P.O.D. (Payable On Death) "Sounds Like War"

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What you know about that.
Fallin, Fallin Babylon!
The so called great. Dead weight.
Dread 'bout to update the death rate in one take,
Make no mistake we the real deala,
The radical natural born wig-splitta.
Gonna get cha with the style that make your soul holla.
More drama, The on droppa the sure sotta,
I rock it steady, be ready till the track is diminished
and when the dog goes belly up consider it finished

Sounds like it's war to me, Peace, Love, and causalities Sound's like it's war to me, yeah Close your eyes so you can see Peace, Love, and Harmony Sounds like the war in me, yeah

We keep on movin like don't stop, let it go, soul to soul Dread at the controls, tag em up and label em John Doe.

The raw flow, rebuild the new style empire.
Blazing required like that. Fourth man on fire.
This guns for hire, take the vow of the Nazarenes.
To come clean, Like crazy baldheads (knot I mean)
Wickedness fear the style of the deathblow.
carve the name across your chest,
incase the dogcatcher wants to know

Sounds like it's war to me, Peace, Love, and causalities Sound's like it's war to me, yeah Close your eyes so you can see Peace, Love, and Harmony Sounds like the war in me, yeah

Dread at the controls, label em John Doe Dread at the, Dread at the Dread at the controls, label em John Doe

Sounds like it's war to me, Peace, Love, and causalities Sound's like it's war to me, yeah Close your eyes so you can see Peace, Love, and Harmony Sounds like the war in me, yeah

Sounds like it's war to me, Peace, Love, and causality Sound's like it's war to me, yeah Whatever the case may be, this time it's got to be Peace, Love, and Harmony, yeah

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