

## Lordz Of Brooklyn "Out To Bomb"

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[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]

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