

Speakerboxxx

"Tomb Of The Boom"

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Speakerbox, yo
Just so you all know what time it is, it's your homeboy
Straight from the A-T, I ain't even goin' say the
motherfuckin' rest
What you know? We Dungeon Family all day long baby
We fin'a break you off with some brand new shit

Ya ya ya ya, this rap game lovely
Konkrete play a part 'cause the Feds want to bug me
Athletes want to be rappers, shawty, trust me
Bendin' 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 lyin'
She'll be castrated, Lorena Bobitt maybe

Tomb after tomb, boom, boom after boom
Servin' 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 my real niggaz, won't you pump this out your
Speakerbox?

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 crows

Swimmin' in the fallopian of an Ethiopian
Talkin' 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 Speakerbox

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Ludacris, yeah I keep a glock in case you like to leak
alot
Meanwhile, crankin' the volume knob up on my
Speakerbox

"So here he is", get the fuck on the ground
Is just a phase you might hear strollin' 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, I wanna romp
You can Bankhead Bounce or get East side Stomped

Thinkin' way back before I got mine
Puttin' bullet holes through neighborhood stop signs
Feel wild, it's my adrenaline, yes, ladies and
gentleman
A hundred though, bitch, diamonds shimmerin'

Catch me with a sack of dro, reachin' for the strap
below
I'm with some nasty hoes, eatin' pistachios
Y'all drivin' Subarus, 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, overthrewed
Now we got seven more points on the board, fa sho

B, I, G, B, O, I, me oh my, I think he's blessin' me
Excelling in harmonious melody, boy we got the recipe
Like Ragu, it's in there, givin' 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 quittin'?

Fuck, nigga

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