

# P.O.D., Space (Amplitude Remix)

(Here we come!)

They want the fire, I heard they want the fire  
And I'm a powder keg my blaze like a lighter  
When I detonate it, it better fade to black, that's a wrap, now evacuate the explosion  
oh it's so sick when I'm rolling and get to pouring out this emotion  
I'm holding devotion unfolding (huh)  
Payable on Death, create flows, resurrect the West

[Chorus]

If you got something to say  
(yeah)  
Haha  
You better say it  
Or don't even look my way (I wantcha to, I wantcha to)  
(yeah)  
And if you pull that card to play  
(yeah yeah)  
Haha  
You better play it  
Cause if not get outa my face  
And don't waste my time.

I'm the QU double  
Looking for the trouble  
Married to the street, so you can't knock my hussle  
Oooo, (that kid was so quiet) we gon' rock this jam with my brother to beside me  
No matter what the deal, I stay gutter  
So much ice, I make em stu-stu-stutter  
One up to the South from your dog Queenie  
Peace to the Gods and peace to P.O.D.

[Chorus]

Don't be mad that your round, top-notch,  
And this girl got a gift in this thang, hip-hop  
Battle name that tournament applause the cause;  
And the men call when I climb those bars  
An my crew call me "Bush" 'cause I drop dem bombs  
And my A-game's fierce with my game face on  
I get pissed off a lot, but still life goes on,  
And I've been all around the world, it's the same old song

[Chorus]

I played my cards so let me say what I gotta say  
A hard-hitter, go-gitter, get up out my way  
Little wind of me in South Bay  
I'm a Warrior, and I'm comin' outta play-yea  
Who's on top now, got it locked down  
Came to show you how we do it in the Southtown  
To be a little bit of P.O.D., we the right team  
South side, San Diego, 619

[Chorus]