

Outkast

"B.O.B."

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[dre]

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

In-slum-national, underground

Thunder pounds when i stomp the ground (woo!)

Like a million elephants with 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, soakin 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, ano domini, anything goes, be
whatchu wanna be

Long as you know consequences are given 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 gon' sell

Then i might catch you a spell, look at what came in the
mail

A scale and some arm and hammer, so grow grid and
some baby mÃima

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 you 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 mo', owww!

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 boi and will still stay street

Big things happen every time we meet

Like a track team, crack fiend, dyin to geek

Outkast bumpin' up and down the street

Slam back, cadillac, 'bout five nigga deep

Seventy-five emcee's freestylin' to the beat

Cause we get krunk, stay drunk, at the club

Should have bought an ounce, but you caught the 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 read up, get a laptop

Make a business for yourself, boy, set some goals

Make a fair diamond out of dusty coals

Record number four, but we on a roll

Hold up, slow up, stop, +control+

Like janet, planets, stankonia's on ya

Movin like floyd comin' straight to florida

Lock all your windows then block the quarters

Pullin' off on bell 'cause a whippins in order

Like a three piece fist, 'fore i cut your daughter

Yo quiero taco bell, then i hit the border

Penny pap 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

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{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
Po-wer music, electric revival

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