

# Outkast, Tomb Of The Boom

(feat. Konkrete, Big Gipp, Ludacris)

[Big Boi]

Yo

Just so you all know what time it is  
It's your homeboy  
Straight from the A-T  
I ain't even goin say the motherfucking rest  
You know  
We talk about it all day long baby  
We fin'a break you off with some brand new shit

[C-Bone]

This rap game lovely  
Konkrete play a part cause the Feds want to bug me  
Athletes want to be rappers, shawty, trust me  
Bending corners in the Benz  
Ridin like a bucket, nigga fuck it  
I know some hoes slutty  
I optioned a bitch off like a nigga playin rugby  
I done seen a ghetto meal, little buddy, trust me  
Jump European, came clean through customs, no questions  
Perpetrators in the booth, rappin lame like they drug related  
It made me sick to my stomach, lost a two and had a baby  
You don't grind, you be lying  
She'll be castrated, Lorena Bobitt maybe

[Big Boi]

Tomb after tomb  
Boom, boom after boom  
Serving up emotion once you deep inside the tomb  
From embryo to newborn, you can feel me in the womb  
Cool, ooh, that's cool

[Lil' Brotha]

You see, I cock back glocks, got more pull than slang shots  
Hit G spots by givin hoes back shots  
I'm a young country boy, long socks with flip flops  
But I pull up on your block in the 500 Benz drop  
Konkrete, Aquemini, we takin this here to the top  
Bust like balloons, who gives a damn if it goes pop  
You say it's hot, well let me turn it up another notch  
To all my real niggaz, won't you pump this out your Speakerboxxx  
Fuck the cops, we makin noise and we won't stop  
Bump, bump, there goes the boom and it's goin drop  
Old school, big shoes, nigga, no socks  
We keep tools, see fools, bullets will flock

[Big Gipp]

They call me Mr. Ravioli, Mr. Scrotum, Mr. Poke Em with the Noodle  
Mr. Cockerspanielle in Your Poodle, after school tutor  
Roto Rooter, addicted to follies  
Like brown collies, stay soft fro  
Swimming in the fallopian of an Ethiopian  
Talking a different language, RBI fly wide  
Come to me now, 84 hard, 84 soft wit me now  
Beautiful ladies, they want to walk wit me now, talk wit me now  
Push a glock for me now, sale cock for me now  
Fight a bitch, hit her in the eye for me now  
See you when I see you, now out wit me now

[Big Boi]

Tomb after tomb  
Boom, boom after boom

Serving up emotion once you deep inside the tomb  
From embryo to newborn, you can feel me in the womb  
Cool, ooh, that's cool

[Supa Nate]

I will never fall off, I haul off heavy weight  
Fuck wit me dog, I chop you up like Norman Bates  
I'm true to this shit, I ain't new to this shit  
Over a million sold on strictly weed and bricks  
Flammable like gasoline when I'm lit up  
I prefer my liquor dark and a mean white slut  
It's over for you, cavern ass rapper, get out the game  
You can fool the record labels but not the street fame  
I just tell it how I see it nigga, fact is fact  
The first verse I ever wrote, I got a Platinum plaque  
I've been to hell and back so nigga give me my props  
Konkrete and Big Boi beatin through your Speakerboxxx

[Big Boi]

Tomb after tomb  
Boom, boom after boom  
Serving up emotion once you deep inside the tomb  
From embryo to newborn, you can feel me in the womb  
Cool, ooh, that's cool

[Ludacris]

Ludacris, yeah I keep a glock in case you like to leak alot  
Meanwhile, crank the volume knob up on my Speakerboxxx  
Get the fuck on the ground  
Is just a phase you might hear strolling through the A-Town  
They don't believe I will stab them in the abdomen  
From College Park, Georgia to College Park, Maryland  
So put your fist up boy, you wanna romp  
You can Bankhead Bounce or get Eastside Stomped  
Thinking way back before I got mine  
Putting bullet holes through neighborhood stop signs  
It's my adrenaline, yes, ladies and gentleman  
A hundred though, bitch, diamonds shimmerin  
Catch me with a sack of dro, reaching for the strap below  
I'm with some nasty hoes, eating pistachios  
Y'all driving Subarus, stuck in your cubicles  
I'm stuck in the air with weed crumbs under my cuticles

[Big Boi]

Tomb after tomb  
Boom, boom after boom  
Serving up emotion once you deep inside the tomb  
From embryo to newborn, you can feel me in the womb  
Cool, ooh, that's cool

[Big Boi]

Fourth and goal  
Should I take the three point field goal for the score or should I roll  
Around and take the ball up the middle up the gut, the what, the hole  
Cranium overload, overthrewed  
Now we got seven more points on the board, fa sho  
B-I-G B-O-I, me oh my, I think he's blessing me  
Excelling in harmonious melody, boy we got the recipe  
Like Ragu, it's in there, giving you some of the best of me  
Player, pimp, ganster, poet  
We goin spit it, we goin show it to your ass  
"You're a champion" were my dad's last words before he passed  
But I know one day we will once more cross paths  
They say "Big Boi, can you pull it off without your nigga Dre"  
I say "people, stop the madness cause me and Dre be okay"

OutKast, Cell Therapy to cell division  
We jus tsplit it down the middle so you can see both the visions  
Been spittin it damn near ten years, why the fuck would be be quittin  
Fuck, nigga