

## Various Artists "Welcome To Atlanta"

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Yeah

Welcome to Atlanta, Jack and Hammers and Vogues  
Back to the mackin' and jackin' the clothes,  
adolescents packin a fo'  
A knock on the do', who is it?  
I would happen to know, the one with the flow  
Who did it? It was me I suppose  
J-D in the Rolls and Ludo's in the Cutt Supreme  
Skatin' down old Nat, tucked and leaned

I split ya spleen, as matter of fact, I split ya team  
No blood on the sneaks, gotta keep it, so my kicks is  
clean  
I get the cream, cops see me flick my beans  
I'm allergic to doc prescribed antihistamines  
Oink oink, pig pig, do away with the pork  
Only silverware, I need's a steak knife and a fork  
Did you forget your fuckin' manners, I'm loose with  
banners  
Ludacris, Johnny Rockets when I shoot the cannons  
The wooley mammoth sabertooth, bitch bite your  
tongue  
I won't stop until I'm rich as them whites'll come

I pull up in the black Lotus, your plaques are bogus  
So I stripped them off the wall  
Waiting for my cue to corner pocket eight balls  
You rackin' 'em up, I'm big paper like pancakes,  
stackin' 'em up  
In fact I'm slappin' 'em up, Cadallacin' the truck  
I can't lose with 22's, bitch that's what's up  
Runnin' in the back the fuck, better than in the  
aqueduct  
[Incomprehensible]

Welcome to Atlanta where the playas play  
And we ride on them things like every day  
Big beats, hit streets, see gangstas roamin'  
And parties don't stop 'til eight in the mornin'

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Now the party don't start 'til I walk in  
And I usually don't leave until the thing ends  
But in the meantime, in between time  
You work yo thing, I work mine  
I been puttin' it down here since '83  
Since the late show, MD rivalry  
When frozen bad ice was the place to be  
If you was ridin', you was bumpin' to homie Shadi  
I'm the MBP, Most Ballerous Player  
Make my own rules, bitch call me the mayor

Monday night, Gentleman's Club  
Tuesday night, I'm up in the velvet room, gettin' fucked  
up  
Wednesday, I'm at Stokers on Lean  
Thursday, jump clean and I fall up in cream  
Friday, Shark Bar Kyack with Frank Skeem  
Right on the floor is where you can find me  
Saturday is off the heezy fo' sheezy  
You can find me up in one-tweezy  
Sunday is when I get my sleepin'  
'Cause on Monday we be at it again, holla

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