

## Ying Yang Twins "Atl Eternally"

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Yeah okay

It's about to go down in this muthafucka tonight  
Real niggas put your muthafuckin' middle finger up

Don't wanna fuck wit' us niggas  
We click-click on a nigga  
We ain't scared of you nigga  
You just a bitch, my nigga

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I burn and bang like some bullet-wounds  
So when you step in my path, nigga you meet your  
doom  
I'm smackin' bitches with gloves, I ain't no paper thug  
This shit is real from jump, so if you wanna thump  
Go play your cards my nigga, and we can get it started  
You pulled your gat now bitch, let's see who coward-  
hearted  
Pussy-perpetrators be poppin' off, I think they dick-  
sucker  
But Ying Yang in this thang, we run this muthafucka  
A T L nucca

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Yeah, y'all already know what time it is  
PT representin' with them Ying Yang boys  
Make some noise baby, 'cause it's D S G B  
Y'all already know

Ying-Yang, everythang I got, I own  
Pastor nigga, down to my fuckin' chrome  
As long as I'm here, pussy-nigga, it's gonna be a long  
year  
No fear, I have none, why the fuck have fear? I got a  
gun  
And if you run I'm a buss you in your back  
And leave your ass where you're at, like that

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Muthafuckas gonna' feel lost, y'all know that we back  
on  
Nigga didn't thing we'd do it again  
But the round we comin' with too strong  
So you need me to hold your lip bitch  
Or find your ass in some bullshit  
Some down south shit you cant fuck with  
So I know you ain't ready for a nigga to click

Better move bitch, 'cause niggas ain't playin'  
Ain't no more play in G A, A T L where I stay  
So then you better make way  
'Cause if a nigga didn't know  
We keep on comin' with hits  
We got Little John, the Eastside Boys  
And Pastor Troy in this bitch

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Ah, now look, this the Ying Yang twins right  
And we done collabed with Little John  
And them Eastside Boys and Pastor Troy  
To let y'all know we ain't no one hitter quitters  
Fuck all y'all bullshitters

Hope I don't bomb you from the ass and  
Wrap the gag and start blastin'  
Ain't gonna ask no questions, have you lyin' there dyin'  
Cryin' and bleedin', see you later, I'm leavin'  
Onto the mist to the midnight creepin'  
Now you're eternally sleepin'

From the A T L we gonna' ride out  
Headed to the underground hideout  
We still gonna' buss them slugs out  
'Cause where I'm from, we thugged out  
Keep it real for the nigga that didn't know  
Keep it real for the nigga that slang dope  
If you got it then buss your fo' fo'  
Where you from nigga? A T L, ho

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Don't wanna fuck wit' us niggas  
We click-click on a nigga  
We ain't scared of you nigga  
You just a bitch, my nigga, yeah

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