

# B.o.b. (bombs Over Baghdad)

## Outkast

One, Two  
One, Two, Three  
Yeah  
International underground  
Thunder pounds  
When I stomp the ground  
(Wooh!)  
Like a million elephants  
Or Silverback Orangutangs  
You can't stop the train  
Who wants some?  
Don't come unprepared  
I'll be there, but when I leave there  
Better be a household name  
Weatherman tellin' us  
It ain't goin' rain  
So now we sittin in a droptop  
Soaking wet  
In a silk suit trying not to sweat  
Hittin' somersaults without the net  
But this'll be the year that we won't forget  
One, Nine, Nine, Nine  
Anno Domini  
Anything goes  
Be what you want to be  
Long that you know  
Consequences are given for livin'  
The fence is  
Too high to jump in jail  
Too low to dig  
I might just touch Hell  
Hot  
Get a life, now they on sale  
Then I might cast you a spell  
Look at what came in the mail  
A scale and some Arm & Hammer  
Soul gold grill and bacon, Mamma  
Black Cadillac and a pack of Pampers  
Stack of questions

With no answers  
Cure for Cancer  
Cure for AIDS  
Make a nigga want to stay on tour for days  
Get back home  
Thangs are wrong  
Well not really, it was bad all along  
Before your left adds up to a ball of power  
Thoughts at a thousand miles per hour  
Hello, Ghetto  
Let your brain breathe  
Believe there's always mo'  
(Owww!)

Don't pull the thang out  
Unless you plan to bang  
(Bombs over Baghdad)  
(Yeah, yeah!)

Don't even bang  
Unless you plan to hit something  
(Bombs over Baghdad)  
(Yeah, ahh!)

Don't pull the thang out  
Unless you plan to bang  
(Bombs over Baghdad)  
(Yeah!)

Don't even bang  
Unless you plan to hit something  
(Bombs over Baghdad)

Uno, dos, tres  
It's on  
Did you ever think a pimp  
Rock a microphone?  
Like that there boy  
And we still stay street  
Big things happen every time we meet  
Like a track team, crack fiend  
Dying to geek  
Outkast bumpin' up and down the street  
Slant back Cadillac  
About five niggaz deep  
Seventy five MC's  
Freestyling to the beat  
'Cause we get crunk  
Stay drunk at the club  
Should've bought an ounce

But you copped a dub  
Should've held back  
But you threw the punch  
Supposed to meet your girl  
But you packed a lunch  
No D, to the U to the G for you  
Got a son on the way  
By the name of Bamboo  
Got a little baby girl

Four years, Jordan  
Never turned my back on my kids for them  
Should've hit it, quit it, rag top  
Before you're up  
Get a laptop  
Make a business for yourself, boy  
Set some goals  
Make a fat diamond out of dusty coals  
Record number four  
But we on the road  
Hold up, slow up, stop, control  
Like Janet, planet Stankonia  
On ya  
Moving like Floyd  
Comin' straight to Florida  
Lock all your windows  
Then block the corridors  
Pullin off my belt  
'Cause a whipping's in order  
I'd like a three piece fish  
Before I cut your daughter  
Yo quiero Taco Bell  
Then I hit the border  
Piti pat rappers trying to get the five  
I'm a microphone fiend  
Tryin to stay alive  
When you come to ATL  
Boy you better not hide  
'Cause the Dungeon family goin' ride  
High  
Don't pull the thang out  
Unless you plan to bang  
(Bombs over Baghdad)  
(Ahh, yeah)  
Don't even bang

Unless you plan to hit something  
(Bombs over Baghdad)  
(Ahh, yeah)  
Don't pull the thang out  
Unless you plan to bang  
(Bombs over Baghdad)  
(Ahh, yeah)  
Don't even bang  
Unless you plan to hit something  
(Bombs over Baghdad, yeah)  
(Bombs over Baghdad, yeah)  
(Bombs over Baghdad, yeah)  
(Bombs over Baghdad, yeah)  
(Bombs over Baghdad, yeah)  
Ai, ai, ai, ai  
Ai, ai, ai, ai, ai  
Ow, ow, ow  
B I G  
Ow, ow, ow  
B O I  
Drop, drop, drop, drop it  
Take never brother  
Bob your head, rag top  
Bob your head, rag top  
(Come on, give me some)  
Bob your head, rag top  
(Give me some)  
Bob your head, rag top  
Bob your head, rag top  
(Come on)  
Bob your head, rag top  
(Uh, give me some)  
Bob your head, rag top  
(Give me some)  
Bob your head, rag top  
(Give me some)  
Bob your head, rag top  
(Uh, uh)  
Bob your head, rag top  
(Uh)  
Bob your head, rag top  
(Uh, give me some)  
Bob your head, rag top  
(Uh, uh)  
Bob your head, rag top

(Uh, give me some)  
Bob your head, rag top  
(Give me some)  
Bob your head, rag top  
(Come on, come on)  
Bob your head, rag top  
(Come on, give me some)  
Power music, electric revival  
Power music, electric revival  
Power music, electric revival  
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