

P.O.D., Space (Amplitude Remix)

(Here we come!)

They want the fire, I heard they want the fire
And I'm a powder keg my blaze like a lighter
When I detonate it, it better fade to black, that's a wrap, now evacuate the explosion
oh it's so sick when I'm rolling and get to pouring out this emotion
I'm holding devotion unfolding (huh)
Payable on Death, create flows, resurrect the West

[Chorus]

If you got something to say
(yeah)
Haha
You better say it
Or don't even look my way (I wantcha to, I wantcha to)
(yeah)
And if you pull that card to play
(yeah yeah)
Haha
You better play it
Cause if not get outa my face
And don't waste my time.

I'm the QU double
Looking for the trouble
Married to the street, so you can't knock my hussle
Oooo, (that kid was so quiet) we gon' rock this jam with my brother to beside me
No matter what the deal, I stay gutter
So much ice, I make em stu-stu-stutter
One up to the South from your dog Queenie
Peace to the Gods and peace to P.O.D.

[Chorus]

Don't be mad that your round, top-notch,
And this girl got a gift in this thang, hip-hop
Battle name that tournament applause the cause;
And the men call when I climb those bars
An my crew call me "Bush" 'cause I drop dem bombs
And my A-game's fierce with my game face on
I get pissed off a lot, but still life goes on,
And I've been all around the world, it's the same old song

[Chorus]

I played my cards so let me say what I gotta say
A hard-hitter, go-gitter, get up out my way
Little wind of me in South Bay
I'm a Warrior, and I'm comin' outta play-yea
Who's on top now, got it locked down
Came to show you how we do it in the Southtown
To be a little bit of P.O.D., we the right team
South side, San Diego, 619

[Chorus]