

# Pacewon

## "You"

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Watch it  
Move back away from him  
Is he dead?  
[Sigh]  
He passed out on the sofa  
Whoa!

[Pacewon]  
Yo! Yo! Yo! Yo!  
Light a blunt, get pumped  
P-A-C-E  
Live entertainment, replace TV  
Made for the kids, the DJs and fiends  
Makin' y'all jam like freeways and streets (Screech!)  
I keep it moving like soul to soul  
Record label, my whole team going gold  
Dumbin' out  
You run your mouth rapid  
'Till I see your face and I slap it  
Yo! I'm a wizard at this  
Weave a spell, it's like magic  
Turn that bully boy into a faggot  
Turn that pig cop that been jockin' you right back to  
maggots  
Turn his blue steel into plastic  
Yo! I turn boogie in the goodie, sit back and roll a fat  
one  
Turn a vinyl record into platinum  
Turn a real calm motherfucker to a thug that want  
action  
I'm here to heal the sick, I'm like aspirin  
Yo! I walk on water like the saviour (Pacewon!)  
I declared war on the mayor  
You know me, low key  
Sittin' on my porch gettin' high I'm like Smokey  
Chipped up celly  
Cussin' out Sony (Where the fuck is my cheque?)  
Yo! I don't just live by reputation  
I'm thuggin', with a weapon waitin'  
To slug you  
Love to  
Treat me like Gotti when I come through

Run crews, aunts and uncles I love

I touch (You! You! You!)

Let me set it off for (You! You! You!)

Always keep it raw for (You! You! You!)

Rock it to the core for (You! You! You!)

Yo! What you want? Yo! (You! You! You!)

Yo! Can't touch me (You! You! You!)

Mad 'cos your girl wanna...Uhhh (You! You! You!)

Who got as much money (You! You! You!)

Yo! What you want?

Yo! I always think busy

Keep the money crispy

Smoke out back to back phillys

Let's go half

I got fifty

You fuckin' with a grisly

Hippie, make you feel jiggy

Make your girl wanna fuck, wanna cuddle up and kiss  
me

Licky, licky, tricky, dizzy, silly

I don't need game, I just keep it on the real-ly

Bust shots like they 9 mill-y

'Tis for my people in The Bricks

For my people out in Philly

Connecticut, New York city

Bad Boy, see the no smokin' signs

Still light a blitty

Dance around like P. Diddy

Greedy motherfucker, don't care

Grab your kitty by the titty

She love it

Like Kim do Biggie (Huh!)

Dig me, the world move quickly

Killin' off the weak and the sickly

Believe it or not it's like rippies

Some niggas rap, some niggas flip keys

Some bitches strip-tease

Some work at Wimpy

Gotta crush, hot and heavy on an MC

And like Fat Joe, jealous ones envy

Pacewon, you wanna be like me

Carhartt cap on, new pair of Nikes

Virgo vibes, might pull a Piscies

Too close to Aries, turn out to be sheisty

Yo! I'm being watched by a strike team,

Wanted by the feds before the age of nineteen

Yo! Yo! Be careful standin' by me

I'm tricky, might slip a mickey in your ice cream

Yo! Yo! Yo! 'Till my day come

Best regards all of y'all  
Pacewon

You! You! You!  
You! You! You!  
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Rock it to the core for (You! You! You!)  
Yo! What you want? Yo! (You! You! You!)  
Yo! Can't touch me (You! You! You!)  
Mad 'cos your girl wanna...Uhhh (You! You! You!)  
Who got as much money (You! You! You!)  
Yo! What you want?

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