# PD World Tour (Featuring Puff Daddy)

## Black Rob

Black Rob F/ Puff Daddy
Miscellaneous
PD World TourUhh, yeah, c'mon, Black Rob
Where Black Rob at?
PD world tourer, Harlem horror
We back
Yeah ya-, ya-, y'all thought we was gonna stay away for a long time
So what you gon do now?
Sorry, let's goP Diddy
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 aint tryin na hurt nobody (we aint tryin na hurt nobody)
We just tryin na 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)
You highness, (your highness), Black Rob, Spanish Harlem's finest
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 aint even put it on yet
Just imagine, me and you toe to toe back of the paddywagon
To the death, till one of us got no breath left
Protect that neck
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 mean, cats sound like Ben Vareen
Caught me, diggin in the scene, 115, 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, cuz right now I see the profit

Show me some grams I chop it, show me some land I cop it
Show me some hoe somewhere in the tropics
And I'ma suck the pussy till she beg me to stop it
That's real, I'ma 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 aint 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 babyYo 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 aint had guns I probably woudn't of 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
Aint 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
Ayo Paul, get the Bent let's get the fuck up outta here

Lyrics provided by https://www.songarea.com/