

Pacewon

"Bring It Out Of Me (Feat. Richie Thumbs)"

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F/ Richie Thumbs

[Pace] Yo.. hah..

[Rich] You know the smoke can bring it out of me, uh

[Rich] You know the smoke can bring it out of me

[Pace] Yo..

[Rich] You know the smoke can bring it out of me, uh-
huh

[Rich] You know the smoke can bring it out of me

[Pacewon]

I'm the rap music Mozart, one who love cheeba
Bounce and buy quarter pounds like a drug dealer
Fly soul brother same color chocolate tye is
Roll hard, got traction like tires
Let's have a contest, who get the highest?
Us, Roc-A-Bloc, servin kids like diners
Cock it back and shoot the K-9ers
Word from Pacewon, and J's Finest

[** guest **]

Blaze the pen pen, pockets full of yen
Tryin to get my hands in classes all Benz
See the ends, make you choke this way
Loc this way, only if I smoke today
Blunt scents, me and my dog stay bent
A hundred trees lit, Roc-A-Bloc, wanna hit?
Full of smoke, Taurus 40 with the scope
Beam shine so red, murder's all she wrote

[Chorus: Richie Thumbs]

You know the smoke can bring it out of me, uh
You know the smoke can bring it out of me
You know the smoke can bring it out of me, uh
You know the smoke can bring it out of me

[Pacewon]

Yo, no better to put this
I hit up many spots, but Harlem got the goodness,
138th
If they don't got no weight, then it won't piss me off
I just step and get pepperhead from 164th

[** guest **]

I stay shivery on cash delivery
Cats ain't never gettin me, high as I be
Get my think on, get my drink on
Cuban links on with my ice blue stones

[Pacewon]

Yo, they sell weed around my way, crooked eye, do or
die
Brew and lye come together like two-for-fives
Smokin out 'til my brain feel ruined
And my eyes chink so much I can't see through 'em

[** guest **]

You know the feelin, game keep me spittin venom
A street villain, play your cards or don't deal 'em
Pacewon, now and then we lace one
With the hashish, job well done

[Chorus]

[** reggae chatta, best guess **]

Smoke ya herb, give Tom Tom praise
Blaze ya ganja everyday
Smoke ya herb and feel irie
An' everyt'ing will be okay

[Pacewon]

Yo, my boys be speedin, actin large
Wax they cars, crack cigars and pour weed in - yo
Be alert, cause I got a sharp feelin
My rap's about to swing on you like Mark Breeland
By all means, just like Malcolm X
I, make you people dissolve like Alka-Seltzer
As for me I'm ganja infested
Workin on a book called "Tales of a Sesshead"

[** guest **]

I blow dutches, cause it keep me proper-like
Hoppa-type, and love jeans like Israelites
Stack chips, Komar accounts this
Fancy whips, smoked out with dark tints
Ganja, stay Jane like Fonda
Willie Honda's the boss from Yonkers
Peep duke, double-breast pimp suits
Cheeba'd up, still sharp as ginnsus

[Chorus]

[** reggae chatta, best guess **]

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