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Outkast "Xplosion"

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Hello Lord, it's me again I just wanna make to love the whole globe And all her girlfriends now don't that make ya mind move Like smoke patterns, me on my way to Saturn wit a bomb Numb be it view, or Saudi Shawty I figure before the first gun blast, they know who gone win Now won't that make us all fools Like class clowns praying Private Ryan comes round Sound travels at one thousand, one thirty, feet per second Niggaz in the street they want it hurry When niggaz start biting that's when 3000 starts to worry A little knowledge from the college of wizard Ray Murray Answer quick do you know what desire is? Huh? Apparently not that's why you get what you got Now answer this do you know what fire is? Yeah The body of hot, the motivator of pots Snot, spit, shit are characteristics of release Ask your niece or nephew, you think we left you What the future holds in its sweaty palms Thank I'm finna vom? Ya move like ya mean it she'll cum Prom night might excite a down right fight like White blood cells to the common cold rebel Night gets jealous of day play is no longer The feelin' gets stronger than Ammonia sticks inhale We just can't be amazed Even if you pull the pin from your hand grenade We just can't be amazed

Even if you pull the pin from your hand grenade We just can't be amazed

Even if you pull the pin from your hand grenade We just can't be amazed

And we some home-made bombs finna blow right up in

your face

Look at the way you look at me I see it on your face All your hate emanates but you still hesitate 'Cause you want inside of my head but don't know how To brainwash me to be a commercial clown Fuck that I see the way you were See the way you smirk I'm catching you where you work God only knows all the trouble that grows Deep beneath my soul dealing with you assholes

Can I blast those who point the finger at me Who criticize and talk shit so freely Fuck double XL, you're a size too small I should hire Eminem so we can kill you all Whether you live to talk shit about the Real Then kiss my ass in person how much you love the Hill I'm the outcast comin' to blaze the grass Outlaw due to my life that's come to pass

Dre, pass me the glass of wine So I can pour it over my homies grave and mine For all those who fallen and answered when God was calling Jump into my ragtop and get all in I'm the bomb, planted in your car, why you frozen? Pop the tape in ignite the xplosion The world is mine, the world is yours, the world is ours The world is lost, the world is tossed

We just can't be amazed

Even if you pull the pin from your hand grenade We just can't be amazed Even if you pull the pin from your hand grenade We just can't be amazed

Even if you pull the pin from your hand grenade We just can't be amazed

And we some home-made bombs finna blow right up in your face

With a one-two punch, B-Real and Andre dropped they verses

Your homeboy Daddy Fat Sax playin' clean-up so it worsens

People and persons on the opposite teams oh, yes it's curtains

No bullets burpin' oh just lyrically twerking Making a statement, when you freestyle and your mind is in a free state

Is kinda hard to execute when you ain't feeling it that day

Jumpin' the gun and rushing your flow Babbling on the mikie like auctioneer, got the public's ears

Fucked up can't hear, Atlanta, Georgia where y'all at? OutKast this Dirty South to death the Dungeon Family Camp

Got this thang lit like stamps and nine-volt battery end caps

Making that music that make your neck hurt And the beats that bother your back in my Cadillac Six woofers and four amps, lo pro vogues on swole With the carriage lamps diamond tucked velour pistol in my lap

Come in peace but then xplode like booty traps

We just can't be amazed Even if you pull the pin from your hand grenade We just can't be amazed Even if you pull the pin from your hand grenade We just can't be amazed Even if you pull the pin from your hand grenade We just can't be amazed And we some home-made bombs finna blow right up in your face

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