

B.O.B.

Outkast

[Intro: André 3000]

One, two
One, two, three, yeah!

[Verse 1: André 3000]

Inslumnational, underground
Thunder pounds when I stomp the ground (Woo!)
Like a million elephants or silverback orangutans
You can't stop the train
Who want 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 gon' rain
So now we sittin' in a drop-top, soakin' wet
In a silk suit, tryin' not to sweat
Hit somersaults without the net
But this'll be the year that we won't forget
The 1-9-9-9 Anno Domini, anything goes
Be what you wanna be as 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 & Hammer
Soul-gold grill and a baby mama
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, things 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 yo' brain breathe
Believe there's always mo', ow!

[Chorus: André 3000 & Morris Brown College Gospel Choir]

Don't pull the thang out, unless you plan to bang
Bombs over Baghdad, yeah! (Yeah, ha, ha, yeah)
Don't even bang unless you plan to hit something
Bombs over Baghdad, yeah! (Yeah, oh-ah)
Don't pull the thang out, unless you plan to bang

Bombs over Baghdad, yeah! (Ha, ha, ha, yeah)
Don't even bang unless you plan to hit something
Bombs over Baghdad, yeah!

[Verse 2: Big Boi]

Uno, dos, tres, it's on
Did you ever think a pimp rock a microphone?
Like that there, boy, and will still stay street
Big things happen every time 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
75 MC's freestylin' to the beat
'Cause we get crunk, stay drunk, at the club
Shoulda bought an ounce, but you copped a dub
Shoulda held back, but you threw a punch
'Posed 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-year—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 coal
Record number four, but we on a roll
Hold up, slow up, stop, "Control"
Like Janet, Planet, Stankonia's 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
Like a three-piece fish 'fore I cut your daughter
Yo quiero Taco Bell, then I hit the border
Pitty-pat rappers tryna get to five
I'm a microphone fiend tryin' to stay alive
When you come to ATL, boy, you better not hide
'Cause the Dungeon Family gon' ride, ha-ha!
[Chorus: André 3000 & Morris Brown College Gospel Choir]
Don't pull the thang out, unless you plan to bang
Bombs over Baghdad, yeah! (Ah, yeah)
Don't even bang unless you plan to hit something
Bombs over Baghdad, yeah! (Ah, yeah)
Don't pull the thang out, unless you plan to bang
Bombs over Baghdad, yeah! (Y'all over, yeah)
Don't even bang unless you plan to hit something
Bombs over Baghdad, yeah!

[Break: Morris Brown College Gospel Choir]

Bombs over Baghdad, yeah!

Bombs over Baghdad, yeah!
Bombs over Baghdad, yeah!
Bombs over Baghdad, yeah!

[Bridge: André 3000, Big Boi]

André
B-I-G
B-O-I
Bob, bob, bob, bob
OutKast
South of Georgia

[Outro: André 3000 & Morris Brown College Gospel Choir]

Bob your head, rag-top
Bob your head, rag-top
Bob your head, rag-top
Bob your head, rag-top
Bob your head, rag-top
Bob your head, rag-top
Bob your head, rag-top
Bob your head, rag-top
Bob your head, rag-top
Bob your head, rag-top
Bob your head, rag-top
Bob your head, rag-top
Bob your head, rag-top
Bob your head, rag-top
Bob your head, rag-top
Bob your head, rag-top
Bob your head, rag-top
Bob your head, rag-top (One, two, one, two, three, let's go!)
Power music, electric revival
Power music, electric revival
Power music, electric revival
Power music, electric revival
Power music, electric revival
Power music, electric revival
Power music, electric revival
Power music, electric revival
Power music, electric revival
Power music, electric revival

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>