

Rob Black

"PD World Tour"

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cheering]

Uhh , yeah , c'mon , Black Rob

Where Black Rob at?

PD world tourer , Harlem horror

We back

Yeah ya-, ya-, y'all thought we was gonna stay away for
a long time

So what you gon do now?

Sorry, let's go

CHORUS: P Diddy

Yo Black Rob makin all stops we gon party till this
motherfucking ball drops

Snatchin all props

Switchin gears on the Ducati , cats schemin prob'ly

But we aint tryin na hurt nobody (we aint tryin na hurt
nobody)

We just tryin na make it clear , there B.R. is here

And we come to lock it down this year

So without further ado , we bring to you (without further
ado)

You highness , (your highness) , Black Rob , Spanish
Harlem's finest

[Black Rob]

I be the PD world tourer , Harlem horror

Catch me in a Lex 470 or the Explorer

The underworld figure , mo morals

Small shit it's only room to get bigger and spread love
on my niggas

I figure I'm the best thing since ham and grits

That shit flip it , it's off the hook , it's unlisted

The wizard like Juwan Howard

I drop the bomb when you want test the Don power

It's on dude , I warned you before the wildin

My team some sick cats fresh from Ward's Island

I'm sayin , I try to tell em how I do due to the fact you

Was duckin my debut , duckin the ginsu

B.R., natural born threat

He got his tech and I aint even put it on yet

Just imagine, me and you toe to toe back of the
paddywagon

To the death, till one of us got no breath left

Protect that neck

CHORUS

[Black Rob]

I roll with soldiers, quick to run pass and snuff you

Regulate the streets of BK with brass knuckles

At last stuck you, and your so called team

Them so called mean, cats sound like Ben Varen

Caught me, diggin in the scene, 115, Lex minivan light
green

Watching my cream, stopping my cream

Shit's been tried before, my shit's stress, with no
lactose at all

I mean I'm just limpin, cuz right now I see the profit

Show me some grams I chop it, show me some land I
cop it

Show me some hoe somewhere in the tropics

And I'ma suck the pussy till she beg me to stop it

That's real, I'ma tell you how the black man feel

Pack toast but still catch him with the backhand steel

Pimp status, while you run around with shrimp status

Got a gat and decided to clap at least twenty right at us

We aint mad though, we got the bulletproof dough

And that's the way my niggas roll, if you was seein his
dough

You'd be the same baby

CHORUS

[P Diddy]

Yo when I walk up in the place all eyes is on me

Is it me, or the hundred grand worth of icy

Can't underestimate me I beg your pardon

If y'all aint had guns I probably woudn't of brought my
squadron

But unfortunately it's that war outside

And I still roll with bulletproof doors on my ride

They call me PD, holy like Koran

Rockin Sean John, poppin Sean Don

Fucking ghetto Don Juan

Top of the world, watch me snatch your hood treasure

Might have to check a few cats for good measure

Playboy you know the drilly, y'all cats is real silly

What I gotta do sell another ten milly

It's crazy how they all fall down, all balls down

It's hectic so I send Black to come and check it

Aint shit changed, same shit stains, in the business

Approach me, play me closely, hopin hopefully (keep hopin)

Before I slip I let you know that I'm on to ya

Your hands'll never touch my Bad Boy formula

And this year, I'm gonna hit em severe

Ayo Paul, get the Bent let's get the fuck up outta here

CHORUS 2X

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