

P.O.D. (Payable On Death) "Freestyle"

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

Kids coming up from the alleys not like the valleys
Southtown San Diego rats out here in Cali
So Cal with the crew to show'em how
You like me now, with the sound straight underground
Putt'n it down, lift up this jewel that I have found
And pass it around, flowing against the crowd
Hip-hop hardknox rhym'n soon as the tune drops
Negative small talks, homie star kick'n rocks
and thake it all down the blocks where it belongs
A demo of songs but they wouldn't put me on
Thought I was gone, too late, but who's to say
My pockets are empty and I got dues to pay
(B section)
To the tic tock you don't stop
To the tic tock you don't quit, hit it

chorus

Freestyle, freak with the flava it's the sure shot
Floss up the Ave, when the spot gets hot
Still pay'n dues and knock'em out the box

That's how it is homie like it or not
It's bad enough late bills keep stacking up
No one ever told me that it would cost this much
So buckle up and come along for the ride
Catching the vibes and staying true to my tribe
I got mad love for the ones that still around
Knew you'd be down from the get-go here and now
You make me proud from the diapers to the grave
No masquerade, stayed the same like in the day
On day when we all get saved
We're gonna change the world no matter what they say
And stay real playing what we feel
I'll keep praying for you while you shoot to thrill

(B Section)

chorus

It's been a long time
It's been a long time com'n
Hated by many and loved by less

Hold the thresh, resurrected here in the West
Clinch the fist

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

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.