

Midnight Train

Ludacris

Ooh, hey yeah
Do you know how to leave, ride...ride

Ya see, it started off in St. Paul from the street of Old Nash
And it feels so good to escape and just kick it and laugh
My clan had to bring the ruckus cause we had the cream
All you can eat over at Ryan's or some fish at Gaseen's
And I had to fix a good bag and make decisions and haste
Cause soul food ain't the motherfuckin' thang to waste
So let's get looney up on the set cause I got five on the fire
Will slide to East Point and make our way to Black Rirer
Lookin' like Outkast on the spot smokin' blunts and
Hit the liquor store got up, got out and got something
That eightball, so I can do some space age pimpin'
My blood stay young off 45's Colt and chicken
Camels and Rolls filled with d's and Vogues
And playas mackin' them hoes, in dyke clothes
Comin' up slammin' Caddy doors
In Southwest, we'll take it to yo chest
And we got it locked like some niggas on house arrest
Cause we ridin'

Ridin' on that midnight train to Georgia, riiide
Ridin' on that midnight train to Georgia, riiide

It's just one of those days when I can kick it like this and like that
It's a free day, my folks got rowdy way back
I right off of Cascade or Ralph David Abernathy
I shall proceed and continue to keep my roots nappy
Cause afros in all seasons, they keep me warm
Some livin' that thug life so how long will they mourn
I still ride, that's why I bounce my way to bank-bed
I'm so bad that I'll knock you out, that's what my mama said
Sippin' on brandy, sunny days with my best friends
Today you see and then you cruise through the West end
They should've said it was Six Flags Over Georgia
Then underground, my Tuesdays would be packed when I got older
If I told you one, I told ya ass a thousand times
I got em' all in check when it comes to bustin' rhymes
Don't sweat the technique cause I just move the crowd
My mob's deep of alcoholics, people label us loud because we ride

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See I felt my bones jump as I crossed the road
I heard the squad was wiped up so I flipped my mode
On my way to D-E-C, baby can't you see
That Decatur is totally to B-I-G for thee
Lost Boyz ridin' around in Jeeps, Lex Luth's, and Beamers
Yo cars get scooped just like Regina carpet cleaners
It's Stone Mountain Cats puttin' it down
They played Kurupt so I just gave all my dogs a pound
Now my conflict was crucial off some hay I smoked
I should be gettin' it cause life is too got damn short
And now my mind's playin' tricks and my boys actin' ghetto
Back to the C-P, I put the pedal to the metal

God bless the child that's just got his own
Since I was a juvenile makin' cash money at home
I'm from a boy to a man, I've reached the end of my road
It's Ludacris signin' off till the next episode, let's ride

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Cause it's the A-T-L
Where all the pimps and the playas just dwell
We get the cash and the ass then bail
We leave a trace but never leave a trail
Say it again
Where all the pimps and the playas just dwell
We get the cash and the ass then bail
We leave a trace but never leave a trail