

# Lights Out (Chris Lytle on UFC 89)

## P.O.D.

It goes one for the money, homie, two for the show  
We tore the roof off this mutha, now it's time to blow  
Like we don't need no water, don't bother, we let it burn  
We keep the fire just a little bit hotter, that way you'll learn  
Respect I earn! Started with the clique that I hang  
Respect I earn! Ever since I got in this game  
Respect I earn! Never wanted fortune or fame  
I'd rather have these South D'ego Streets knowing my name  
Chiggy Check - Microphone check  
Chiggy Check - Microphone check  
Lights out! Game over!  
If you wanna you can check my stats  
Lights out! Game over!  
Make way cause the kings is back  
We bang boogie through your system subliminal  
We lyrical murdering like we criminals  
Life or Death medical decision  
We so dope out the lab that you'll need a prescription  
The hood is listening so for you that I wrote this  
Keep it underground! Sticking to the streets like the homeless  
With the dopeness, recognize the real P.O.D.  
Cause we triple O, O triple, triple O.G.  
Lights out! Game over!  
If you wanna you can check my stats  
Lights out! Game over!  
Make way cause the kings is back  
Lights out! Game over!  
If you really think you got it like that  
Lights out! Game over!  
Word on the streets is the boys is back  
Lights out! Game over!  
Make way cause the kings is back  
Lights out! Game over!  
If you really think you got it like that  
Lights out! Game over!  
Word on the streets is the boys is back  
Lights out! Game over!  
Worldwide only paying respects  
Lights out! Microphone check  
Lights out! Microphone check  
Make way cause the kings is back  
Lights out!

Songwriters

HILL, JUANITA/WASHINGTON, DINAH /Published by

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