

## **PaceWon**

### **"Okay, Alright"**

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{\*phone rings\*}  
Hello is Pacewon home?  
No he's not in right now  
Check it out now y'all

[Chorus]  
OKAY! ALRIGHT!  
OKAY! ALRIGHT!  
... GREEN, GREEN, GREEN!  
All we need is - GREEN, GREEN, GREEN!  
All we want is - GREEN, GREEN, GREEN!  
All we see is - GREEN, GREEN, GREEN!

[Pacewon]  
Grimy chicks buy me kicks  
I came in the door in ninety-six  
There was a lot of good MC's, but where they at now?  
Did they travel overseas and die from Mad Cow?  
Or was it lyrics, chumps couldn't deliver it  
Instead of actin they age, they actin ignorant  
So insignificant rhymes I don't consider it  
You're illiterate, loud and belligerent  
I'm the king of bustin off in ya  
Could tell ya how I feel with just one finger  
Drop it on wax, without bein vulgar  
Send a message out to the culture  
Let 'em all know I'm a pro but I do carry arms  
Hit your vest hard as Barry Bonds  
Handle my gat like a lady, slugs is bisexual  
You'll catch one and your girl die next to you

[Chorus]

[Pacewon]  
I'm out to make a profit I got dough in the pocket  
I toss it up like it's really no object  
I get pussy when I want like Big, name spreadin like  
gossip  
One rhyme could get you higher than chronic  
I got friends that's Islamic like Chi Smoke and DJ  
Muhammad

They religious but they shifty as Onyx  
And we speak in ebonics, roll dice and we drink 'til we  
vomit  
Throw a rocket in the Eagle and cock it  
Watch it break down the sonic barrier more quick than  
a comet  
Females gettin hit in the bonnet  
Led laced dark eyes pale face like them bitches is  
Gaelic  
The grim reaper done made a deposit, if you want it  
you got it  
Here it is, plug me into your socket  
Like a slug go into a glock clip, I rock shit  
Straight for the burbs just as well as the projects  
Not just for the economics bitch, we keep it.

[Chorus]

{\*sample scratched - "Get on down!" while female  
talks\*}

[Pacewon]

I decorate my house and car with kitty litter  
Pretty nigga, city slicker  
Roll up in a GS3, ESP  
I could read your mind, don't BS me pa  
You think you thinkin what I'm thinkin but I'm thinkin  
beat you in the motherfuckin head until my rhyme sink  
in  
Do the damn thing baby, let it rip  
This is all etiquette, and I'm gettin better kid  
Cause now I seperate the subject from the predicate  
The words is all edited, the verbal brawl never quits  
You cocksuckin son of a nice woman  
Bring your lil' rhymes and I eat 'em like rice pudding  
My rhymes, I throw 'em like Dwight Gooden  
You driveby pullin, you just might couldn't  
I play your tape, but it sounds the same  
So I threw it in the sink and rinsed it down the drain  
Little trick

[Chorus]

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