

PD World Tour (Featuring Puff Daddy)

Black Rob

Uh, yeah, c'mon, Black Rob
Where Black Rob at?
PD world tourer, Harlem horror
We back
Yeah, yeah, yeah, y'all
Thought we was gonna stay away for a long time
So what you gon' do now?
Sorry
Let's go[Chorus]
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' a hurt nobody (We ain't tryin' a hurt nobody)
We just tryin' a 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)
Your 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 ain't even put it on yet
Just imagine me and you toe to toe, back of the paddy wagon
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 men; cats sound like Ben Varen
Caught me diggin' in the scene, one fifteen, 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', 'cause right now I see the profit
Show me some grams; I chop it
Show me some land; I cop it
Show me some ho somewhere in the tropics
And I'm a suck the pussy till she beg me to stop it
That's real; I'm a 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[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 ain't had guns, I probably wouldn't have 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
Aiiyo, Paul, get the Bent
Let's get the fuck up outta here[Chorus x 2]

Songwriters

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