

# Boom

## Critical Selection

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 Hawking 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 Loggins' record no one's ever gonna 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  
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

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