

P.O.D., Ya Mama (Palm Springs Demo)

What you know about that
Fallen! Fallen 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
Rock it steady, we ready
Till the track is diminished
And when the dog goes belly up
Consider it finished

chorus:

Sounds like it's Jah to me
Sounds like it's Jah to me
The sum of everything, ya
Close your eyes so you can see
Peace love and harmony
Sounds like it's Jah to me, ya

We keep on moving like don't stop
Let it go. Soul to soul
Dread at the controls
Tag 'em up and label them 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 Nazarene
To come clean
Like crazy baldheads (knot I mean)
Wickedness fear the style of the deathblow
Carve the name across your chest
In case the dogcatcher want to know

chorus

It's gotta be Jah
It's gotta be Jah, Jah, Jah
Jah, Jah, Jah

JAH! JAH! JAH! JAH!

chorus

What could it be, Jah
What could it be, Jah
What could it be