

Pac Div

"Rap Music"

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New Jersey stand up!

[DJ scratching Eminem sample]

"Pacewon" Yo!

"Pacewon" Yo!

"Pacewon"

"Pacewon"

(This is how the East Coast rocks)

(This is how the East Coast rocks)

(This is how the East Coast rocks)

(This is how the East Coast rocks)

[Pacewon]

Yo! This is every man for himself and things not sweet

I knew this song by that crew Mobb Deep

So I used it, my brother produced it, new shit

Set me up so I could flow like a cruise ship

And tell this story 'bout these men that's foul

And how this little nerdy kid stole our style

And ran wit' it, even bit our wit' and our charm

And did a half a dozen songs dissin' his mom

He went so far 'cross the grain, I should put the choke
down

He turned our inner expression to a joke style

Doin' that pop B.S, doin' coke now

Another manic depressive, gettin' doped out

I read a book about he a crook and no good

That's why he hidin' from Suge

Why he had to pack his bags and move his things from
the hood

So scared he wouldn't move back if he could

[Chorus x2]

See this is rap music, this is culture

This is organised, it has structure

It has insight, this is rap music

Not to be mixed or deluded

[Pacewon]

Yo, is it your heart, or is it the lies

You lack courage like the lion in the Wizard Of Oz
You went from brunette to blond just to better your
cause

But your hypeman album sound better than yours
Bunny rabbit got a funny habit, we say
He let a homey and a honey have it, 'cause he gay
Well I'm hard to the core like Brun in Krush Groove
You a little prick that ate too many mushrooms
Got your voice on the track of your choice
You made noise, but then turned your back on your
boys

Even did it to Royce, where's Head? Where's Fuzz?
I'm sick of your songs, I need lead ear plugs
The same thing you tried to do with the Outz
Is the very same reason that they booin' you now
Like the D.A. in court I pull two of your files
Better save that last dance for Julia Stiles

[Chorus x2]

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It has insight, this is rap music
Not to be mixed or deluded

[DJ scratching Eminem samples]

"Fuck" "Slim Shady"
"Fuck" "Slim Shady"
"Fuck" "Slim Shady"

[Pacewon]

Yeah, back to gettin' +Raw+ like Kane and Mister Cee
Me and Slim Shady had a past history
I'ma paint a picture now, you can set it up
Let's start with this time that he was gettin' jumped
I jumped in, knocked a couple kids down
Made niggas bidounce, helped him off the gridound
Me and Big Nasty started raisin' hell
Always wondered why your other boys ain't help
See this is real dirt that I'm kickin' on y'all
Won't you battle me? Stop pickin' on Ja
Scary little bitch, you a soldier? Not true
The truth just is you wanna be Pac too
Stop biting, invest in speech
And let my fallen brothers just rest in peace
You never met 'em, they probably wouldn't feel ya
'Cause your little rap songs need to get realer
See you just got a charge 'cause you shook with a gun
Got yourself in trouble now, look what you done
Low down and shifty, only on camera
Shit, compared to him I'm Tony Montana
I beat his ass, smack him up and play wit' em

Take that little ass allowance Dr. Dre give 'em
How many styles can I flaunt in your face
Ask Em, he don't want it with Pace, noooooooo

[Chorus x2]

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