

Let the Music Do the Talking

P.O.D.

When the beat starts pumping that's it -- yeah
The Hitman't 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, no way no how
Forget your fingers homeboy, you'll do the walking
No need for words, we let the music do the talkingChorus
God made me
-- and I'm funky
We're set free
-- close your eyes abd let your heart see
God made me
-- It's THE P.O.D. and we're funky
We're set free
-- for all eternity
Break -
Now it's obvious to see that we're dope
-- We're dope
Confusing your mind with this flow you can't cope
-- Cope
What you're gonna do when you're faced with my crew
With the game that is true there's no hope
- Hope
Why do you try to frond, 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 squaking
No need for words, we let the music do the talkingChorus
Chorus

Songwriters

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