Outkast, Exlosion

[Andre]

Hello lord, it's me again, I just wanna make to love the whole globe

And all her girlfriends now don't that make ya mind move

Like smoke patterns, me on my way to Saturn wit a bomb

Numb be it view, or Saudi Shawty

I figure before the first gun blast, they know who gone win

Now won't that make us all fools

Like class clowns praying Private Ryan comes round

Sound travels at one thousand, one thirty, feet per second

Niggaz in the street they want it hurry

When niggaz start biting that's when 3000 starts to worry

A little knowledge from the college of wizard Ray Murray

Answer quick do you know what desire is? "Huh?"

Apparently not that's why you get what you got

Now answer this do you know what fire is? " Yeah"

The body of hot, the motivator of pots

Snot, spit, shit are characteristics of release

Ask your niece or nephew, you think we left you

What the future holds in its sweaty palms

Thank I'm finna vom? Ya move like ya mean it she'll cum

Prom night might excite a down right fight like

White blood cell to the common cold rebel

Night gets jealous of day play is no longer

The feelin gets stronger than Ammonia sticks inhale

Hook:

We just can't be amazed

Even if you pull the pin from your hand grenade (repeat 3X)

And we some home-made bombs

Finna blow right up in your face

[B-Real]

Look at the way you look at me I see it on your face

All your hate emanates but you still hesitate

Cause you want inside of my head but don't know how

To brainwash me to be a commercial clown

Fuck that I see the way you were, see the way you smirk I'm catching you where you work

God only knows all the trouble that grows

Deep beneath my soul dealing with you assholes

Can I blast those who point the finger at me

Who criticize and talk shit so freely

Fuck XXL you're a size too small

I should hire Eminem so we can kill you all

Whether you live to talk shit about the Real

Then kiss my ass in person how much you love the Hill

I'm the outcast comin to blaze the grass

Outlaw due to my life that's come to pass

Dre, pass me the glass of wine

So I can pour it over my homies grave and mine

For all those who fallen and answered when God was calling

Jump into my ragtop and get all in

I'm the bomb, planted in your car why you frozen

Pop the tape in ignite the xplosion

The world is mine, the world is yours, the world is ours

The world is lost, the world is tossed

We just can't be amazed

Even if you pull the pin from your hand grenade (repeat 3X)

And we some home-made bombs

Finna blow right up in your face

With a one-two punch, B-Real and Andre dropped they verses Your homeboy Daddy Fat Sax playin clean-up so it worsens People and persons on the opposite teams oh, yes its curtains No bullets burpin' oh just lyrically twerking Making a statement, when you freestyle and your mind is in a free state Is kinda hard to execute when you ain't feeling it that day Jumpin the gun and rushing your flow Babbling on the mikie like auctioneer, got the public's ears Fucked up can't hear, Atlanta, Georgia where y'all at? OutKast this Dirty South to death the Dungeon Family Camp Got this thang lit like stamps and nine-volt battery end caps Making that music that make your neck hurt And the beats that bother your back in my Cadillac Six woofers and four amps, lo pro vogues on swole With the carriage lamps diamond tucked velour pistol in my lap Come in peace but then xplode like booty traps