

## **Rasheeda**

### **"Atl 2 STL"**

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ATL to STL

On them thungs and crunk as hell  
Your system blast, then let it bump  
Spark the L and raise it up

Fifteens in my shit, you know it's gon' bump  
Nelly ridin' shotgun, nigga, pass the blunt  
We into what-ever, and keepin' it crunk  
Got twenty-inch BB's on my white Benz truck

Aw shit, we done did it again  
From ATL to the new, but still breakin' 'em in  
Playin' to win, fire hot, burnin' ya skin  
Platinum hit number two, y'all made me do it again

This Rasheeda, I'm ridin' niggas through the dirty  
From Old McDee to Cambleton flippin' birdies  
Bendin' and swervin', I got this muthafucka turnin'  
Threw up the double R, heard the sirens, kept it burnin'

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I'm 'bout to pull up in the ATL, eighteen inches and five  
screens  
Old folks on the side and they reachin' for Visine  
Five bitches right behind me, more flashin' than high  
beams  
Like, Nelly, where you goin', can I go? By all means

Keep the door open, drivin' the ave, mami get in  
Matter fact, don't ya come without, whoo, bringin' ya  
friends  
One shotgun, three in the back, one on my lap  
What's the outcome, we in the sack like Warren Sapp

Open ya mouth hun, "We don't do that", don't give me  
that  
Why ya tongue done, say "Aah", fuck it, that's what I  
thought

I was peepin' that since the first time I saw ya  
Timed ya walk from there to the time I parked

So keep ya one eye open for the haters that gawk  
But still thugged out, candy coated and thugged out  
Real stud guy, blink, now the guns out  
I'm a show you what that A-T-S-T-L is about, dirty

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I love wood grain and, tinted, painted, and dusted out  
Threw on some new shoes, drop the top and skated out  
Then I hit the block, non stop, numero uno  
Iced up, platinum bitch, breakin' niggas to the zero

Call me the hero, better yet, the Lieutenant  
Takin' charge of the game, best believe I'm gon' win it  
See, it ain't no thing for me to put it down  
You jumpin' out your draws for this bitch from down  
south

Now put 'em up, and throw your hands in the air  
Now tip the cup, like you just don't care  
Stepped in the club, with my niggas from the D-Low  
We keep this thing crunk and droppin' bows on them  
hizzoes

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