

# Outkast, Bombs Over Baghdad

(Dre)

1, 2... 1, 2, 3; yeah!  
Inslumnational, underground  
Thunder pounds when I stomp the ground (Woo!)  
Like a million elephants and silver back orangutangs  
You can't stop a train  
Who want some? Don't come un-pre-pared  
I'll be there, but when I leave there  
Better be a household name  
Weather man tellin' us it ain't gon' rain  
So now we sittin' in a drop-top soakin' wet  
In a silk suit tryin' not to sweat  
Hittin' somersaults without the net  
But this'll be the year that we won't forget  
One-nine-nine-nine and reminded anything goes,  
be what you wanna be  
Long as 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 and Hammer,  
solid gold grill and a baby's m'ama  
Black Cadillac and a pack of pampers,  
stack of questions with no answers  
Cure for cancer, cure for AIDS  
Make a nigga wanna stay on tour for days  
Get back home, thangs are wrong  
Well not really it was bad all along  
Before you 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  
Owwwww!

Chorus: 2X

(Dre) Don't pull the thang out, unless you plan to bang  
(Choir) Bombs Over Baghdad! Yeah!  
(Dre) Yeah! Ha ha yeah!  
Don't even bang unless you plan to hit something  
(Choir) Bombs Over Baghdad! Yeah!

(Big Boi)

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 everytime we meet  
Like a track team, crack fiend, dyin' to geek  
Outkast bumpin' up and down the street  
Slant back, Cadillac, 'bout five niggas deep  
Seventy-five mc's freestylin' to the beat  
Cause we get crunk, stay drunk, at the club  
Should have bought an ounce, but you copped a dub  
Should have held back, but cha threw the punch  
'Spose to meet your girl but cha 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 year, Jordan  
Never turn my back on my kids, there for them  
Should have hit it, quit it, rag top  
Before you read up, get a laptop  
Make a business for yourself, boy, set some goals  
Make a fair diamond out of dusty coals



Record number four, but we on the road  
Hold up, slow up, stop, control  
Like Janet, planet Stankonias on ya  
Movin' like floyd comin' straight to Florida  
Lock all your windows then block the corridors  
Pullin' off my belt cause a whippins in order  
I like a three-piece fish before I cut your daughter  
Yo quiero Taco Bell, then i hit the border  
Pity pat rappers tryin' to get the five  
on my microphone name tryin' to stay alive  
When you come to A-T-L boy you better not hide  
Cause the Dungeon Family gone ride  
High!

Chorus: 2X

(Dre) Don't pull the thang out, unless you plan to bang

(Choir) Bombs Over Baghdad! Yeah!

(Dre) Yeah! Ha ha yeah!

Don't even bang unless you plan to hit something

(Choir) Bombs Over Baghdad! Yeah!

(Choir)

Bombs Over Baghdad! Yeah!

Bombs Over Baghdad! Yeah!

Bombs Over Baghdad! Yeah!

Bombs Over Baghdad! Yeah!

(Dre)

B-I-G, B-O-I

An-An-Andre

To the T-O-P

(Dre and Big Boi) 16X

Bob your head. Rag top.

(1,2...1,2,3,4) (Gimme some)

(Choir) 23X

Power music. Electric revival.