

Barbra Streisand

"Out to Bomb"

Visit "[Out to Bomb](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Verse One]

Put the pedal to the metal let's turn it out
Let's show these motherfuckers what it's all about
Is it all about the pride all about the crowd
Run from a cop never drop on a dime
Put your hands up cause I'm clockin' dough
Don't never say a white boy ain't got no soul
I ain't on parole never snitch to a fed
Yo the only fuckin' singin' is your girl in my bed
I'm sick up to here with this and that
I ain't pushin' crack so step the hell back
It's the Lordz of Brooklyn in the house here to turn it out
Right in your face punk what's it all about?

[Chorus]

I'm out to bomb!
Put it up! Get it on!
I'm out to bomb!
Put it up! Get it on!

[Verse Two]

I set sail like the holy grail the crusader don't cater to
no shit that's frail
Take me to the catacomb on the dragon's chrome
After dark I leave my mark like it's etched in stone
I'm pure white heat I take a quantum leap
I'm coming deep in the night like a nightmare in your
sleep
Like a Viking funeral I'm leaving shit burned
I said clowns get drowned when the tide gets turned
We're the Lordz we sport the crowns we're the kings
underground
What comes around goes around and it brings you
right down

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

I'm on a sixth probation or should I say vacation
Vickin' motherfuckers when they're steppin' in my
station

Stalkin' through the tunnel with a shank in my hand
Penetrate that fuckin' lung let it flow like a dam
Something's up with Kaves something's up with Kaves
Yo you gotta get made made
Yo you gotta get paid paid
I'm the king of enamel the crazy ducky boy wearing
flannel
I climb the Verrazano eat my pasta with Romano
The Brooklyn mutt is about to go rabid
Killin' motherfuckers is my only bad habit
Punks jump up and I'm doin' 'em
My Louisville broke so I switched to aluminum
Yo lemme tell you somethin' about the Verrazano Boys
We made a lot of noise beatin' up them toys
If you stepped to the crew or even walked on the fame
You know you got stomped by a big ink stain
1995 we're called Lordz of Brooklyn
Step on the turf and your wallet's gettin' tookin'
Vamped thrown to the curb had a lotta nerve to steppin'
on my turf
Now you're gettin' whacked! Pow! Whacked with a bat
Now you're suckin' on the dust from my black Cadillac
Here I come big shots it's ADM
Leader of the pack who don't give a damn
Pass me the wine lemme throw it down
You heard what's on my mind now check the sound

[Chorus]

Visit [Barbra Streisand](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.