

# P.O.D., Roots In Stereo

P.O.D. and Matisyahu  
Original Roots In Stereo, ya know  
One time, bring it down selecta

I got that Boom Bye Bye, so nobody disrespect, Jah love  
Give me strength and power flow through white dreads ('nough said)  
You all walk with kings, talk with kings  
When it all goes down, have no idea what it really means.  
To live by words, if scripture is roots,  
and the wise hold they tongue when the youth speak the truth.  
You learn real quick, where I'm from if you don't belong  
Only the strong survive, Southtown and Babylon  
(See Babylon Burnin to the ground yo)  
You think your number 1 wicked selecta  
Try to sneak up in my hood, we not gon' let ya  
(Babylon's burnin to the ground, yo)  
In the streets they hear your name, they no respect ya  
You can run and hide, in the end we gon' getcha

Boom Biddy Bye Bye  
Original Roots In Stereo  
So rep the streets you ride on.  
Chant them down with that rude boy sound,  
and watch the whole world lie down.  
We generals in the streets they know  
Who wears the crown for shine now  
It got that champion sound moshin through your town  
We go make the world go lie down.

Me say, Hey natty dreadlocks where you come from?  
Where the mountains watch the city and waters touch the sun  
Where some carry crosses like others carry guns  
And pray Jah be glorified till the day soon come.  
Follow me  
Lick a shot if you a mighty warrior  
Lick a shot if you a freedom fighter  
Lick a shot if you a true souljah  
Now dance your way back to Zion  
(Now Dance your way back to Zion)

I put it down for your love, till my journey is done  
And let the stories be told how the battle was won  
So I grabbed the microphone and I started to run  
Here I come, Boom Biddy Bye  
Here I come

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Empty nation just a phase, redemptions on it's way.  
The people love to talk but they don't got that much to say.  
Generation of orphans whose hearts are all ablaze,  
Little light in a lot of darkness goes a long way.  
Freedom, hearts bleed, and I see them feedin poison.  
Poor choices, spirits screamin, trying to break these boundaries.  
Running up a mountain, chains tied to my feet.  
Running up a mountain, chains tied to my feet.

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Bloodstain drippin through the rain,  
Face down, trip and feel the pain.  
Get up, you conduct your own train, rippin it up, stepping it up, raising it up  
We're the blood of God's veins, we gotta maintain get past the blame.  
And then this fame came, for a reason and a season.  
Then I'll stay up, not lay low,  
And raise yours and up the offering  
And then the blessings will flow

We go make the world go lie down.  
Make the world go lie down.  
We go make the world go lie down.  
Make the world go lie down.

Dripping in the rain, face down, trip and feel the pain  
Get up, you conduct your own train, rippin it up, stepping it up, raising it up  
We're the blood of God's veins, we gotta maintain past that of blame  
Gathers fame, came for a reason and a seasons  
Here to stay up, not lay low