Atl 2 Stl

Rasheeda

ATL to STL
On them thungs and crunk as hell
Your system blast, then let it bump
Spark the L and raise it up
Fifteens in my shit, you know it's gon' bump
Nelly ridin' shotgun, nigga, pass the blunt
We into what-ever, and keepin' it crunk
Got twenty-inch BB's on my white Benz truck
Aw shit, we done did it again
From ATL to the new, but still breakin' 'em in
Playin' to win, fire hot, burnin' ya skin
Platinum hit number two, y'all made me do it again
This Rasheeda, I'm ridin' niggas through the dirty
From Old McDee to Cambleton flippin' birdies
Bendin' and swervin', I got this muthafucka turnin'
Threw up the double R, heard the sirens, kept it burnin'
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I'm 'bout to pull up in the ATL, eighteen inches and five screens
Old folks on the side and they reachin' for Visine
Five bitches right behind me, more flashin' than high beams
Like, Nelly, where you goin', can I go? By all means
Keep the door open, drivin' the ave, mami get in
Matter fact, don't ya come without, whoo, bringin' ya friends
One shotgun, three in the back, one on my lap
What's the outcome, we in the sack like Warren Sapp

Open ya mouth hun, "We don't do that", don't give me that
Why ya tongue done, say "Aah", fuck it, that's what I thought
I was peepin' that since the first time I saw ya
Timed ya walk from there to the time I parked
So keep ya one eye open for the haters that gawk
But still thugged out, candy coated and thugged out
Real stud guy, blink, now the guns out
I'm a show you what that A-T-S-T-L is about, dirty
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I love wood grain and, tinted, painted, and dusted out
Threw on some new shoes, drop the top and skated out
Then I hit the block, non stop, numero uno
Iced up, platinum bitch, breakin' niggas to the zero
Call me the hero, better yet, the Lieutinent
Takin' charge of the game, best believe I'm gon' win it
See, it ain't no thing for me to put it down
You jumpin' out your draws for this bitch from down south
Now put 'em up, and throw your hands in the air
Now tip the cup, like you just don't care
Stepped in the club, with my niggas from the D-Low
We keep this thing crunk and droppin' bows on them hizzoes
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