

## **Chris Brown**

### **"Bomb"**

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All my ladies, put ya hands up  
All my ladies, put ya hands up

If you got that bomb, bomb, ba, bomb, ba, bomb, bomb  
Know you got that bomb, bomb, ba, bomb, ba, bomb,  
bomb

Ladies, put ya hands up if you that bomb, bomb  
Girl, you got that bomb, ba, bomb, ba, bomb, bomb,  
bomb

Oh, me, oh, my, body like a monster  
Let me get inside, ya booty I'ma conquer  
If ya question bout my size, I give you the answer  
Girl you got that good, good, I already know

Tell it by your size, I know you a dancer  
Rein, derierre, I'ma call you 'Prancer'  
Booty paparazzi, pose for the camera  
All my ladies, if you got it let me know

Because shawty thick in her hips, cold than 'em other  
Licking her lips, a bad mothasucker  
Apple looking so ripe, she make me want a piece  
I give it to her all night so she don't wanna leave

If you got that bomb, bomb, ba, bomb, ba, bomb, bomb  
Know you got that bomb, bomb, ba, bomb, ba, bomb,  
bomb  
Ladies, put ya hands up if you that bomb, bomb  
Girl, you got that bomb, ba, bomb, ba, bomb, bomb,  
bomb

Something like a pimp, nothin' like them other fellas  
Heard that you the shit, girl, we should blow up  
together  
Ooh I know you got that bomb shit, call it nine, eleven  
I'm just tryna beat it up, he could it, acapella

We should go back to my crib, that's what I'ma tell her  
Bring one or two of them 'cause your friends looking  
kinda jealous  
R-r-rolling papers like propellers blowing mozzarella

Lotta niggas in the club, who cares I'm the realest

Tell the waiters we gon need more cases  
And when you think the money's gone we spending  
more faces  
She with homeboy but she want this  
Six cars, eight chains, three cribs, one Wiz

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bomb

Hold up kimosabe, my crib look like a lobby  
I'm in that black Bugatti and I off that Carlo Rossi  
I with that Taylor Posse, these ladies wanna party  
And there's so much ice up on my neck, it look like I  
play hockey

So hold up, nigga, stop me, all these haters watch me  
I give it up, you're in the deep, you can call me cocky  
Any stage or any beat you know I'ma body  
And Wiz roll that good shit up and he riding shawty

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bomb

Yeah, so when you [Incomprehensible]  
Smell like that good weed, man, blame it on me  
You don't blame Weezy, man, blame that shit on me,  
man  
Yeah

