

Ya Mama

P.o.d.

What you know about that fallin, fallin
Babylon this so called great dead, wait,
Dread bout to update the death rate in one take,
Make no mistake we the real deala,
The radical natural born wig-splitter.
Gonna getcha, with the style that make your soul holla.
More drama, though when droppin the sure-shot,
I rock it steady, be ready till the track is diminished
And when the die goes belly up consider it finished

Sounds like it's Jah to me,
Sounds like it's Jah to me,
The sum of everything, yeah
Close your eyes so you can see
Peace, Love, and Harmony
Sounds like it's Jah to me, yeah

We keep on movin like don't stop, let it go, soul to soul
Dread at the controls, tag em up and label em John Doe.
The raw flow, We built the new style empire.
Blazin my choir, like that 4th man on fire.
This guns for hire, take the vow of the Nazarenes.
Then come clean, They're crazy bald heads don'tcha mean.
Wickedness fill the sky on the death blow.
Carve the name across your chest,
Incase the dog catcher wants to know

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

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