

Pac Div

"World Reknown"

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[Pacewon]

This is W-O-U-T, with a quick caller question
Caller, can you name a quick three countries
Can your friends? Depends?

Yo! It's the Pacewon-er, more hot than late summer
Eighth wonder of the bass drum
Who can touch your melon you can tell 'em PACEWON!
You only do what Pace says
Bottle up the product and serve it to the bassheads
I keep it corporate, ain't with that talk shit
Won made to bust like the guns the cops walk with
Hold a four-fifth, all kids vacate
Testy to press me like a can of spray paint
Cause by the time a policeman appears
They'll be cuttin down the bodies I hang like
chandaliers
Hip-Hop prisoner, Alberto V-O-5
In your scalp like conditioner, hit you by the eye
Fuck your 20/20 vision up, used to be a pilot
Now he can see light - now who his girl gettin high with?
Nowadays I'm humble, strictly on some shy shit
Usin my ears, keepin my affairs private
Livin that life of a righteous rap giant
Pack the black iron that roar like Mad Lion
Stingy, Ebenezer, never freeze up
Forever be the rapper that drunk that one
That black out like a seizure - burnin hot with fever
Right lung failin, from inhalin cheeba

World reknowned.. world reknowned.. world
reknowned.. world reknowned

In my hood it's people fiendin, screamin like the opera
Cuz was up early, drinkin dirty aqua
Never put they glock up, restless like the young kids
40's, they tongue-kiss, like who can get the drunkest?
Wear the right gear like them Nike Air strap-ons
MC's write rap songs, hoochies wear platforms
It's all G Broad Street down to Stuyvesant
Niggaz got talent, move like Allen Iverson

Rappers by the number, Redman, Artifacts
Lords of the Under - sprint to get a glimpse
Bet the fireproof lighter troop make yo' eyes swell
Word to my _Fu-Gee-La_ and my nigga Praswell
Pacewon flips, I piss on niggaz like the urinals
You keep on blurrin those WACK-ASS RHYMES
I break code and make access, grab my gun attack
feds
With somethin that the rap heads can't pass by

World reknowned.. world reknowned.. world
reknowned.. world reknowned

Yo, mommy never knew I'd grow up to be a thug or
Be best friends with the neighborhood drug lord
Ironic lifestyle - who woulda thought that tomboy
You used to diss - got to be your wife now?
Sex in cars, money like the lotto
Brother try to foul me, Audi, cuatro
Crews fake bullshit and act stupid
I'm lootin, usin my third eye like a mutant
Rollin with the big men, ign'ant men fly
Mistaken motherfuckers, thought they had it locked
And along comes the Pacer - with ecstasy!
Got juice like a warden that can set you free
Chronicles of "Won", Pace the rhyme felon
Watch for my album..

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