

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

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Kick down the teeth of the wicked creep undaground
Where I stay hid lurk down the alleyways, you be
stalking me
Behind back talkers, cowards be mock'n me
Try to make me talk, make me confess can't break a
brotha down
When there's no fear of Death, So you can't stand the
sight of me
Next to the conquering Lion, at His right I'll be

Chorus

Step up punks, get rushed, you can't touch me
Braced in your word, I say, I have no fear
Step up punks, get rushed, you can't touch me
Sheltered by Your blood, your sweat, your tears

I be all in your face, state my case even if you took me
up,
There's another to take my place you waste,
Prisoner to your pride you can never kill me off
I've got too much life on the inside, kill me, beat me,
break my bones,
Already gave up my life, you'll never have my soul
Give credit to the on who paid for your crimes
Suffer for His name and I'll die for mines

Chorus

(Selah)

Identify your real master, Recognize and obey the
sacrifice
8x

(Selah)

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