

# Only N Atlanta

## Hustle Gang

[Intro: Young Jeezy]

Come ride with me, come pray with me  
Come ride with me, come roll with me  
Roll with me, ride with me

[Hook: Young Jeezy]

All we ever do is rock ice, pour gold  
Ever since we was bout 12 years old  
Middle of the summer and the streets still cold  
Every nigga here got a story untold  
(Only N Atlanta)  
Gave it to the free men but they wanted love  
Diddy said he blew a quarter million in the club  
Every nigga here got a box of Arm & Hammer  
Every nigga here think he Tony Montana  
(Only N Atlanta)

[Verse 1: Young Jeezy]

Welcome to the city where them lil niggas die  
Like everybody Gotti, even the broke niggas fly  
Every night sun, and it's sunny, we in the club  
Got no problem getting this money, just need a plug  
Nigga invest more in his chain than in his crib  
Nigga invest more in his car than where he live  
Swear that bitch in the club at least a 7  
Niggas do it all for the fame, be living legends  
Shit cost 700, the bottle of what he's sippin'  
And if a bitch look like a model she probably strippin  
Probably work at Onyx or probably the Blue Flame  
An ex street nigga, he called my nickname  
For everybody going for self, nobody's changed  
Niggas dead-broke still living like millionaires  
The welcoming committee, we call them the robbin' crew  
There's a very good chance them niggas will rob you

[Hook:]

[Verse 2: Shad Da God]

Well ye ain't talkin that belingo  
And we playin mad while rippin up the Nino  
The big homie guy light up bricks and they gorgeous  
You can really get yo ass in jail, go to forge it  
Feed the pistol right there on the deal say Feragamo  
And niggas out here trappin just to do shit for they mama  
We act like some stronger, that's how we start the flaky summer  
And we ain't got shit but middle finger for your honor  
And every niggas wishin we the same, think he baller  
And every nigga in the expedition got a 40  
And every nigga round me, get your mind on some money shit  
We walkin round, we stride like the fuckin government  
Every nigga run this bitch, you're nervous to the bullshit  
On that south side, you getting yo fake crap by fuck shit  
We hit our measure, tryin to get a plane of shrimp shit  
RIP to Double D, king of that pimp shit

[Hook:]

[Verse 3: T.I.]

I was born in the town where it all goes down  
Since the roll had the white hit the bluff with the brown  
Man I'm proud to admit, after housing them bricks  
Man I'm still a free man blowing loud in the 6  
And I'm rich more than a nigga could imagine  
From where you get from rappin' or from trappin'  
Only in Atlanta can a nigga get it poppin  
Off at Magic City, 'hundred thousand in the pocket  
Only in Atlanta can a nigga ride D  
15 years on 15 key  
Only in Atlanta can nigga get paid  
Trappin' broad day with a new AK  
How we ever do it? Pop bottles for a ho  
Roll on 24's with a chrome snub-nose  
All we ever get is bank rolls, rubber band round that  
Just a message so you can get recognized where you at...

[Hook:]

[Outro:]

You know what I'm sayin?  
A-Town nigga! Yea