

## **Matt Damon, Jude Law, Fiorello And The Guy Barker**

### **"P.D. Roll 'Em"**

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(Verse One)

Here it comes fool, I play a game where there's no  
rules  
Homies on the cut call me Joe, cause I'm so cool  
Quick to get a ??? with a nigga, I ain't dodgin' them  
Win, lose, or draw in the hood, I'm squabbin' them  
Representin' the Park since I'm living here  
Walkin' through the hood from another set, get in here  
And after the jackin', you still want more, heh  
Fuck your posse, it's time for the corona  
Don't fuck with the Park niggas ????  
More niggas found dead here in my hood than in  
Vietnam  
Rollin' seven deep to a car  
Quick to take that ass to war, yo  
It ain't no ??? being lost  
Cause territory and rights are being enforced  
So when you're rollin' up, ???? flow  
And if a nigga flash a ???? keep going  
Don't stop and sell your soul  
You'll fuck around and get your ass P.D. roll

(Verse Two)

The last album past gold  
And you wanna know the meaning of P.D. roll  
Well I'ma break it down for you real clean  
\*gunshots\* know what I mean  
In other words getting blasted  
Shootin' at a bastard, to see if he can last it  
9 times out of 10 he can't  
So that's one more nigga in the paint  
You see, when I go to work  
I hit a muthafucka where it hurts  
Starting off at his home sight  
And fuck up a nigga's whole night  
You out of there, just like that there  
For jumping in the ring with a bear  
It's easily executed  
Put the pistol to the head, cock the hammer back and  
shoot it  
You can't get it no cleaner

Make a hit, break quick to the cleaners  
And south ??? to the hole  
And don't be no fool and get your ass P.D. roll

(Verse Three)

My own hood is confusing me  
Shit just ain't what it used to be  
I'm stepping back on my old block  
The finest bitch in the hood smoking crack rock  
Even the niggas I was raised with  
Are walking around in a daze and shit  
Man: "Say now, can I get a dollar for a gold one?"  
And got his hands out like I owe him  
But I don't owe nann nigga  
I was ??? in the hood until I got bigger  
I hollered at my boys in the gang  
And only a couple of them changed  
Peace to Q-Dog, Cool Coin, and Old Mack  
And all the rest of my boys down with ack  
The rest ain't about jack  
But I still love the hood, so it ain't about that  
It's all about being down with it  
Shit, to be got, you gotta go out and get it  
Like my nigga doing time in the ???  
Now that was a down muthafucka  
A couple of ki's, my nigga stole  
Straight up fucking P.D. roll  
So lay it down in the dirt  
Nobody moves, nobody gets hurt  
That's how it is, and always will be  
I had to have it, even if it killed me  
The sight of losing didn't thrill me  
So I had to go and steal G  
Just to make a quick one  
And I ain't give a fuck who fell short to be a victim  
You and your family bro  
Your ass out of line, your ass got P.D. roll

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