

## Box Car Racer

### "Da Bomb"

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[ INTRO: Young Prod ]

Every since we dropped down  
We noticed radio didn't wanna swing with the locs  
So like riders we swung with the gees  
From Jesse Owens to Manchester Park  
From Will Rodgers to Green Meadows Park  
S.C.C. put it down for them 10% of real niggas  
Keep droppin em, from the shoulders  
What's up Treach?  
West coast for life  
Yeah

[ VERSE 1: Havikk the Rhime Son ]

As I jumps up thinkin to myself it's another day  
Find myself reminiscin on the 1970s  
Had the swimming pool and at the park on deck  
Even if you gangbanged it didn't matter what set  
Doin flips, hittin dips, mobbin to the sto' later  
Grabs the Bubble Yum, Jolly Ranchers, Now-Laters  
Jesse Owens Park was the spot to hang  
Retaliation from the shoulders is the name of the game  
Didn't need to pack the fo', put the nine on your hipster  
Bang and gettin high, slap-boxin, yeah, a g-ster  
Manchester Park, I remember summer school lunches  
Mobbin to the park off in bunches  
Mom's chillin out with her sister and pops  
Kaos in the front gettin sweated by cops  
Shootin hoops at the ( ? ), take the bus to the movies  
With yo gees, damn I miss the 1970s

[ CHORUS: L.V. ]

Time after time  
I know we can change your mind  
(Ain't nothin goin on but the bomb)  
Kickin game with the S.C.C.  
(Ain't nothin goin on but the bomb rap song)  
I know we can break it down  
(Ain't nothin goin on but the bomb)  
It's the bomb, so won't you swing it with me

[ VERSE 2: Prode'je ]

It's one for the hoods all across the ghettos  
From Will Rodgers Park all the way to Green Meadows  
The Cartel's back, put the gats in the stash, gee  
Let your sounds bounce as we mob through the '90s  
Like we used to roll 40 deep in the '80s  
30 O.G.'s and about 10 ladies  
Chillin at the park with the loud conversation  
Homies gettin blazed and the ( ? ) givin ( ? )  
Mr. Prod's from the S.C.  
Hittin dips through your hood in my '86 Caddy  
I used to roll a 64 on gold d's  
But everywhere I went I had to have some O.G.'s  
Leanin to the side in a gangster lean  
Mad-doggin player-haters cause they quick to scheme  
So i sold it got a Coupe De Ville, now I'm dippin forever  
And yeah, the Cartel still together

[ CHORUS ]

[ VERSE 3: Havikk the Rhime Son ]

Summertime goes and comes, it's the '90s  
6-4's drop and the tops chop, trunk got that bump  
Gold d's cause the gees got it poppin  
From S.C. to L.B. to Compton  
Chip Motorola, 'yac and herb  
It gets crucial drive-by's jumpin off daily  
And your lady might be your lady for a minute  
But once you slip, gee, your homeboy's all up in it  
[ Prode'je ]  
And I'ma keep movin through the six and the seven  
Motivatin hoods cause it's all to the good  
As we circle every hood like the solar system  
Droppin dialect on the rhythm  
The wisdom leavin pink panties marinatin  
Escapin the 95 L Coupe skatin  
Cause though I'm still g-ed I'm a player for life  
It's '96 and Cartel still bringin the hits

[ CHORUS ]

Are you ready  
for the time of your life  
Everybody stand up  
stand up

Are you ready  
for the time of your life  
stand up  
stand up

Are you ready

for the time of your life  
stand up, yeah  
then stand up

Are you ready  
(are you ready)  
said are you ready  
(are you ready)  
are you ready  
(are you ready)  
for the ride of your life  
ready  
(ready)  
I said are you ready  
(are you ready)  
ready for the time of your life

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