

Bombs Over Baghdad

OutKast

Dre)
1, 2... 1, 2, 3; yeah!
Inter-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, and brutha anything goes, be whatchu wanna be
Long as you know consequences, to give and for livin' defenses
Too hot, I'm jumpin' 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 m'ama
Black Cadillac and a pack of pampers, stack of questions with no answers
Cure for cancer, cure for AIDS
Make a nigga wanna stay onto it for days
Get back home, things are wrong
We're not really able to spend all alone
Before he left, adds up to a ball of power
Thousands of thousands miles per hour
Hello, ghetto, let your brain breathe,
Believe there's always more
Owww!Chorus: 2X
(Dre) Don't pull the thang out, unless you plan to band
(Choir) Bombs Over Baghdad! Yeah!
(Dre) Yeah! Ha ha yeah!
Don't even bang unless you plan to hit something
(Choir) Bombs Over Baghdad! Yeah!(Big Boi)
Uno, dos, tres, it's on
Did you ever think a pimp rock a microphone
Like that there boy and will still stay street

Big things happen everytime we meet
Like a track team, crack feind, dyin' to geek
Outkast bumpin' up and down the street
Slam back, Cadillac, 'bout five nigga deep
Seventy-five emcees 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 throwed a 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, quit it, rag top
Before you read up, get a laptop
Make a business for yourself, boy, set some goals
Make a fair dime out of dusty coal
Record number four, but we on a roll
Hold up, slow up, stop, control
Like Janet, planets, Stankonia is only
A movin' like floor comin' straight to Florida
Lock all your windows then block the quarters
Pullin' off on bell 'cause a whippins in order
Like a three piece fist, '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 A-town well you better not hide
Cause the Dungeon Family gonna ride
Ha!Chorus: 2X
(Dre) Don't pull the thang out, unless you plan to band
(Choir) Bombs Over Baghdad! Yeah!
(Dre) Yeah! Ha ha yeah!
Don't even bang unless you plan to hit something
(Choir) Bombs Over Baghdad! Yeah!(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) 16X
Bob your head. Rag top.(1, 2...1, 2, 3, 4) (Gimme some)(Choir) 23X
Bible music. Electric revival

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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