

# P.O.D., Let The Music Do The Talking

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, now 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  
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 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 Squaking  
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  
2X