Ludacris, Welcome To Atlanta

Ludacris]
Yeah, Welcome to Atlanta, jack and hammer and vogues'
Back to the mackin' and jackin' the clothes, adolescent packin a fo'
A knock on the do', who is it?
I wouldn't happen to know, the one with the flow
Who did it?, it was me I suppose
J-D in the Rollz and Luda's in the Cutt Supreme
Skatin down old Nat, Gat tooked and lean
I split ya spleen, as matter' fact I split ya team
No blood on the sneak's, gotta keep it so my kicks is clean
I get the cream, cops see me flick my beams
Im allergic to 'doc perscribed anti-histemines
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, Im loose with banners
Ludacris, Johnny Rockets when i shoot the cannon
The Wooley mammoth saber-tooth, bitch bite your tounge
I wont stop until Im rich as them white-boy come
I pull up in the black Lotus, you're plaque's are bogus
So I stripped them off the wall
Waiting for my cue to corner pocket eight balls
You rackin' 'em up, Im big paper like pancakes, stackin' 'em up
In fact Im slappin' 'em up, Caddillac is a truck
I cant lose with 22"s, Bitch thats whats up
Runnin in the back the fuck, runnin better than aquaduct
chil-li-li-li-li-n.. what

[Chorus]

(JD)
Yo, Yo.. Yo..Yo, Yo,
Welcome to Atlanta where the playas play
And we ride on them things like every day
Big beats, hit streets, see gangsta's roamin'
And parties dont stop til' eight in the mornin'

(Ludacris)
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[JD]
Now the party dont start 'til I walk in
And I usually dont leave until the thing ends
But in the mean-time, in between time
You work yo thing, I'll work mine
I been puttin' it down here since 83'
Since the late show MD rivalry
More froze than bad ice, with a place to be
If you was ridin, you was ballin to homie Shadi
Im the MBP, Most Ballingest Player
Make my own rules, bitch call me the mayor
Monday night, Gentlemen's Club
Tuesday night, Im up in the velvet room, gettin fucked up
Wednesday, Im at strokers on lean
Thursday, jump clean, and I fall up in cream
Friday, shark or 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 sleep in
Cause on Monday we be at it again, Holla!

[Chorus 2x]