

Gang Bloodhound

"Boom"

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Yo Bloodhound Gang and Rob Van Winkle together on
this track

Stop as we drop this bomb

Blow up this place like another Vietnam

Heavy like a Tyson blow to the dome

Back up son give me room give me room

To set it off like this don't give it up

I'm all up in you till you just can't get enough

Real hard to the bone you want more

I sneak up on you like a sniper at your back door

Phat flavor for your brain you know the time

So check the wrath it's for real I'm gonna get mine

Roll up on you like Eastwood

Blowing up fifteens as I'm riding through your
neighborhood

I spreads butter like Parkay

Real smooth with flow and even when I parlay

Do what you feel and check the skill

I'm in your grill peep this I got the raw deal

I'm in your Jeep Grand Cherokee or Land Cruiser

When you're rolling through the hood you want to use a

Track like this all up in your eardrum

So check the E.Q. and let them speakers hum
And gets crazy like Prozac
Hype enough to start a party and illy as a heart attack
Round one round two knockout
Straight to your head my round never lights out
Tah rah tah rah tah rah boom dee
Tah rah tah rah tah rah boom dee a
Jimmy Jimmy y'all Jimmy damn Jimmy yea
Gimme the mic Rob so I can take it away
Got more lines than the welfare office
Are you upset you'll never get to be as clever as this?
Spreadin' quicker than your mom have a feel but don't
cop it
Yea I stole your beat but that's cause you dropped it
Crude as oil unrefined but slick
I'm gonna get you from behind like a gay convict
Cause my name ain't Quasimodo but I still got a hunch
That like the Jim Jones cult I'll take you out with one
punch
You're Spiro Agnew and I'm the Dick you answer to
You're sweating like a watermelon at a Baptist bar-b-
cue
Sneaking up like celery yeah I'm stalking
I squeak like Stephen Hawkings yeah but I'm walkin'
Nose to ground so this Bloodhound will sniff and follow
it
I hope you choke on your pride when I make you
swallow it

Screaming like a Mimi when you see me coming near
you

Like a Kenny Loggins' record no one's ever gonna to
hear you

Like a game of hide and seek it's all over if I see ya

Cause your yellower than tinkle and you'll be running
like diarrhea

Tah rah tah rah tah rah boom dee

Tah rah tah rah tah rah boom dee a

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