

Petey Pablo, Let's Roc

(Petey Pablo)

This, is a Petey Pizzle, Productshizzle
Thank you man

(Chorus)

Let's Roc, let's roll, squad up
(Squad Up, Squad Up)
Let's Roc, let's roll, squad up
(Squad Up, Squad Up)

(Verse 1)

Dawg, you ain't had to worry bout us, we wasn't even thinkin bout ya
Til you went to flyin out the mouth (all cattacornered)
Where the fuck did Petey go, (One-hit wonder) hell naw
I just been out here up on this horse that I done jumped on
Enjoyin myself a little bit cause I deserve it
Befor Sadaam and ol Sadonna Jones supposed to
Get my ass I nthe Taliban bad ass it's over
Fuckin up some more planes my taxes pay for
Let me break it down for ya, everythang round here
Got Carolina on it bitch, I'm in charge of it
I don't care what shwaty said, security handle that
Before we start to rearrangin shit up here with his ass
Oh yeah, we can go there, I'm qualified for this here
And certified, downtown, ready to stir it
So before you start to, ease up a little on this here
You gone hate it when I do that right there (Right There)

(Chorus)

Let's Roc, let's roll, squad up
(Squad Up, Squad Up)
Let's Roc, let's roll, squad up
(Squad Up, Squad Up)

(Verse 2)

Still off the chain, still in the game
I gotta hear you say (Petey Pab Motherfucka!)
That's right baby, two scoops of raisins
Half man and half amazing
This time I got that purple in my haze, candy on my paint
Rocks a little larger on the side of my face
I'm the Mr.Carolina chairboard spokesman
Hail to the king (Thanks For Your Support)
If any nigga out there feel that they just wanna kill they self
To run up here and try to take what's mine (Let Em Help They Self)
I ain't got no greaps or gripes, you choose how you lose your life
Gun bustin, knife cuttin, motherfucker fist fight me
Watch how Carolina wild out for they homeboy
Some of them don't like me but they ain't gone let you hurt me
You can bet that there on the left cheek of yo ass
I'm the fuckin man round here (Sound Off)

(Chorus)

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(Squad Up, Squad Up)
Let's Roc, let's roll, squad up
(Squad Up, Squad Up)

(Verse 3)

I rep for the prisons, I rap for the block
All my nine to fivers out there workin jobs
I rep for single parents that don't need they baby daddy
To buy them not nan pamper, show them punk bitches you can handle it
Chinese, Japanese, Portugese, Hispanic

Phillipine, Dime piece , the white ones and the black ones
Cherokee, Mix Breeds, over here to cross seas
If y'all don't sound off I'm leavin (Sweet Jesus!)

(Chorus)