# BOOM

## Futurecop!

Yo Bloodhound Gang and Rob Van Winkle
Together on this track
Stop as we drop this bomb
Blow up this place like another Vietnam
Heavy like a Tyson blow to the dome
Back up son, give me room, give me room
To set it off like this don't give it up
I'm all up in you till you just can't get enough
Real hard to the bone you want more
I sneak up on you like a sniper at your back door
Phat flavor for your brain you know the time
So check the wrath, it's for real, I'm gonna get mine
Roll up on you like Eastwood
Blowing up fifteens as I'm riding through your neighborhood
I spreads butter like Parkay
Real smooth with flow and even when I parlay
Do what you feel and check the skill
I'm in your grill peep this I got the raw deal
In your Jeep Grand Cherokee or Land Cruiser
When you're rolling through the hood you want to use A
Track like this all up in your eardrum
So check the E.Q. and let them speakers hum
And gets crazy like Prozac
Hype enough to start a party and ill as a heart attack
Round one, round two knockout
Straight to your head, my round never lights out
Tah rah tah rah tah rah boom dee
Tah rah tah rah tah rah boom dee A
Tah rah tah rah tah rah boom dee
Tah rah tah rah tah rah boom dee A
Tah rah tah rah tah rah boom dee
Tah rah tah rah tah rah boom dee A
Tah rah tah rah tah rah boom dee
Tah rah tah rah tah rah boom dee A
Jimmy Jimmy y'all, Jimmy damn, Jimmy yea

Gimme the mic Rob so I can take it away
Got more lines than the welfare office
Are you upset you'll never get to be as clever as this?

Spreadin' quicker than your mom have a feel but don't cop it
Yea I stole your beat but that's 'cause you dropped it
Crude as oil unrefined but slick
I'm gonna get you from behind like a gay convict
'Cause my name ain't Quasimodo but I still got a hunch
That like the Jim Jones cult I'll take you out with one punch
You're Spiro Agnew and I'm the Dick you answer to
You're sweating like a watermelon at a Baptist barbecue
Sneaking up like celery yeah I'm stalking
I squeak like Stephen Hawkings yeah but I'm walkin'
Nose to ground so this Bloodhound will sniff and follow it
I hope you choke on your pride when I make you swallow it
Screaming like a Mimi when you see me coming near you
Like a Kenny Loggings' record no one's ever gonna to hear you
Like a game of hide and seek it's all over if I see ya
'Cause your yellower than tinkle and you'll be running like diarrhea
Tah rah tah rah tah rah boom dee
Tah rah tah rah tah rah boom dee A
Tah rah tah rah tah rah boom dee
Tah rah tah rah tah rah boom dee A
Tah rah tah rah tah rah boom dee
Tah rah tah rah tah rah boom dee A
Tah rah tah rah tah rah boom dee
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Tah rah tah rah tah rah boom dee
Tah rah tah rah tah rah boom dee A
Tah rah tah rah tah rah boom dee
Tah rah tah rah tah rah boom dee A

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