

P.O.D. "Something's Goin' On"

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[Chorus: woman singing]

And I can see it in my eyes won't be long
But I'm gonna drop the bomb and its goin on
'cause for the longest the world has been waitin
So theres gonna be so many and some playa hatin
'cause something's goin on
P.O.D.'s got it goin on

[P.O.D.]

Biographies of a capel status, runnin apperatus
Entire industry lookin at us
Memouaires of a, Don figga, numba one nigga
Had you on the run nigga, stackin funds nigga
We go on the road, when the you jiggy you know
Paroles in ya nose, the bigga the shows, the bigga the
dough
Skeelo on the dea-ol, sell em like a kilo
For every gram I slam its comin back to jam
Brown skin 6, 4 entrapanuer, on a six month tour
Bonjour for sure, i, kick down doors, dig down hoes
Tha P.O. givin you more than what'chu bargained for
My diamonds shine and they glisten, they glisten n
shine
Them boys comin through with a raw ass rhyme
For soul and barsenole the biggest dome in rome
P.O.D. got it goin on

[Chorus: woman singing]

And I can see it in my eyes won't be long
'cause something's goin on
P.O.D.'s got it goin on

[Trick Daddy]

I'm representin fo the niggaz that'll get it
Got it and go wit it, say they name but theres too damn
many
That wanna get on this thug shit
See god for the thugs too, thas for me him n you
Go head thug on do ya thing boy
Its your life but dont take it for a game boy
Aint no caviar dealer for the daddy dollaz
I'd ratha eat chicken wings n collaz

Rather drive my impala, smokin popbala
King of miami me mista dolla
I be thinkin about runnin for mayor boy look here

If I win that shit change round here
First i'mma buy me a boat an' legalize dope
??? bag a weed ??? cut ??? smoke
Every nigga get high thats a change thats right
And everything in the hood be sittin on dubs
Its goin on!

[Chorus: woman singing]
'cause somethings goin on
P.O.D.'s got it goin on
'cause somethings goin on
P.O.D.'s got it goin on

[Rick Ross]
When you wit the don sip don
Came a long way used to be big duns on six one
Now its all love, keep it real together
For once shit, we can eat a meal together
Squash the rumors I'm on the dock wit cubans
Betta than cop platoona watch me move em
Rick Ross cool still spittin the hot
Had the coup four months still missin the top
before we leave the beach ride dick in a drop
We pop pills in the club sip crys on the rocks
Ya'll on the dance floor throwin bow's like Ludacris
I'm at the bar blowin lude on crys
Respect the hot boys but we cool in the game
Put a tool in ya frame, I'm at the Eben Rock in the pool
with a dame
Ask who stack the chain, Carol City cartel came to crack
the games

[Chorus: woman singing]
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