

Pace Won

"Step Up"

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What we be tellin these cats? Yo yo. "Step up nigga"

Step Up *echoes* All them niggaz out there

Tellin on all them niggaz violatin STEP UP

[Verse One]

Yo yo; from the Himalays to the pyramids of Egypt

Pace Won flow is dumb as Forest Gump weeded

Lynch Mob's Hit Squad's then I freak with

More Golddiggers than E or PMD did

(Ha!) Word like so many hoochies on my penis

By the time I'm twenty nine I have more Suns than
Phoenix

Watch the man bust, pose for the cameras

And have reporters running/back like Barry Sanders

(Yo!) My habits is spray paint (tsss) and rap fresh

Pace Won gets more bank than NatWest

Walkin round thinkin what face to slap next

Like Latifah my Wrath is Madness

Ho-ha, more smooth than Billy D.

Drinkin Colt 45 eyes slant like Phillipines

Serve the baseheads, my raps kill the fiends

That wanna MC but don't know what it means

Chorus:

People wanna act large but can't take charge

I tell em --Step Up-- *echoes*

Yo, yo; Kids ask me for advice Pace on how to be nice

I tell em --Step Up-- *echoes*

Yo, yo; If I see your sister cryin or fallin behind

I tell her --Step Up-- *echoes*

Yo, yo; If you don't need your teeth and your crew want
beef

Then you can --Step Up-- *echoes*

Yo, yo, Bring em all, yo-yo

[Verse Two]

Since my small days always been real

With raps thats more fat/phat than that ass on Kim
Fields

I'm roastin roaches, poets think I'm Moses

Partin oceans, people feel me like emotions

A poet and truth, I roll with the jewels

Voice of the youth (uh) one a ya diehard boys that'll
shoot

Keep my rep up, rappers want somethin tell em --Step
Up-- *echoes*

Chorus

[Verse Three]

Yo, yo; You look soft, I hook off and kick butt

Attack like Hitler, if your boys weak avoid me like I was
thicker

Rollin with the rich kids

Slick like the mac of the year, I know bitches

They bite you, scratch you, kick you in the groin

A two-headed coin that be makin people point (look)

And talk soft, but I walked off, I'll remember

Defender of my people, makin legal tender

Got it made, no more goin to court now

I'm out doin the world while my brother hold the fort
down

He said, "Pace slit the wrist if the cross you"

When your hands are tied, you're only doin what your
forced to

Don't hate the Pace Won just cause my records sellin

Find a playa hater and I tell'im

Chorus

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