

## Calling All Zones

Ying Yang Twins

You got a one way ticket to hell,  
Smack dab in the middle of the ATL,  
And aww, I dont wanna hustle no more but the streets wont let me go,  
All my niggaz say,  
Zone 1 (right here), Zone 2 (right here), Zone 3 Zone 4 (right here), Zone 5  
and 6, but thats it.

For a nigga with a dream,  
Atlanta is the city,  
And they make it so seem,  
But ride through the city,  
And The Streets aint clean,  
All I see is drug deals, big wheels and feinds,  
But any way they took East Atlanta back, (?)  
Throw Atlanta Down,  
Turned little Vietnam to a white folks town,  
And fo, I forget to say you should have been fixture streets by MLK,  
I aint talkin about the dope,  
In talking about the raggedy road,  
Niggas crack they rims riding over potholes,  
But thats how it goes,  
When you stuck fuck outta luck and lost in the ghetto's.

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They talking ATL, Atlanta Georgia,  
We the shit,  
We talking Holy Feild you know that nigga named Michael Vick  
They called me mamma boy but now they call me drummer boy,  
They talking jet skiis, I had that shit last summer boy,  
Charles is gone, Cher is show case,  
5 5 9 night life (they had it goin on),  
Back then Shawty D was gone,  
Flat heat right here was on,  
They put me on the song back then we all got along, aint had no switch game  
Atlanta just wont be the same,  
Hit Man, Sammy Sam, DJ Smurf and Ying Yang,  
I know when kids rockin(?) used to beat the block, I lived in a little house  
boy,  
And the block party would never stop, I remember when G-  
Lyfe was when I had that little jelly bean,  
I remember them East 30 Cadilacs and  
Cut Supreme, (?) I built the school and shot Marvin thats what I did,  
I remember the curfues what we used to get(?).

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[Verse 3]

A parking lot Alley niggaz thinkin again,  
When you speeking bout' Atlanta mention Ying Yang Twins,  
There born and raised,  
God done made it hard for us,  
Cause y'all outta towners came here and fucked shit up,  
But y'all cant fuck with us, cause as soon as shit start goin on you leave A  
tlanta and go right back home,  
And thats the pussy mother fucker,  
Ya heard me motherfucker, bring off in there mouth (?) ATL-ANTA,  
Stop asking me cause that why I stay, if you can spell,  
Thats Atlant motherfucker, ya heard me mother fucker,  
So dont ask me again,  
Cause I aint saying it again,  
Let me ask you do you remember jelly bean Cherri Show Case Club sense in tha  
game,  
Lemme tell you about some ghettos,  
Inglewood East Lameadows(?) ATL.

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