

## P.O.D. (Prequel Of Death)

Smoke DZA

Blunt raps  
As the Benz spinner crues through the city  
Flying through the atti like I'm in a catty  
Everything lit

Every day I celebrate my wins  
I'm a pro, how could a novis come critique my gems?  
Shots at them  
Pearce in the wind  
Dip low, nigga  
No EDM  
Keep the factories, I never cared for them  
I stashed my Didgy skail in a pare of Tims  
Let's reflect like the B3M  
The last year I was worth like 3 M's  
I ain't tired, coach keep me in  
Mismach on me  
It's an easy win  
Let's go P rolls, and put a bet on it  
You big money, right?  
But all that cheque flaunting  
The prequel of death  
Flash through the best momants  
The birth of my kids, that first breth momant  
West coast with Snoop Dogg, I burned my first extendo  
Happiness like when my Pops bought me my first Nintendo  
Or better yet to see him walk again  
Life is a gorgeous thing  
Tryna get you boys jewels, try not to paun your bling  
Traid your dignoty for enormous rings  
Heavy though  
Hearing Mama saying she love me, never get old  
Even though 10th grade year, I never would go  
If you ever should know

Yeah, I remember the first time when I played Just Sit Down for my Gr  
anny, man  
It was crazy  
Watching her dance to it, you know what I'm saying?  
Disregarding all the cuss words, it was like, you know I really like  
this too  
I'll never forget when I got the key to the city, really for my city,  
man  
Bun B came out to perform Country Shit with me  
At the Frank Congris Center, man  
My family was there, home and security too  
Keep everybody safe, so many people, so much love  
The Mayor came out, and uh, just to have that experience around my fa  
mily and my folks, man  
Showed them that we can do so much more than just being on the block,  
you dig?