

## **Petey Pablo "Let's Roc"**

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This is a Petey Pizzle productshizzle  
Thank you, man

Let's roc, let's roll, squad up, squad up  
Let's roc, let's roll, squad up, knock that outta there  
Let's roc, let's roll, squad up, squad up  
Let's roc, let's roll, squad up, knock that outta there

Dawg, you ain't had to worry 'bout us, we wasn't even  
thinkin' 'bout ya  
'Til you went to flyin' out the mouth all cattacorned  
Where the fuck did Petey go, one-hit wonder, hell naw  
I just been out here up on this horse that I done jumped  
on

Enjoyin' myself a little bit 'cause I deserve it  
Before Saddam and ol' Sadonna Jones supposed to  
Get my ass in the Taliban bad ass it's over  
Fuckin' up some more planes my taxes pay for

Let me break it down for ya, everythang 'round here  
Got Carolina on it bitch, I'm in charge of it  
I don't care what shwaty said, security handle that  
Before we start to rearrangin' shit up here with his ass

Oh yeah, we can go there, I'm qualified for this here  
And certified, downtown, ready to stir it  
So before you start to, ease up a little on this here  
You gone hate it when I do that right there, right there

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Still off the chain, still in the game  
I gotta hear you say it Petey Pab motherfucka  
That's right baby, two scoops of raisin'  
Half man and half amazin'

This time I got that purple in my haze, candy on my  
paint

Rocks a little larger on the side of my face  
I'm the Mr. Carolina, chair board spokesman  
Hail to the King, thanks for your support

If any nigga out there feel that they just wanna kill they  
self  
To run up here and try to take what's mine, let 'em help  
they self  
I ain't got no greaps or gripes, you choose how you  
lose your life  
Gun bustin', knife cuttin', motherfucker fist fight me

Watch how Carolina wild out for they homeboy  
Some of them don't like me but they ain't gone let you  
hurt me  
You can bet that there on the left cheek of yo', ass  
I'm the fuckin' man 'round here, sound off

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I rep for the prisons, I rap for the block  
All my nine to fivers out there workin' jobs  
I rep for single parents that don't need they baby  
daddy  
To buy them not nan pamper, show them punk bitches  
you can handle it

Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese, Hispanic  
Philippine, Dime piece, the white ones and the black  
ones  
Cherokee, Mix Breeds, over here to cross seas  
If y'all don't sound off I'm leavin', sweet Jesus

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