

Outkast

"Bombs Over Bagdad (B.O.B.)"

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1, 2, 1, 2, 3, yeah
In-slum-national, underground
Thunder pounds when I stomp the ground
Like a million elephants with silver back orangutans

You can't stop a train
Who want some? Don't come unprepared
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
1 9 9 9, 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 mama

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'

Don't pull the thang out, unless you plan to bang

Bombs over Baghdad, yeah, yeah
Don't even bang unless you plan to hit something
Bombs over Baghdad, yeah

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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 threw 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, quit it, rag, top
(Hit it, quit it, rag, 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 corridors
Pullin' off a belt 'cause a whipping's in order
Like a three-piece just '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 betta not hide
'Cause the Dungeon Family gon' ride

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B I G, B O I
An-An-Andre
To the T O P

Bob your head, rag top
Bob your head, rag top
Bob your head, rag top

1, 2, 1, 2, 3, 4
Gimme some

Power music, electric revival
Power music, electric revival
Power music, electric revival
...

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