

Outkast

"Bombs Over Baghdad"

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(Dre)

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

Inslumnational, underground

Thunder pounds when I stomp the ground (Woo!)

Like a million elephants and silver back orangutangs

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

Hittin' somersaults without the net

But this'll be the year that we won't forget

One-nine-nine-nine and reminded anything goes,

be what you 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 on sale

Then I might cast you a spell,

look at what came in the mail,

A scale and some Arm and Hammer,

solid gold grill and a baby's m'ama

Black Cadillac and a pack of pampers,

stack of questions with no answers

Cure for cancer, cure for AIDS

Make a nigga wanna stay on tour for days

Get back home, thangs are wrong

Well not really it was bad all along

Before you left, adds up to a ball of power

Thoughts at a thousand 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! Yeah!

(Dre) Yeah! Ha ha yeah!

Don't even bang unless you plan to hit something

(Choir) Bombs Over Baghdad! Yeah!

(Big Boi)

Uno, dos, tres, it's on
Did you ever think a pimp rock a microphone
Like that there boy and we still stay street
Big things happen everytime we meet
Like a track team, crack fiend, dyin' to geek
Outkast bumpin' up and down the street
Slant back, Cadillac, 'bout five niggas deep
Seventy-five mc's freestylin' to the beat
Cause we get crunk, stay drunk, at the club
Should have bought an ounce, but you copped a dub
Should have held back, but cha threw the punch
'Spose to meet your girl but cha 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, there for them
Should have 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 the road
Hold up, slow up, stop, control
Like Janet, planet Stankonias on ya
Movin' like floyd comin' straight to Florida
Lock all your windows then block the corridors
Pullin' off my belt cause a whippins in order
I like a three-piece fish before I cut your daughter
Yo quiero Taco Bell, then i hit the border
Pity pat rappers tryin' to get the five
on my microphone name tryin' to stay alive
When you come to A-T-L boy you better not hide
Cause the Dungeon Family gone ride
High!

Chorus: 2X

(Dre) Don't pull the thang out, unless you plan to bang
(Choir) Bombs Over Baghdad! Yeah!
(Dre) Yeah! Ha ha yeah!
Don't even bang unless you plan to hit something
(Choir) Bombs Over Baghdad! Yeah!

(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) 16X
Bob your head. Rag top.

(1,2...1,2,3,4) (Gimme some)

(Choir) 23X
Power music. Electric revival.

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