

# Tomb of the Boom

## Outkast

Yo

Just so you all know what time it is

It's your homeboy

Straight from the A-T

I ain't even going say the motherfucking rest

But you know

We can talk about it all day long baby

We fin'a break you off with some fresh 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

Riding it like a bucket, nigga fuck it

I know some hoes slutty

I optioned a bitch off like a nigga playing rugby

I done seen a ghetto meal, little buddy, trust me

Jump European, came clean through customs, no questions

Perpetrators in the booth, rapping lame like they drug related

It made me sick to my stomach, lost a two and a baby

You don't grind, you be lying

Should be castrated, Lorena Bobitt maybe Tomb after tomb

Boom, boom after boom

Serving up emotion once you deep inside the tomb

Embryo to newborn, you can feel me in the womb

Cool, ooh, that's cool You see, I cock back glocks, got more pull than slang shots

Hit G spots by giving 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, we taking 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 my real niggas, won't you pump this out your Speakerboxxx

Fuck the cops, we making noise and we won't stop

Bump, bump, there goes the boom and it's going 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

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  
 Pussy pop for me now, sell 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  
 Embryo to newborn, you can feel me in the womb  
 Cool, ooh, 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 and 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 beating through your Speakerboxxx Tomb after tomb  
 Boom, boom after boom  
 Serving up emotion once you deep inside the tomb  
 Embryo to newborn, you can feel me in the womb  
 Cool, ooh, that's cool Ludacris, yeah I keep a glock, in case you like to leak a lot  
 Meanwhile, cranking the volume knob up on my Speakerboxxx  
 "So here he is, 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  
 From College Park, Georgia to College Park, Maryland  
 So put your fist up boy, you want to romp  
 You can Bankhead Bounce or get Eastside Stomped  
 Thinking way back before I got mine  
 Putting bullet holes through neighborhood stop signs  
 Been a while, it's my adrenaline, yes, ladies and gentleman  
 A hundred tho, bitch, diamonds shimmering  
 Catch me with a sack of dro, reaching for the strap below  
 I'm with some nasty hoes, eating pistachios  
 Y'all driving Subaru, 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  
 Embryo to newborn, you can feel me in the womb  
 Cool, ooh, 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, over throwed  
Now we got seven more points on the board, for sure  
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 Ragu, it's in there, giving you some of the best of me  
Player, pimp, ganster, poet  
We goin spit it, we going 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 spitting it damn near ten years, why the fuck would be be quitting  
Fuck, nigga

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