

# P.O.D., Southtown (ep Version)

Welcome to hard times, back again like its never been  
For the first time it seem to mess with my head  
When I realize what it takes, can I relate  
With whatever, but never will it 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 her 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 it 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  
It ain't got to be like this  
Don't wanna throw up my fist, Don't wanna be like this  
Don't wanna throw up my fist, I must resist  
It ain't gots to be like this