

P.O.D. (Payable On Death) "Lights Out"

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It goes one for the money, homie, two for the show.
We tore the roof off this mutha, now it's time to blow.
Like we don't need no water, don't bother, we let it
burn.
We keep the fire just a little bit hotter, that way you'll
learn.
Respect I earn! Started with the clique that i hanged.
Respect I earn! Ever since i got in this game.
Respect I earn! Never wanted fortune or fame.
I'd rather have these South D'ego Streets knowin my
name.

Chiggy-check, microphone check.
Chiggy-check, microphone check.
It's Lights Out, Game Over.
If you wanna you can check my stats.
It's Lights Out, Game Over.
Make way cause the kings is back.

We bang boogie through your system, subliminal.
We lyrical murderin like we criminals.
It's life or death, medical decision.
We so dope out the lab that you'll need a prescription.
The hood is listenin, so for you that i wrote this.
Keep it underground, stickin to the streets like the
homeless.
With the dopeness, recognize the real P.O.D.
Cause we triple O, O triple, triple OG.

Chiggy-check, microphone check.
Chiggy-check, microphone check.
It's Lights Out, Game Over.
If you wanna you can check my stats.
It's Lights Out, Game Over.
Make way cause the kings is back.
Lights Out, Game Over.
If you really think you got it like that.
It's Lights Out, Game Over.
Word on the streets is the boys is back.

Lights Out, Game Over.
Make way cause the kings is back.

It's Lights Out, Game Over.
If you really think you got it like that.
Lights Out, Game Over.
Word on the streets is the boys is back .
It's Lights Out, Game Over.
Worldwide homie pay respect.
Lights Out, microphone check.
It's Lights Out, microphone check.
Make way cause the kings is back.
Lights Out

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