

# Atlanta Zoo (feat. Ludacris)

## Gucci Mane

[Verse 1]

I'm obnoxious  
I'm flowing crazy, I need to stop this  
don't knock this  
you nigga's lazy yall need to watch this  
Preposterous  
if you can fathem how you can block this  
my phantom was seen on candler  
you ride the transit  
no options you niggas can't act like yall forgot this I'm tired  
but switch ya flow up it's so monotonous it's my metropolis  
I'll drop a 12 on ya so colossus!  
My swag plus my drop top yellow jag why they gossip  
I'm the nigga upload your twitter bitch I'm the topic  
profess it but  
gucci didn't graduate from college  
your girlfriend say's my ear rings are erotic  
my lambo doors open upward they're robotic it's gucci[Chorus:]  
Gorilla goons with the tool down to act a fool  
birds in the living room it's like atlanta zoo  
Lions, tigers, minks crocs and gators for my shoes  
monkey nigga's in my hood I'm living in the zoo  
birds in the living room and the kitchen too  
im a tiger in the bedroom ask your baby boo  
I got lions, tigers, bears in my hood and closet too  
But my gun can stop an elephant just like atlanta zoo (gucci)[Verse 2:]

Drop beam  
Off set things color ice cream  
white dreams  
she can fuck me that's a pipe dream  
S-O poppin x-pills so exciting  
my ex chick n ex homeboy uninvited cases of ace of spade bitch getcha wasted  
the waitress I made her reloaded like the matrix  
I lean laid with a bad bitch black n asian  
On 20 headed to buckhead I'm racing baby  
but take that fake jewelery off that shit is fugasey  
You think that you're hotter than the kid youre mistaken  
real n you nigga's really really good at faken  
So trill I'ma keep it real I'm back to the basics[Chorus:]

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But my gun can stop an elephant just like atlanta zoo (gucci)[Ludacris:]  
Heads up  
my partner stashin bricks up on his roof top  
Whole key, half a key, quarter key  
gucci got more quarters than a motherfuckin juke box  
Pop-pop hear the glock cock  
And I gotta Colt 45 like Billy D  
semi automatic that I keep up in the attic in shank that shape like tennessee (ugh!)  
I cut ya  
I cut ya til the white meat  
And my partner pushin more crack than a bike seat  
I smoke the best I get my dro from california  
get high n go to sleep you couldn't wake me from a coma  
I might wake up if these rappers got beef I smell the aroma  
but these nigga'z aint got no heart not even if they had a doner  
I roam the streets so who the fuck is YOU  
southside collipark king of the jungle my name is ludacris living in atlanta zoo[Chorus:]  
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