

Xplosion (with B-Real)

Outkast

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 cells to the common cold rebel
Night gets jealous of day play is no longer
The feelin' gets stronger than Ammonia sticks inhale
We just can't be amazed
Even if you pull the pin from your hand grenade
We just can't be amazed
Even if you pull the pin from your hand grenade
We just can't be amazed
Even if you pull the pin from your hand grenade
We just can't be amazed
And we some home-made bombs finna blow right up in your face
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 double XL, 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
 We just can't be amazed
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 Even if you pull the pin from your hand grenade
 We just can't be amazed
 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 it's 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
 We just can't be amazed
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 We just can't be amazed
 Even if you pull the pin from your hand grenade
 We just can't be amazed
 Even if you pull the pin from your hand grenade
 We just can't be amazed
 And we some home-made bombs finna blow right up in your face

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