B.O.B.

Diplo

1, 2.. 1, 2, 3; yeah!
In-slum-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, Ano Domini, anything goes, be whatchu wanna be
Long as you know consequences are given for livin - the fence is
too high to jump in 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 mÃƒÂ¡ma
Black Cadillac and a pack of pampers
Stack of question with no answers
Cure for cancer, cure for AIDS
Make a nigga wanna stay on tour for days
Get back home, things are wrong
When I really knew it was bad all along
Before you left adds up to a ball of power
Thoughts at a thousands miles per hour
Hello, ghetto, let your brain breathe
Believe there's always mo', OWWWW!

Don't pull the thang out, unless you plan to bang
Bombs over Baghdad!
Yeah! Ha ha yeah!
Don't even bang unless you plan to hit something
Bombs over Baghdad!
Yeah! Uhh-huh
Don't pull the thang out, unless you plan to bang
Bombs over Baghdad!

Yeah! Ha ha yeah!
Don't even bang unless you plan to hit something
Bombs over Baghdad!
Yeah! Uhh-huh

Uno, dos, tres, it's on
Did you ever think a pimp rock a microphone?
Like that there boi and will still stay street
Big things happen every time we meet
Like a track team, crack fiend, dyin to geek
Outkast bumpin' up and down the street
Slam back, Cadillac, 'bout five nigga deep
Seventy-five emcee's 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 the 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 it (hit it) quit it (quit it) rag (rag) top (top)
Before you read up, get a laptop
Make a business for yourself, boy, set some goals
Make a fair diamond out of dusty coals
Record number four, but we on a roll
Hold up, slow up, stop, +Control+
like Janet, planets, Stankonia's on ya
Movin like Floyd comin' straight to Florida
Lock all your windows then block the corridors
Pullin off a belt 'cause a whipping's in order
Like a three-piece just '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 ATL boi you betta not hide
cause the Dungeon Family gon' ride, hah!

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Yeah! Uhh-huh

Bombs over Baghdad! Yeah
Bombs over Baghdad! Yeah
Bombs over Baghdad! Yeah
Bombs over Baghdad! Yeah

B-I-G, B-O-I
An-An-Andre
To the T-O-P

Bob your head. Rag top.
Bob your head. Rag top.
Bob your head. Rag top.
Bob your head. Rag top.
Bob your head. Rag top.
Bob your head. Rag top.
Bob your head. Rag top.
Bob your head. Rag top.
Bob your head. Rag top.
Bob your head. Rag top.
(1, 2.. 1, 2, 3, 4) (Gimme some)

Po-wer music, electric revival!
Po-wer music, electric revival!
Po-wer music, electric revival!
Po-wer music, electric revival!
Po-wer music, electric revival!
Po-wer music, electric revival!

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written by SHEATS, DAVID A/PATTON, ANTWAN/BENJAMIN, ANDRE
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