

Land Of A Million Drums

Outkast

In the land of a million drums
There is always something going on, on, on, on
If you can't locate your thought off
Might as well go on take your dead home, home, home, homeIn the land of a million drums
I catch a pattern that spit rings around you like Saturn
Intergalactic tracks I make 'em like magstrulium
This one for Scooby, pass the doobie I'mma do me one, do me oneOnly you clean over
I pick up the mic and rock it while I'm sober
For the rated G exposure if you listen what I'm tryin' to told ya
We fathers with seeds of our ownWe're talkin' about sons and daughters boy, not roots and clones
Now that the theory gone wrong an embryo with no soul
Stuck in this green mini-van with my lungs in a chokehold
Shaggy pass the Boombastic, Daphne said, "Don't do that"Freaky Fred smashed the gas and slammed us into
traffic
Now Scrappy wanna box and throw them bows
So I had to sic the pitbull on him before he could pass one blow
Scooby-Doo, Scooby-Doo, Scooby 'Damn' Doo, Scooby DooIn the land of a million drums
There is always something going on, on, on, on
If you can't locate your thought off
Might as well go on take your dead home, home, home, homeWoke up from a long night of hanging out with
Shaggy
Oh no, lost my last baggy of scoobie snackies
Shaggy wake up, we've been had
Our Scooby Snacks they got the whole stashHe said, "Who who, I don't have a clue
I suspect the thirteen ghosts of Scoobie Doo"
Call Vincent Price up on the Nextel
Tell him to send another package right through the mailIn the meantime, I'mma call Thelma to tell her
To get the Mystery Machine ready, I'm two-wayin' Daphne and Freddy
Me and Shaggy dressed in all black, strapped
Dippin' through the flash tryin' to get our stash backRoundin' up suspects, collection' clues
I got a question, where the hell is Scooby Doo when you need 'em?
The hound's only found when you feed him
In fact he probably got my sack, tell him holler backIn the land of a million drums
There is always something going on, on, on, on
If you can't locate your thought off
Might as well go on take your dead home, home, home, homeBreak it down, break it down baby 'til the flow
jumps off the ground
Ooh, break it down lookin' over yonder til the walls come tumblin' down
Ooh, yes Lord, y'ain't gotta tell me two times but you know I know

Ooh, break it down, break it down baby 'cuz I want y'all all to know
We rock the world In the land of a million drums
There is always something going on, on, on, on
If you can't locate your thought off
Might as well go on take your dead home, home, home, home I coulda got away with it
If it wasn't for ya meddlin' kids, oh oh, oh no
I coulda got away with it
If it wasn't for ya meddlin' kids, oh oh, oh no I coulda got away with it
If it wasn't for ya meddlin' kids, oh oh, oh no
I coulda got away with it
If it wasn't for ya meddlin' kids, oh oh, oh no I coulda got away with it
If it wasn't for ya meddlin' kids, oh oh, oh no

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