

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