

# 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