

Pastor Troy, Atlanta

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 A-T-L and it's on
A-T-L, A-T-L it't 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
Reminesing 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, A-T-L

Atlanta, I'll rep for you, I'll always be there for you [2X]

I done seen more hotels than my house
I done seen my home boy running 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 ?
I know sometime it feel like I am just headed for the cheese
And everytime 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 'till I get back home, to A-T-L

[Chorus]