

# Part 2

## Chester Beatty

Ladies and gentlemen  
I am proud to present to you today  
The new album from Petey Pablo  
'Still writing in my diary, the 2nd entry'  
The boy hot now, he been gone for a little while  
Had a little vacation, enjoyin' life  
But that's what you're supposed to do  
When you get there, enjoy your life  
You know mean, 'cause this ain't promised to us tomorrow  
We can lose this shit tonight, ya understand what I'm sayin'  
But this young man  
That I'm bringin' before you today, has done it all  
He's been at the lowest of the low  
He's been at the top of the world  
And he still remains grounded, that's a trill nigga, street cat  
A fine young man and I'm very proud to  
Be able to say that I even know the young fellow  
But without further a do, because I know you've been waitin'  
Still writin' in his diary, the 2nd entry  
My mama said, "Can you give her 3 dollars  
For a 5 dollar book of food stamps  
So she can get her some cigarettes?"  
Ya see, I go through some shit called voice exercisin'  
When I go in the booth and I go in there  
And I just lay a hook now 'n then, know what I'm sayin'  
Like this shit right here  
Time to take them shirts off again  
(Put 'em back up in the air)  
Represent, represent  
(Put 'em back up in the air)  
I really need you to mean it, mean it, mean it  
(Put 'em back up in the air)  
Start up that south shit again  
(Put 'em back up in the air)  
Time to take them shirts off again  
(Put 'em back up in the air)  
Represent, represent  
(Put 'em back up in the air)  
I really need you to mean it, mean it, mean it

(Put 'em back up in the air)  
Start up that south shit again  
(Put 'em back up in the air)  
What you want this time, more fire?  
Your problem, I got it  
(I got it)  
Y'all better be ready to call the motherfuckin' firetruck  
To come up in this bitch an' put me out  
(Yeah, yeah)  
Petey Pab, back in the house, puttin' it down  
(I brought this fire, baby)  
Stronger than we've ever been  
Baby, boy y'all in trouble now  
(Now now now)  
If y'all ain't ready  
(Ready)  
Better find your door  
It's time to go  
And y'all gotta get out  
All up in the wheels and under your heels  
And let the best thing to roll you out  
If you been there  
(Been there)  
I ain't got to talk to you about it  
It don't get more gangsta  
Gangsta then it gets in this south  
Time to take them shirts off again  
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Start up that south shit again  
(Put 'em back up in the air)  
Got another rake, got another lawn mower, got another hoe  
A brand new weed wacker, with diamonds on the top where you hold  
Got a water hose, anything you want it up on

Carolina candy painted float to go with my post

I be out there in that water 'round them rich white folks  
And caught me fishin', but guess what, dog, I look good in that boat

I'm just as country as the day I was born, I love it

Change my name for me

(Mmm, P-P-Petey Pablo)

Bob your head, get your thang off, show yourself

Look around ya boy, if that ain't there the south at its best

We run this shit here, all this shit here, nigga, look at me man

Your Jack ain't why you should be worried, it's the ace in my hand

Time to take them shirts off again

(Put 'em back up in the air)

Represent, represent

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I really need you to mean it, mean it, mean it

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Start up that south shit again

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Time to take them shirts off again

(Put 'em back up in the air)

Represent, represent

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I really need you to mean it, mean it, mean it

(Put 'em back up in the air)

Start up that south shit again

(Put 'em back up in the air)

I'm sellin' this song out to everybody

That took the time when I ain't got my shit

(My shit)

Record store, bootleg, under hung

And everywhere that my CD is at

I take my hat off, if it weren't for y'all

I wouldn't be nothin' at all

(At all)

And Carolina would still be two states

Y'all motherfuckers used this to drive across

Do you see anything on my goddamn face

That look like I'm playin'?

Have I said anything tonight

That y'all motherfuckin' niggaz ain't understand?

That I leave when I had a reason, talk to me man

(Talk to me)

Now I stayed, 'cause this where I was born and raised

(And I)

I swear on everything I love  
I'ma do my best to keep doin' it for us  
And I don't need a gold on a black to black  
Just some down at home country love  
(Country love)  
I don't ask for much  
(Huh, huh)  
That's enough to keep my heart in the court  
(Huh, huh)  
Tell the truth, it's really messin' me up  
To see all y'all niggaz still raisin' up  
(Ooh)  
Time to take them shirts off again  
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