

P.O.D., Southtown (ep Version)

Welcome to hard times, back again like its never been
For the first time it seem to mess with my head
When I realize what it takes, can I relate
With whatever, but never will it drive me to hate
Could be the next guy that you take before I wake
Now I lay me down to sleep, eyes tight when I pray
This her is real life, circumstances make you think
Should I be counting my blessings, the next second my eyes blink
Here in the Southtown you know that kid don't play
Put it down it the streets, will I see another day
If I make it back this time, gots to hold what is mine
And thank God that I made it alive
It ain't got to be like this
Don't wanna throw up my fist, Don't wanna be like this
Don't wanna throw up my fist, I must resist
It ain't gots to be like this