

P D Roll 'Em

Scarface

Here it comes fool, I play a game where there's no rules
Homies on the cut call me Joe, cause I'm so cool
Quick to get 'em up with a nigga, I ain't dodgin' them
Win, lose, or draw in the hood, I'm squabbin' them
Representin' the Park since I'm living here
Walkin' through the hood from another set, give it here
And after the jackin', you still want more, heh
Fuck your posse, it's time for the corona
Don't fuck with the Park niggas swarm
More niggas found dead in my hood than in Vietnam
Rollin' seven deep to a car
Quick to take that ass to war, yo
It ain't no sleep being lost
Cause territory and rights are being enforced
So when you're rollin' up Holloway floor it
And if a nigga flags you down keep going
Don't stop and sell your soul
You'll fuck around and get your ass P.D. roll

The last album past gold
And you wanna know the meaning of P.D. roll
Well I'ma break it down for you real clean
gunshots know what I mean
In other words getting blasted
Shootin' at a bastard, to see if he can last it
9 times out of 10 he can't
So that's one more nigga in the paint
You see, when I go to work
I hit a muthafucka where it hurts
Starting off at his home sight
And fuck up a nigga's whole night
You out of there, just like that there
For jumping in the ring with a bear
It's easily executed
Put the pistol to the head, cock the hammer back and shoot it
You can't get it no cleaner
Make a hit, break quick to the cleaners
And Soth Acres to the hole
And don't be no fool and get your ass P.D. roll

My own hood is confusing me
Shit just ain't what it used to be
I'm stepping back on my old block
The finest bitch in the hood smoking crack rock
Even the niggas I was raised with
Are walking around in a daze and shit
Man: "Say now, can I get a dollar for a gold one?"
And got his hands out like I owe him
But I don't owe nann nigga
I was bummin' in the hood until I got bigger
I hollered at my boys in the gang
And only a couple of them changed
Peace to Q-Dog, Cool Coin, and Old Mack
And all the rest of my boys down with ack
The rest ain't about jack
But I still love the hood, so it ain't about that
It's all about being down with it

Shit, to be got, you gotta go out and get it
Like my nigga doing time in the?
Now that was a down muthafucka
A couple of ki's, my nigga stole
Straight up fucking P.D. roll
So lay it down in the dirt
Nobody moves, nobody gets hurt
That's how it is, and always will be
I had to have it, even if it killed me
The sight of losing didn't thrill me
So I had to go and steal G
Just to make a quick one
And I ain't give a fuck who fell short to be a victim
You and your family bro
Your ass out of line, your ass got P.D. roll