

# Bomb Bomb

will.i.am

Start the engines  
Let's get it started, yeah, yeah..  
Here it comes...  
About to drop the bombs... drop it!  
(Bomb-BOMB, bomb-bomb)  
Yeah, we 'bout to drop it on you like this  
(Bomb-BOMB, bomb-bomb)  
But when we drop it, I know you gon' like this  
(Bomb-BOMB, bomb-bomb)  
Yeah, Supernatural and will.i.am  
(Bomb-BOMB, bomb-bomb)  
Bring it here, bring it here, make it clear, make it clear yeah

It's hip-hop, it's real hot (real hot)  
The way we control it, it's like Cyclops (Cyclops)  
It's all locked (all locked), it don't stop (don't stop)  
It's so funky that I keep it in a Ziploc (keep it funky)  
It's too ill (too ill), cause we real real (yeah, yeah)  
Yo, I hooked up with my little pah ill will (Yo wassup?)  
And he rock that (rock that), with a format (format)  
Plug it in now I make the go-to-war rap  
Where the boys at? Cause they all bore (all bore)  
Another point for the B Boyz has been scored (that's right)  
I'm a MC (MC), not a fake cat  
Yo, I'm quick with the mental nice wit rap  
Yo, it's a gift, yeah when I spit (when I spit)  
Yo I'm pimpin like Gladys Knight and the Pips  
Yo I never slip, cause it's super hot  
You could say, yeah, that we got to locked, c'mon

(Bomb-BOMB, bomb-bomb)  
Yeah, we drop the bomb baby, here comes the bomb, baby  
(Bomb-BOMB, bomb-bomb)  
B--O--M--B -- DROP  
(Bomb-BOMB, bomb-bomb)  
Ye-yeah, we drop the bomb baby, here comes the bomb baby  
(Bomb-BOMB, bomb-bomb)  
D-R-O-P all them bombs

He wan' go and never stoppin it (stoppin it)  
And off of the top right now, yo, he's droppin it  
It's like grease in the skillet, yo, I'm poppin it  
Fryin it, yo, layin it and poppin it (p-p-p-poppin it)  
And if you've never had it before, please try it, kid  
Because, once you get it, you'll love it a little bit  
And once you, do it a little bit a lot of it  
I told you before this the way we droppin it  
C'mon fifty bars, I'm a superstar  
You can see me on the Ave., in a super car (vroom vroom!)  
Yo, I put it down, and I wear a crown  
All the people in the city, please gather round  
Whether LA (LA), or even New York (New York)  
Anywhere I go I live it like a rhyme sport  
Off of the top you know that it's ill lettin me rock  
Like I told you, it never do stop, c'mon

(Bomb-BOMB, bomb-bomb)

Yeah, we drop the bomb baby, here comes the bomb, baby  
(Bomb-BOMB, bomb-bomb)  
B--O--M--B -- DROP  
(Bomb-BOMB, bomb-bomb)  
Ye-yeah, we drop the bomb baby, here comes the bomb baby  
(Bomb-BOMB, bomb-bomb)  
D-R-O-P all them bombs

Real nice, on the mic device  
Yo I said it once, don't make me say it twice  
Yo I said it once, don't make me say it twice  
(Aiyyo 'Nats, smooth it out like if you Zima on ice)  
Yo it's real ill, and you know that  
Every time I do it pah, it's a Kodak  
You can say I'm old school, I'm like a throwback  
For all the little children out there didn't know that  
Oh open up, and let me come on in  
Because once I do it, you want me to do again  
I told you, you can go just tell a friend (tell a friend)  
I'm nice with the freestyle and the pad and pen (pen)  
I'ma make my ends (make my ends), I'ma get my cheese (get my cheese)  
Never heard lyrics that work quite like these (these)  
Stop drop and freeze (freeze), fall to your knees (knees)  
Yea, if you think you're beatin me, nigga please~!  
Told you before, this is the art of war  
I say I swoop down on the party like a preda-tor  
Yo, somebody call The Source edi-tor ('tor)  
And tell 'em give me mics, give me four, give me more  
Oh do it ill, yo we make you bounce  
I rock so many microphones I can't even count  
Off th,e top of the dome, any place that I go  
I've mastered the lyrics and damn I'm tight with the flow, whoa