

Atlanta

Canibus

I wake up in the morn', turn my PlayStation on
Just bought that NFL Blitz and that Basket-Ball
I read the Vibe and Source, to see what's going on
I let my hair grow long, maybe braid it in the fall
Whenever I get bored, I just jump in my car
I go to Lennox Mall, and look for independent broads
Sometimes I get a nod, they treat me like a scrub
I go down to the schools, maybe I get more love
Three P.M. in the evening, I'm on the highway speeding
My front-left tires leaking, should have bought a new one last weekend
I guess I wasn't thinking, up ahead break-lights was blinking
For more than thirty minutes I was stuck in gridlock prison
This traffic drives me crazy, going West on two-eighty
Five bitch almost made me, crash into her Mercedes
I'm glad I almost missed her, I pushed the clutch and shifted
It was a white-lady, I'd rather hit a sister
'Cause see, I know the system, it's easier to trick them
I use my G to pimp them, then convince I'm the victim
Nah baby, you hit me, no I was in lane three
You need some contacts you can't see, no girl don't blame me
Don't panic just be patient, give the bitch the wrong information
She'll probably never claim it, scared of high insurance payments
I love my home Atlanta, I love my home Atlanta
I love my home Atlanta, I love my home Atlanta

The land of pretty peaches, them girls with round features
Make a nigga say, "Good Jesus," them Georgia dime-pieces
Started off like, "What's your name? Tell me, what's your age?
You got a man? Can we be friends?"
I'm glad you feel that way, come on and ride with me
I take you to that Crunk bar where them sharks eat
Five-star baby, bon-appetite
I got that shrimp appetizer with that dog meat
If shorty want to creep, I bring her home with me
Just bought some candles and that Carl Thomas CD
Bootleg that Jay-Z, stole that OutKast
Been have that Keith Sweat, I know how to make it last
Smack that naked ass, she got a big butt
I ain't in no rush, plus she likes it rough
Kinky stuff like, leather and handcuffs
And them thangs you wrap around a man's you-know-what
That's why I love Atlanta, I can hardly stand-up
I'm a heavy drinker, fix me a cup and sinker
I always love Atlanta, that's why I love Atlanta
I love my home Atlanta, I love my home Atlanta

As a young child I was so damn bad
Used to drive up the Ave with no tags
Niggaz couldn't see me, I was going so fast
Most niggaz catch whiplash and crash
Face all chipped up from the glass
Running from the police hauling ass
If I get caught, I just give them some cash
Most police give me dap and laugh
Other ones pull up behind the flash
Take a nightstick and tap the glass
Tell me, "Turn the music down," it's on blast

Turn the engine off 'cause I'm wasting gas
Tell them that I'm lost and I need a map
Looking for a hotel to take a nap
Freaknik, officer, I came for that
It was good last year that's why I'm back
That's when he tried to hit me
His big fist barely miss me
I have my camera with me
I think I'll sue the city
I love this place Atlanta
That's why I love Atlanta
I love my home Atlanta
I love my home Atlanta