

**ATL**

**Trouble**

ATL, ATL, ATL  
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Like my godfather told me, a lot of niggas through here  
I grew here, streets raised me since a baby  
Trouble dropped out, and was captain dope dealer  
My first word was motherfucker, made that motherfucker boom  
By the time 200 came round, got a mind of my own  
I hit people with the three round tool, pops wasn't home  
Goin through the city, waitin for things to process  
Marv and me raised hell, that's when I got my first net  
You either sellin bricks or battereys  
A lotta cops came after me for that, but that ain't me  
Wait for elementerey, middle I win  
Some thought I was vilant, till the word got out  
I was shakin shit with D boys, they got the police right to us

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Nigga, this ATL's finest  
What I done, streets where you can find us  
Raised up with the crack pay  
Shootin holes through yo head  
Break into your mama house, you was breast fed  
I done tell the boys let's get it, gotta get the sute  
Posted up at the red stoop  
This ain't a tent booth, this a war zone  
These niggas, they know my words  
All around the A, it's like Edgwood, nigga, don't play with me,  
you heard

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