

ATL

Trouble

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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 elementery, 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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