

ICIBILLET

## Paroles de chanson

03/05/2026

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# Boom

Par bloodhound gang

*Album : Bloodhound Gang Greatest Hits*

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Yo, Bloodhound Gang and Rob Van Winkle together on this track.

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Stop as we drop this bomb

Blow up this place like another Vietnam

Heavy like a Tyson blow to the dome

Back up son give me room give me room

To set it off like this don't give it up

I'm all up in you 'til you just can't get enough

Real hard to the bone you want more?

I sneak up on you like a sniper at your back door

Phat flavor for your brain you know the time

So check the wrath it's for real 'cause I'm gonna get mine

Roll up on you like Eastwood

Blowin' up fifteens as I'm ridin' through your neighborhood

I spreads butter like Parkay

Real smooth with the flow and even when I parlay

Do what you feel and check the skill

I'm in your grill peep this I got the raw deal

In your Jeep Cherokee or Land Cruiser

When you're rollin' through the hood you want use a

Track like this all up in your eardrum

So check the E.Q. and let them speakers hum

And gets crazy like Prozac

Hype enough to start a party and illy as a heart attack

Round one round two knock out

Straight to your head like my round never lights out

**Tah rah tah rah tah rah boom dee**

**Tah rah tah rah tah rah boom dee a**

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Jimmy Jimmy y'all Jimmy damn Jimmy yea

Gimme the mic Rob so I can take it away

Got more lines than the welfare office

Are you upset you'll never get to be as clever as this?

Spreadin' quicker than your mom have a feel but don't cop it

Yeah I stole your beat but that's 'cause you dropped it

Crude as oil unrefined but slick

I'm gonna get you from behind like a gay convict

'Cause my name ain't Quasimodo but I still got a hunch

That like the Jim Jones cult I'll take you out with one punch

You're Spiro Agnew and I'm the Dick you answer to

You're sweatin' like a watermelon at a Baptist barbecue

Sneakin' up like celery yeah I'm stalkin'

I squeak like Stephen Hawkings yeah but I'm walkin'

Nose to ground so this Bloodhound will sniff and follow it

I hope you choke on your pride when I make you swallow it

Screamin' like a Mimi when you see me comin' near ya

Like a Kenny Loggins' record no one's ever gonna hear ya

Like a game of Hide and Seek it's all over if I see ya

'Cause you're yellower than tinkle and you'll be runnin' like diarrhea

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