

P.O.D. (Payable On Death) "Checkin' Levels"

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Hey Bobby, dude, should I, uh, should I tighten' up my
snare or somethin'?

No, no, no, no, nah, the drums is cool.

Aight.

No, they fine, they fine. You need more guitar in your
headphones?

Yup.

Well I need y'all to rock something so I can get those
headphones together for me one time, alright?

(Aww, yeah, cool man.)

Yeah, just one more time, just like that.

Yo, Sonny. That's right. Yeah. You gotta give me a little
bit, to get the level together. Yeah.

Oh yeah, that's tight, that's tight.

Yo, you need more effect?

Word, let-em check these levels.

Okay, it should be cool now.

Turn it up. Um, check it out, check it out, here we go.

Wit this.

Okay, go ahead bust it.

Freestyle fantastic,

Flippin' like acrobatics,

Microphone mathematics,

Add it, then subtract it,

And then you have it,

Problematic,

With the fanatic,

(C?)attic,

And everyone with you figures you couldn't grab it,

Tragic,

Steppin' on my style just like a bandit,

But me and this here mic stick tight, just like a magnet,

Stagnant,

Supersonic,

Just how we does,

Just because we slammin' like onyx feel the rush,

Dust to dust,

Beat to beat, were addicting lust,

Everything we bust, It's a must, in God we trust,

So slam, da da da

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