

## **PaceWon**

### **"You Ain't Really Down"**

Visit "[You Ain't Really Down](http://MotoLyrics.com)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Pacewon]

Huh, huh, huh, huh  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yo  
Huh, huh, huh, huh

Yo, I walk on the block right by these thugs  
Like LL, "I Need Love"  
So fresh so clean keep my hygiene up  
Fly clean cut, no Visine, what?  
Red-ass eyes, veg' past five  
Catch niggaz like hot webs catch flies  
I got a plan for, cops who see me  
Try to lock me, I'm Houdini  
Got the weed spot, locked completely  
Keep the gravy, nice and creamy  
Reunite and a little bit of Henny  
Do my friends dirty just to get a penny  
Do your men dirty just to get your hens  
Do my girl dirty just to get her friend  
I did the scam with my fam my man I got rich  
Like John Gotti, boy got pinched  
Due to that we fuck like Wilt Chamberlain  
Don't blame me, blame the game we in

[Chorus - sung]

You ain't really down, playin the game you do  
I said, you ain't really down, your love was never true

[Pacewon]

Yo, sucker MC's perpetratin a fraud  
Front like they down but be hatin the cause  
Wanna be me, wanna play in my drawers  
Read my black book, start datin my broads  
Waitin to floss, you gotta stay goofy  
Gucci, make coochie  
Keep up the front while I make your girl wiggle it  
'til she pull a ligament, I'm ignorant as hell  
Uptight, way out of my mind and self-centered  
Beef? You'll need a forklift to help him up  
All the king's horses and all the king's men  
like me, they know the time like Big Ben

Kingpin at it again with a pad and a pen  
Get your gat and your vest and let's roll  
Get your hat and your coat and let's go  
Like Eddie Murphy, I run the "Metro"

[Chorus]

[Pacewon]

Yo, shots on target, open up the market  
Bomb your apartment, walk it like I bark it  
Take you in the crib with some sharp shit  
If you drivin a car, you better park it  
I'm a star kid, women stalkin  
She ain't fuckin? Then I'm walkin  
Got a boyfriend? Shoulda called him  
I'm on that tape you got playin in your Walkman  
Rhymin, dinin, I shine on interviews  
I'm more fine and I rhyme more syllables  
Iller with the rhyme and my time's more critical  
Just in my prime now I'm more physical  
Keep this hip-hop real like a cult  
Make this paper turn green like The Hulk  
Thirsty niggaz don't sip, we like to gulp  
And there's a couple of chicks out here I'd like to UHH

[Chorus]

[ad libs of Chorus to end]

Visit [PaceWon](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.