

Outkast, B.O.B. (Bombs Over Baghdad)

[Dre]

1, 2.. 1, 2, 3; yeah!

In-slum-national, underground

Thunder pounds when I stomp the ground (Woo!)

Like a million elephants and silverback orangutans

You can't stop a train

Who want some? Don't come un-pre-pared

I'll be there, but when I leave there

Better be a household name

Weather man tellin' us it ain't gon' rain

So now we sittin' in a drop-top, soaking wet

In a silk suit, tryin' not to sweat

Hits somersaults without the net

But this'll be the year that we won't forget

One-Nine-Nine-Nine, Anno Domini anything goes, be whatchu wanna be

Long as you know consequences, to give and for livin'

The fence is too high to jump in jail

Too low to dig, I might just touch hell

HOT! Get a life, now they on sale

Then I might cast you a spell, look at what came in the mail

A scale and some Arm and Hammer, soul gold grill and some baby mama

Black Cadillac and a pack of pampers

Stack of question with no answers

Cure for cancer, cure for AIDS

Make a nigga wanna stay on tour for days

Get back home, things are wrong

Well not really it was bad all along

before he left adds up, to a ball of power

Thoughts at a thousands miles per hour

Hello, ghetto, let your brain breathe,

believe there's always more, ahhhhh!

[Chorus: 2X]

[Dre] Don't pull the thang out, unless you plan to bang

[Choir] Bombs over Baghdad!

[Dre] Yeah! Ha ha yeah!

Don't even bang unless you plan to hit something

[Choir] Bombs over Baghdad!

[Dre] Yeah! Uhh-huh

[Big Boi]

Uno, dos, tres, it's on

Did you ever think a pimp rock a microphone?

Like that there boy and we still stay street

Big things happen every time we meet

Like a track team, crack fiend, dying to geek

Outkast bumpin' up and down the street

Slant back, Cadillac, 'bout five nigga deep

Seventy-five MC's freestylin' to the beat

Cause we get crunk, stay crunk, at the club

Should have bought an ounce, but you copped a dub

Should have held back, but you throwed the punch

'Spose to meet your girl but you packed a lunch

No D to-the U to-the G for you

Got a son on the way by the name of Bamboo

Got a little baby girl four year, Jordan

Never turn my back on my kids for them

Should have hit it (hit it) quit it (quit it) rag (rag) top (top)

Before you RE up, get a laptop

Make a business for yourself, boy, set some goals

Make a fat diamond out of dusty coals

Record number four, but we on the road

Hold up, slow up, stop, control

Like Janet, Planets, Stankonia is on ya

A movin' like Floyd commin' straight to Florida

Lock all your windows then block the corridors

Pullin' off on bell 'cause a whippings in order
I like a three piece fish before I cut your daughter
Yo quiero Taco Bell, then I hit the border
Pity PAT rappers tryin' to get the five
I'm a microphone fiend tryin' to stay alive
When you come to ATL boi you better not hide
cause the Dungeon Family gon' ride, hah!
[Chorus: 2X]
[Dre] Don't pull the thang out, unless you plan to bang
[Choir] Bombs over Baghdad!
[Dre] Yeah! Ha ha yeah!
Don't even bang unless you plan to hit something
[Choir] Bombs over Baghdad!
[Dre] Yeah! Uhh-huh
[Choir]
Bombs over Baghdad! Yeah
Bombs over Baghdad! Yeah
Bombs over Baghdad! Yeah
Bombs over Baghdad! Yeah
[Dre]
B-I-G, B-O-I
An-An-Andre
To the T-O-P
[Dre and Big Boi: 15X]
Bob your head. Rag top.
(1, 2.. 1, 2, 3, 4) (Gimme some)
[Choir: 23X]
Power music. Electric revival.