

Tomb Of The Boom

Outkast

Speakerboxxx

Yo, before y'all know what time it is
It's your homeboy straight from the A-T
I ain't even goin' say the motherfucking rest
But you know we talk about it all day long baby
We fin'a break you off with some brand new shit
This rap game lovely
Konkrete play a part 'cause the Feds want to bug me
Athletes want to be rappers, shawty, trust me
Bending 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 lying, she'll be castrated, Lorena Bobitt maybe
Tomb after tomb
Boom, boom after boom
Serving up emotion once you deep inside the tomb
From embryo to newborn, you can feel me in the womb
Cool, 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, now 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 all my real niggaz, won't you pump this out your Speakerboxxx
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, crowes
Swimming in the fallopian of an Ethiopian
Talking 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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Boom, boom after boom
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From embryo to newborn, you can feel me in the womb
Cool, that's cool
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, 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 Speakerboxxx
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From embryo to newborn, you can feel me in the womb
Cool, that's cool
Ludacris, yeah I keep a glock in case you like to leak alot
Meanwhile, crankin' 'bout the knob up on my Speakerboxxx
So here we are, get the fuck on the ground
Is just a phase you might hear strolling through the A-Town
They don't believe I will stab them in the abdomen
College Park, Georgia to College Park, Maryland
So put your fist up boy, you wanna romp
You can Bankhead Bounce or get Eastside stomped
Thinking way back before I got mine
Putting bullet holes through neighborhood stop signs
You know why? It's my adrenaline, yes, ladies and gentleman
A hundred though, bitch, diamonds shimmerin'
Catch me with a sack of dro, reaching for the strap below
I'm with some nasty hoes, eating pistachios
Y'all driving Subarus, stuck in your cubicles
I'm stuck in the air with weed crumbs under my cuticles
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From embryo to newborn, you can feel me in the womb
Cool, that's cool
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, overthrown
Now we got seven more points on the board, fa sho
B I G B O I, me oh my, I think he's blessing me
Excelling in harmonious melody, boy we got the recipe
Like Raghu, it's in there, giving 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 be quittin'?
Fuck, nigga

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