

Pastor Troy "Atlanta"

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I will always pray for you, Atlanta

Yeah, yeah, we crankin' this for all tha G's on the east side

We doin' this for all the Gangstas on the west side

We doin' this for all the kings on the south side

Yo, and it's on ATL and it's on ATL, ATL

It's on, and it's on ATL it's on, and it's on, it's on

As I look at you road from the window

Reminising on the places that I been yo

On the road doin' shows fuckin' thugged out

Crank tha club up get a playa drug out

This is clear though, on the road pleasin' my fans

From city to city sometimes it's hard man

My girl is 'bound to have me trippin' though

She tellin' me she love me more than I will ever know

I miss tha crib yo, I'm in the streets

Doin' shows four nights out tha week

Yeah, sometimes the king misses his own throne

Pastor Troy and I miss home, ATL

Atlanta, I'll rep for you

I'll always be there for you

Atlanta, I'll rep for you

I'll always be there for you

I done seen more hotels than my house

I done seen my home boy runnin' his mouth

I know it sound crazy but baby, understand

Every night, I'm out at least ten grand

So we can rock Louis Vuitton and have fun

While puttin' up a college fun for my son

And when we sip we sip Dom Perignon

And when we dip, it's [Incomprehensible]

I know sometime it feel like I am just headed for the cheese

And every time you wanna chill it's like I up and gotta

leave

But baby, I am your king and the crib is my throne
I can't wait 'til I get back home, to ATL

Atlanta, I'll rep for you

I'll always be there for you

Atlanta, I'll rep for you

I'll always be there for you, yeah, yeah

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