

Let the Music Do the Talking

P.o.d.

When the beat starts pumping
That's it -- Yeah
The hitman's on the mic getting lyrically sick
My boys with the tools to groove
To make you want to move
The P.O.D is rock'n
And we have nothing to prove
So with the mic in my hand
Let me state this now
You can get with this
Ain't no way no how
Forget your fingers homeboy
You'll do the walking
No need for words
We let the music do the talking
God made me
And I'm funky
We're set free
Close your eyes and let your heart see
God made me
It's the P.O.D. and we're funky
We're set free
For all eternity

Now it's obvious to see that we're dope
We're dope
Confusing the mind with this flow you can't cope
Cope
What you gonna do when you're faced by my crew
With the game that is true there's no hope
Hope

Why do you try to front,
You know that my God is so hard
Taking out you chumps
Is just a walk in the park
Keep your lips shut
With all your hawking and squawking
No need for words
We let the music do the talking

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