

## **Gang Bloodhound**

### **"Boom"**

Visit "[Boom](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

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

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

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.