

# Tomb Of The Boom

## Big Boi

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  
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  
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  
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  
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  
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

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, overthrewed

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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