Part 2

Dean Roberts

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
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(Put 'em back up in the air)
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(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)
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
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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)
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