

RZA

"B.O.B"

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[Dre]

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

In-slum-national, underground

Thunder pounds when I stomp the ground (Woo!)

Like a million elephants with silverback orangutans

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

Hits somersaults without the net

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

One-Nine-Nine-Nine, Ano Domini, anything goes, be
whatchu 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 gon' sell

Then I might catch you a spell, look at what came in the
mail

A scale and some Arm and Hammer, so grow grid and
some baby mÃima

Black Cadillac and a pack of pampers

Stack of question with no answers

Cure for cancer, cure for AIDS

Make a nigga wanna stay on tour for days

Get back home, things are wrong

Well not really, it was bad all along

before you left adds up to a ball of power

Thoughts at a thousands miles per hour

Hello, ghetto, let your brain breathe

Believe there's always mo', OWWWW!

Chorus: 2X

[Dre] Don't pull the thang out, unless you plan to bang

{Choir} Bombs over Baghdad!

[Dre] Yeah! Ha ha yeah!

Don't even bang unless you plan to hit something

{Choir} Bombs over Baghdad!
{Dre} Yeah! Uhh-huh

[Big Boi]

Uno, dos, tres, it's on
Did you ever think a pimp rock a microphone?
Like that there boi and will still stay street
Big things happen every time we meet
Like a track team, crack fiend, dyin to geek
Outkast bumpin' up and down the street
Slam back, Cadillac, 'bout five nigga deep
Seventy-five emcee's freestylin' to the beat
Cause we get krunk, stay drunk, at the club
Should have bought an ounce, but you caught the dub
Should have held back, but you threwed the punch
'Spose to meet your girl but you 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 for them
Should have hit it (hit it) quit it (quit it) rag (rag) top
(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 a roll
Hold up, slow up, stop, +Control+
like Janet, planets, Stankonia's on ya
Movin like Floyd comin' straight to Florida
Lock all your windows then block the corridors
Pullin off a belt 'cause a whipping's in order
Like a three-piece just 'fore I cut your daughter
Yo quiero Taco Bell, then I hit the border
Penny pap rappers tryin' to get the five
I'm a microphone fiend tryin' to stay alive
When you come to ATL boi you betta not hide
cause the Dungeon Family gon' ride, hah!

Chorus: 2X

[Dre] Don't pull the thang out, unless you plan to bang
{Choir} Bombs over Baghdad!
[Dre] Yeah! Ha ha yeah!
Don't even bang unless you plan to hit something
{Choir} Bombs over Baghdad!
{Dre} Yeah! Uhh-huh

{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]: 15X
Bob your head. Rag top.

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

{Choir}: 23X
Po-wer music, electric revival

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