

# 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]