

Outkast Feat. Konkrete, Big Gipp & Ludacris "Tomb Of The Boom"

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Speakerboxxx

Yo, before you all know what time it is
It's your homeboy, straight from the A-T
I ain't even goin' say the motherfucking rest
But you know, we talk about it all day long baby
We fin'a break you off with some brand new shit

This rap game lovely
Konkrete play a part 'cause the Feds want to bug me
Athletes want to be rappers, shawty, trust me
Bending corners in the Benz ridin' like a bucket, nigga
fuck it

I know some hoes slutty
I optioned a bitch off like a nigga playin' rugby
I done seen a ghetto meal, little buddy, trust me
Jump European, came clean through customs, no
questions

Perpetrators in the booth, rappin' lame like they drug
related
It made me sick to my stomach, lost a two and had a
baby
You don't grind, you be lying
She'll be castrated, Lorena Bobbitt maybe

Tomb after tomb, boom, boom after boom
Serving up emotion once you deep inside the tomb
Embryo to newborn, you can feel me in the womb
Cool, ooh, that's cool

You see, I cock back glocks, got more pull than slang
shots
Hit G spots by givin' hoes back shots
I'm a young country boy, long socks with flip flops
But I pull up on your block in the 500 Benz drop

Konkrete, Aquemini, we takin' this here to the top
Bust like balloons, who gives a damn if it goes pop
You say it's hot, well let me turn it up another notch
To all my real niggaz, won't you pump this out your

Speakerboxxx?

Fuck the cops, we makin' noise and we won't stop
Bump, bump, there goes the boom and it's goin' drop
Old school, big shoes, nigga, no socks
We keep tools, see fools, bullets will flock

They call me Mr. Ravioli, Mr. Scrotum
Mr. Poke Em with the Noodle
Mr. Cockerspanielle in your poodle, after school tutor
Roto Rooter, addicted to follies like brown collies, stay
soft fro

Swimming in the fallopian of an Ethiopian
Talking a different language, RBI fly wide
Come to me now, 84 hard, 84 soft wit me now
Beautiful ladies, they want to walk wit me now

Talk wit me now
Push a glock for me now, sale cock for me now
Fight a bitch, hit her in the eye for me now
See you when I see you, now out wit me now

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I will never fall off, I haul off heavy weight
Fuck wit me dog, I chop you up like Norman Bates
I'm true to this shit, I ain't new to this shit
Over a million sold on strictly weed and bricks

Flammable like gasoline when I'm lit up
I prefer my liquor dark and a mean white slut
It's over for you, cavern ass rapper, get out the game
You can fool the record labels but not the street fame

I just tell it how I see it nigga, fact is fact
The first verse I ever wrote, I got a Platinum plaque
I've been to hell and back so nigga give me my props
Konkrete and Big Boi beatin' through your
Speakerboxxx

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Ludacris, yeah I keep a glock in case you like to leak a
lot

Meanwhile, crank the volume knob up on my
Speakerboxxx
Get the fuck on the ground
Is just a phase you might hear strolling through the A-
Town

They don't believe I will stab them in the abdomen
From College Park, Georgia to College Park, Maryland
So put your fist up boy, you wanna romp
You can Bankhead Bounce or get Eastside Stomped

Thinking way back before I got mine
Putting bullet holes through neighborhood stop signs
It's my adrenaline, yes, ladies and gentleman
A hundred though, bitch, diamonds shimmerin'

Catch me with a sack of dro, reaching for the strap
below
I'm with some nasty hoes, eating pistachios
Y'all driving Subaru's, stuck in your cubicles
I'm stuck in the air with weed crumbs under my cuticles

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Fourth and goal, should I take the three point?
Field goal for the score or should I roll?
Around and take the ball up the middle up the gut
The what, the hole, Cranium overload, over throwed

Now we got seven more points on the board, fa sho
B I G B O I, me oh my, I think he's blessing me
Excelling in harmonious melody, boy we got the recipe
Like Ragu, it's in there, giving you some of the best of
me

Player, pimp, gangster, poet, we goin' spit it
We goin' show it to your ass
"You're a champion" were my dad's last words before
he passed
But I know one day we will once more cross paths
They say, "Big Boi, can you pull it off without your
nigga Dre"

I say, "People, stop the madness cause me and Dre be
okay"
OutKast, Cell Therapy to cell division, we just split it
down the middle
So you can see both the visions, been spittin' it damn

near ten years

Why the fuck would be be quittin'? Fuck, nigga

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