

## **P.O.D. "Southtown"**

Visit "[Southtown](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Welcome to hard times back again like it's never been  
for the first time  
Seems to mess with my head so when I realize what it  
takes  
Can I relate with whatever but never will you drive me to  
hate  
Could be the next guy that you take before I wake  
Now I lay me down to sleep, eyes tight when I pray  
This her is real life, circumstances make you think  
Shall I be counting my blessings, the next second my  
eyes blink

Here in the Southtown and you know that kids don't  
play  
Put it down in the streets, will I see another day  
If I make it back this time, got to hold what is mine  
And thank God that I made it alive  
Here in the Southtown and you know that kids don't  
play  
Put it down in the streets, will I see another day  
If I make it back this time, got to hold what is mine  
And thank God that I made it alive

One love it's easier said than done  
Can I rise above everything that gets in my way?  
Like words you say, you let your tongue get loose  
And when push comes to shove, I'm not used to  
walking away  
I keep on looking up, because these times are getting  
tough  
Tomorrow's gone and it's the same old song  
Father fill my cup, give me strength to power up  
A life to shine, you're the diamond in this rough

Here in the Southtown and you know that kids don't  
play  
Put it down in the streets, will I see another day  
If I make it back this time, got to hold what is mine  
And thank God that I made it alive  
Here in the Southtown you know that kid don't play  
Put it down in the streets, will I see another day  
If I make it back this time, got to hold what is mine

And thank God that I made it alive

It ain't got to be like this  
Don't wanna throw up my fist, I must resist  
Don't wanna throw up my fist, it ain't got to be like this  
Don't wanna throw up my fist, I must resist  
Don't wanna throw up my fist, it ain't got to be like this  
Don't wanna throw up my fist, I must resist  
Don't wanna throw up my fist, it ain't got to be like this  
Don't wanna throw up my fist, I must resist

It ain't got to be  
It ain't got to be  
It ain't got to be  
It ain't got to be

Life isn't got to be like this  
Life isn't got to be like this  
Life isn't got to be like this  
Life isn't got to be like this  
Here in the Southtown  
Right now

Here in the Southtown and you know that kid don't play  
Put it down in the streets, will I see another day  
If I make it back this time, got to hold what is mine  
And thank God that I made it alive  
Here in the Southtown you know that kid don't play  
Put it down in the streets, will I see another day  
If I make it back this time, got to hold what is mine  
And thank God that I made it alive, here in the  
Southtown

Visit [P.O.D.](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.