

Notorious B.I.G. F/ Too \$hort

"Blow Up the Bathroom"

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I got a special talent that I love to share
When I'm home or goin' out I pollute the air
You can always tell where I have been and when
'Cause a lot of people never wanna go there again
Early in the morning, or late at night
I don't decide, it just happens when the time is right
And when the time comes you better hope you're not
around
When I run to the bathroom and go to town, I'm gonna

[chorus]

Blow up the bathroom! All night long!
Blow up the bathroom! Man, that's just wrong
Blow up the bathroom! It's nasty they tell me
Blow up the bathroom! For the love of God, help me!

I run to the bathroom and lock myself in
You hear an earthquake followed by a gust of wind
Then the smart people make a break for the front door
And like a bad horror movie others go to explore
Most never come back 'cause they're under attack
By a smell that can burn the hair off of their back
Very few that go in every manage to survive
And if they do they'll need therapy the rest of their lives
I wish that I could tell you how to get rid of the smell
But nothing that I tried ever worked too well
To get the steam off the window you can use a
squeegee
But don't light a match or you'll get blown to Fiji
The best I can suggest is to just stay away
I never jest I'm just trying to keep your hair from
turning gray
You better pray if you're ever in the house with me
Because my ass can be a real catastrophe, when I
(chorus)

It starts flowin' and until I reach my quota, I sit there
and
Explode-a, like a shaken bottle of soda
Wait till you get a load of my load, sometimes it glowed
It pollutes the abode and the whole area code

The stench that I produce will stick around for years
Your eyes'll fill up with tears as your stomach switches
gears
Into reverse 'cause my curse is utterly perverse
You better race me to the bathroom and hope you get
there first
Nuclear fallout's got nothing on my gas
Scientists are trying to calculate the half-life of my ass
If you're next in line, you might have to wait
For the haz-mat team to decontaminate
Otherwise you might just choke to death
Just imagine that being your very last breath
That's a death that I wouldn't wish on my worst enemy
But the government wants a new weapon so they're
lettin' me
(chorus)

They tell me what I do is reprehensible
All I know is that the smell's incomprehensible
With the size of the you-know-what from my rear end
That toilet may never flush normally again
A plunger wouldn't help though try as you might
You might have to use a quarter stick of dynamite
To disperse the mess that leave in my wake
Just be careful 'cause a handful of that stuff could
cause a plague
I'm the best lover your toilet ever had
I'm the reason that New Jersey smells so bad
So try to keep your distance if you see me around town
'Cause I grunt and I growl and I blow the house down
The best thing that you can do is to relocate
To a remote section on the other side of the state
Of all the places in the world the last place you wanna
be
Is in the port-a-potty that is right next to me
(chorus)

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