunday, gettin' me some sleep please
I'm on my way to the Dec to hit Jazzy Tee's, holla

Aiyyo, I'm from New York man, I'm from New York
Representin' N.Y.C. to the fullest
Where New York at? Where New York at?
Gats I pull it, heads be duckin' when New York be
bustin'
Where New York at? Yeah, yeah, yeah, ahh

Take that

Welcome to New York motherfuckers where we don't
play
And out of towners get got like everyday
And a gangsta's a gangsta in every way
Sittin' on twenty-two's, that's what long money do
Now the Don's on it, Diddy shine on it
Tell Flex to run it back and drop a bomb on it
Sunday we layin' low in Halo, sippin' Cris' and we
straight
Monday we go to Bungalo Eight

Tuesday I'm in spa drunk doin' the shake
And for the rest of the week we just follow the freaks
You can spot us out of town by the way that we walk
The way that we talk, cocky the state of New York
Hot now, top down at the Rucker game
New coupe, no roof, playa what's my name?
Now Brooklyn, Queens, Manhattan, Staten
Uptown, what now? Let's make it happen

New York motherfuckers
If you can make it here, you can make it anywhere
We still here, and we buildin' four more new towers
Motherfuckers

Who say St. Louis ain't hip-hop? Dirty we hop to what's
hip
I'm a Lunatic with too much grip to let her slip
I'm so St. Louis, ask my tattooist
I was like, "The Waterboy," now they sayin', "You can
do it"
I'm Baby Huey, one of the best in the Louis
Sip Louie smoke louie, dressed in Louis
Home of back porches, Chucks and Air Forces
Old school cars be trailblazin' like Portland

The girls are the best like Travis with fat asses
I call 'em gimme girls, they always tell me I can have it
All got habits, marijuana to static
By two cats in coats with automatics
St. Louis is the truth like Sojourner
Don't need a burna we learn from Ike Turner
I tried to told ya don't cross that bridge
Without permission from them St. Lunatics

Yo, yo, yo, yo
Ladies and gentlemen
We got the big Snoop Dogg in the house tonight
He just came from off tour

And he wanna tell y'all little bit about where he come from

Palm trees, bad bitches and wannabeez
O.G.'s like me eatin' on polyseeds
Now and laterz, jellybeans, and wallabees
Real niggaz from the set I hardly ever seen
Mostly heard, sell a bird off the cizzurb
And when we dip, we hop and then we swizzerve
A lot of homies like to wear the pizzerm
Hair longer than hers, sharp with the fizzur

Doggy dizzogg you know I like 'em dizzogg
Like Kobe to Shaq, so take that
(Take that, take that)
Long Beach is on the motherfuckin' map
The city by the sea, R.I.P.
J.D., you know about the L.B.C.
My niggaz love the stellas, cold-hearted killers
Real cap peelers, real niggaz feel us

Ain't no squealers, a lot of dope dealers
Bang diggy, dang, dang, dogg pound gangsta crip gang
Yeah, we do the damn thang
Home of coroners, scoop, buck, cocaine
Head to the church house to get a little workout
Smoke out, drink up, now put ya bank up
It's all on me I got a scenery to stank up
Crank up the beat, raise up the heat
I'm thrownin' a block party on two one streets, fo' sho

Welcome to Atlanta remix, hey
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 mo'nin'

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