

P.O.D., School Of Hard Knocks

[chorus]

we from the school, the school of hardknocks
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]