

ATL to STL - 1/2

Interprété par Nelly.

feat. Nelly

(Rasheeda)

ATL to STL, on them things and crunk as hell

Your system blast, then let it bump

Spark the L and raise it up

Fifteens in my shit, you know it's gon' bump

Nelly ridin shotgun, nigga, pass the blunt

We into what-ever, and keepin it crunk

Got twenty-inch BB's on my white Benz truck

Aw shit, we done did it again

From ATL to the new, but still breakin 'em in

Playin to win, fire hot, burnin ya skin

Platinum hit number two, y'all made me do it again

This Rasheeda, I'm ridin niggas through the dirty

From Old ??? to Cambleton flippin birdies

Bendin and swervin, I got this muthafucka turnin

Threw up the double R, heard the sirens, kept it burnin

(Hook-Rasheeda & Nelly)

ATL to STL (we ridin)

On them things and crunk as hell (we ridin)

Your system blast then let it bump (we ridin)

Spark the L and raise it up (we ridin)

(Nelly)

I'm 'bout to pull up in the ATL, eighteen inches and five screens

Old folks on the side and they reachin for Visine

Five bitches right behind me, more flashin than high beams

Like, (Nelly, where you goin, can I go?), by all means

Keep the door open, ??? ??, mami get in

Matter fact, don't ya come without, whoo, bringin ya friends

One shotgun, three in the back, one on my lap

What's the outcome, we in the sack like Warren Sapp

Open ya mouth hun, "we don't do that", don't give me that

Why ya tongue done, say "aaaaahh", fuck it, that's what I thought

I was peepin that since the first time I saw ya

Timed ya walk from therr (there) to the time I parked

So keep ya one eye open for the haters that gawk

But still thugged out, candy coated and thugged out

Real stud guy, blink, now the guns out

I'm a show you what that A-T-S-T-L is about, dirty

(Hook)

(Rasheeda)

ATL to STL - 2/2

I love wood grain and, tinted, painted, and dusted out
Threw on some new shoes, drop the top and skated out
Then I hit the block, non stop, numero uno
Iced up, platinum bitch, breakin niggas to the zero
Call me the hero, better yet, the lieutenant
Takin charge of the game, best believe I'm gon' win it
See, it ain't no thing for me to put it down
You jumpin out your draws for this bitch from down south
Now put 'em up, and throw your hands in the air
Now tip the cup, like you just don't care
Stepped in the club, with my niggas from the D-Low
We keep this thing crunk and droppin bows on them hizzoes

(Hook)