

P.O.D. "Ya Mama"

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What you know about that fallen, fallen?
Babylon this so called great dead
Wait, dread 'bout to update the death rate in one take
Make no mistake we the real dealer
The radical natural born wig splitter

Gonna getcha, with the styles
That make ya so hot and more drama
Though when droppin' the sure shot
I rock it steady, ready until the track is diminished
And when the car goes belly up, consider it finished

Sounds like it's Jah to me
Sounds like it's Jah to me
The sum of everything, yeah

Close your eyes so you can see
Peace, love, and harmony
Sounds like it's Jah to me, yeah

We keep on movin' like don't stop, let it go
Soul to soul, returnin' the controls
Tag 'em up and label 'em John Doe

The raw flow, we built the new style empire
Blazin' my quire, like that 4th man on fire
This guns for hire, take devour the Nazarenes

Then come clean, they're crazy baldheads don'tcha
mean
Wickedness fill the sky on the death blow
Draw the name across your chest
In case the dog catcher wants to know

Sounds like it's Jah to me
Sounds like it's Jah to me
The sum of everything, yeah

Close your eyes so you can see
Peace, love, and harmony
Sounds like it's Jah to me, yeah

It's gotta be Jah, it's gotta be Jah

Jah, Jah, Jah, Jah

Sounds like it's Jah to me
Sounds like it's Jah to me
The sum of everything, yeah

Close your eyes so you can see
Peace, love, and harmony
Sounds like it's Jah to me, yeah

What could it be? Jah
What could it be? Jah
What could it be?

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