

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

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Welcome to hard times, back again like it's never been.
for the first time it seems to mess with my head.
So when I realize what it takes, can I relate.
With whatever, but never will you drive me to hate.
could be the next guy that you take before I wake.
now I lay me down to sleep, eyes tight when I pray.
this here is real life, circumstances make you think.
should I be counting my blessings, the next second my
eyes blink.

Here in the Southtown you know that kid don't play.
put it down on the streets, will I see another day.
If I make it back this time, gots to hold what is mine.
and thank God that I made it alive.

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One love it's easier said than done.
can I rise above everything that's in my way?
like words you say, you let your tongue get loose.
and when push comes to shove, I'm not used to
walking away.
I keep on looking up, because these times are getting
tough.
tomorrows gone and its the same ol' song. father fill
my cup,
give me strength to power up. a life to shine,
you're the diamond in this rough.

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Don't wanna throw up my first, ain't suppose be like this
Don't wanna throw up my fist, I must resist
Don't wanna throw up my first, ain't gots to be like this
Don't wanna throw up my fist, I must resist
Don't wanna throw up my first, ain't gots to be like this
Don't wanna throw up my fist, I must resist
Don't wanna throw up my first, ain't gots to be like this
Don't wanna throw up my fist, I must resist!

It ain't suppose to be!
It ain't suppose to be!
It ain't suppose to be!
It ain't suppose to be!
Life isn't suppose to be like this!
Life isn't suppose to be like this!
Life isn't suppose to be like this!
Life isn't suppose to be.... like.... this!
Here in the Southtown!
Like this!

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Here in the Southtown

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