

## **Black Rob "Pd World Tour"**

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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

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 ain't tryin' na hurt nobody  
(We ain't 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, Black Rob, Spanish Harlem's finest  
(Your highness)

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 ain't 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

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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 ain't 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

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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 ain't had guns I probably wouldn'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

Ain't 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

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