

# Xplosion (ft. B-Real)

## OutKast

Hello Lord, it's me again  
I just wanna make to love the whole globe  
And all her girlfriends now don't that make ya mind move  
Like smoke patterns, me on my way to Saturn wit a bomb  
Numb be it view, or Saudi Shawty  
I figure before the first gun blast, they know who gone win  
Now won't that make us all fools  
Like class clowns praying Private Ryan comes round  
Sound travels at one thousand, one thirty, feet per second  
Niggaz in the street they want it hurry  
When niggaz start biting that's when 3000 starts to worry  
A little knowledge from the college of wizard Ray Murray  
Answer quick do you know what desire is? Huh?  
Apparently not that's why you get what you got  
Now answer this do you know what fire is? Yeah  
The body of hot, the motivator of pots  
Snot, spit, shit are characteristics of release  
Ask your niece or nephew, you think we left you  
What the future holds in its sweaty palms  
Thank I'm finna vom? Ya move like ya mean it she'll cum  
Prom night might excite a down right fight like  
White blood cells to the common cold rebel  
Night gets jealous of day play is no longer  
The feelin' gets stronger than Ammonia sticks inhale  
We just can't be amazed  
Even if you pull the pin from your hand grenade  
We just can't be amazed  
Even if you pull the pin from your hand grenade  
We just can't be amazed  
Even if you pull the pin from your hand grenade  
We just can't be amazed  
And we some home-made bombs finna blow right up in your face  
Look at the way you look at me I see it on your face  
All your hate emanates but you still hesitate  
'Cause you want inside of my head but don't know how  
To brainwash me to be a commercial clown  
Fuck that I see the way you were  
See the way you smirk I'm catching you where you work  
God only knows all the trouble that grows  
Deep beneath my soul dealing with you assholes  
Can I blast those who point the finger at me  
Who criticize and talk shit so freely

Fuck double XL, you're a size too small  
I should hire Eminem so we can kill you all  
Whether you live to talk shit about the Real  
Then kiss my ass in person how much you love the Hill  
I'm the outcast comin' to blaze the grass  
Outlaw due to my life that's come to pass  
Dre, pass me the glass of wine  
So I can pour it over my homies grave and mine  
For all those who fallen and answered when God was calling  
Jump into my ragtop and get all in  
I'm the bomb, planted in your car, why you frozen?  
Pop the tape in ignite the xplosion  
The world is mine, the world is yours, the world is ours  
The world is lost, the world is tossed  
We just can't be amazed  
Even if you pull the pin from your hand grenade  
We just can't be amazed  
Even if you pull the pin from your hand grenade  
We just can't be amazed  
Even if you pull the pin from your hand grenade  
We just can't be amazed  
And we some home-made bombs finna blow right up in your face  
With a one-two punch, B-Real and Andre  
dropped they verses  
Your homeboy Daddy Fat Sax playin' clean-up so it worsens  
People and persons on the opposite teams oh, yes it's curtains  
No bullets burpin' oh just lyrically twerking  
Making a statement, when you freestyle and your mind is in a free state  
Is kinda hard to execute when you ain't feeling it that day  
Jumpin' the gun and rushing your flow  
Babbling on the mikie like auctioneer, got the public's ears  
Fucked up can't hear, Atlanta, Georgia where y'all  
at?  
OutKast this Dirty South to death the Dungeon Family Camp  
Got this thang lit like stamps and nine-volt battery end caps  
Making that music that make your neck hurt  
And the beats that bother your back in my Cadillac  
Six woofers and four amps, lo pro vogues on swole  
With the carriage lamps diamond tucked velour pistol in my lap  
Come in peace but then xplode like booty traps  
We just can't be amazed  
Even if you pull the pin from your hand grenade  
We just can't be amazed  
Even if you pull the pin from your hand grenade  
We just can't be amazed  
Even if you pull the pin from your hand grenade  
We just can't be amazed  
And we some home-made bombs finna blow right up in your face  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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