

## Rivers Cuomo

### "The Bomb"

Visit "[The Bomb](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

It's like a holocaust to the boss when I toss  
Too much knowledge kicked then you're lost  
In a shuffle of feet, Jinx the fiddler  
And I control your mind like Hitler

You bow and vow to authority  
See now, a sucker with a style just boring me  
So I show K N O W L E D G E, it might trouble you  
Then I transform like a decepticon  
With a mic as a bomb

I'm solo, you ask how I'm living  
Still dropping more shit than a pigeon  
With the L, the E, the N, the C, the H  
The M, the O, the B, the great

Lyrics that make the beat swing and I gotcha  
It's the hip hopper that don't like coppers  
And if you try to upset the pot sun  
You get kicked in the chest like a shotgun

I make the beats, I make the breaks  
I make the rhymes that make you shake  
Make you find, Ice Cube never caught in the middle  
I make shit to kick you in the ass a little

And still never hesitate to stutter step  
Or bust a repetition on the mic  
Still dissing all the hype from left to right  
How many left to fight?  
So what that Lench Mob like?

Visit [Rivers Cuomo](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.