

## Stat Quo

### "Atlanta On Fire"

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[Chorus: Stat Quo]

I'm the next one next one  
Motherfuckers can't fuck with me with me  
Got a problem shorty come get me, get me  
Nah I ain't Dr. Dre nah I ain't Eminem or 50  
Dog I'm Stat

[Stat Quo:]

As I think back retract  
From the classroom to the trap  
Freida's only son had to hustle for scraps  
It's hard to relax when your wage minimum being broke  
Fuck with my adrenaline before Dre and Eminem  
I was tryna get on demo tapes state to state  
Performing at clubs and doing whatever it takes  
Relying on faith hoping my dreams take shape  
And my fate meeting [? ]  
I would wait for these A&R's say I ain't grind bitch  
Spending my last dime on this studio time shit  
A lot of folk told me I was stupid for tryin' this  
Situation crucial feds off in my climate  
Home environment taking pictures of me it was ugly  
The spot got hot scene felt like curry  
Had my vision blurry to underground Atlanta  
Hit the streets me and Zeke put a plan together  
Shorty it's now or never down to do whatever  
You see the rainfall came but I had to bear that weather  
Look your boy need cheddar like a mill or better  
I was fed up but the benefit was worth the effort

[Stat Quo:]

I'm patiently waiting used to get love  
Now the same niggas hating wanna give me slugs  
Partner don't get it separated or twisted you can't fade  
it  
Stat's the wrong motherfucker to play with understand  
me

[Eminem:]

If you opened up your ears long enough to listen  
You may hear what you have been missing

Out all of this time I've been put in a position  
To put all this in position  
So quit your bitching  
Learn how to rhyme  
Get signed and get your shine

It's like this and like that 'n' ah  
Welcome to Statlanta

Shady Aftermath 'n' uh  
My brand new rapper from Atlanta  
Who goes by the name of Stat Quo  
Introducing our new excuse to keep producing  
Continue to do music use it and expand it  
And make rap grow  
The hottest new shit on the planet on the new plateau  
But don't confuse it you don't understand it  
Lemme break it down for you to show you how we do  
shit  
So that you cats know  
This is Statlanta 101 cause we don't want noone  
Walking out this motherfucka'  
With tunnel vision to anyone with questions you want  
answer  
Just ask and we'll try to unmask 'em and maybe explain  
why so few cats blow  
Just spit the truth when you get in this booth  
And do that dough  
That there boy [? ]  
You already knew that though, is he the greatest  
From the ATL we got haters all day to debate us  
So we'll just say this it's water from a ducks back [? ]  
Go

[Stat Quo:]  
I got caviar [? ] box chevy dreams  
CD covers, TV screens  
The booth or the block might go to triple beam  
I'm a make it right, hear me, huh huh  
Fuck what your saying God put me here to shine  
[? ] white collar crime  
The rhyme or the crime, MPC or the nine  
I'm a make it, I need my huh huh  
I couldn't care less, fuck y'all  
You don't make or break me  
Real niggas love me, pussy niggas hate me  
Now bitches ride for Stat Quo they know  
The A-Town [? ]  
Didn't no other label offer me no deal  
Til they found out Shady aftermath was interested  
Then they started to beg [? ]

This ain't no gimmick this the south and I be that kid  
Just ride through [? ]  
The time your gonna find your on a great trip  
[? ] we on some extraordinary shit  
The piece of the puzzle that fit, it's Stat Quo son of a  
bitch

[Chorus: Stat Quo]

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