

## **P.O.D. (Payable On Death) "School Of Hardknocks"**

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We from the school, the school of hard knocks  
who's ready to rock? (ready to rock)  
are you ready to rock? (ready to rock)  
round'n up suckaz, knock'em, knock'em out the box  
Graduate at 13, the streets made me a scholar  
flood the microphone, one by one, hear'em holler  
the sure shoots, rock box, rhym'n on blasted beats  
mics on my side, they call me Hip Hop Along Cassidy  
rap'n catasrophe, but only time will tell  
could we excel and rock bells like LL  
made me feel I was ill, music euphoria  
went to the doctor, D.O.C gave me the formula  
hey young world, the world is yours  
turned my whole wide world into metaphors  
you kept me straight, when times got hard  
so let me reminisce over you my God  
[chorus]  
I came through the door, I said it before  
we pioneers, redefining hardcore  
you want more MC's and DJ's  
dues we pays 8 out of 7 days  
in many ways, I've seen a lot go around  
pound for pound from S.D to Boogie Down  
we've been around, bout as round as they come  
from all yes y'all, to dum ditty dum dum  
see this is philosophy, on the industry  
that there ain't no other brothaz bout as bad as we  
you see my squad stays on point  
rock this funky joint.  
can you dig it?  
[chorus]

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