

Pacewon & Mr. Green

"Four Quarters"

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(- Let me ask you a question
What color is this?
- It's green- It's green
You're black I'm white
and this is green
When making a business decision the only color
that matters - is green)
[VERSE 1: Pacewon]
This is a journal entry and hip-hop blog
Played over airwaves,
seen over by God
A relevant expression rooted deep as the mob
For my people to use if they feelin the vibe
Now, I'ma get to rappin, y'all scream
Like you out here rootin
for your favorite basketball team
Like you're Parrish,
I'm Bird, you're Magic, I'm Kareem
Like you're Sam Cassell
and I'm The Dream
Hakeem Like you're Kobe,
I'm Shaq, you're Ginobili,
I'm Duncan
Like we goin for a re',
let's get it jumpin
Let's get it goin like back in the Felt Forum
Back when Willis Reed came into the game
scorin
Back when Bill Bradley wasn't so darn borin
Back with Phil Jackson, before he had Jordan
Goin like the coke that Scarface was snortin
Bangin like Billy Bob Thornton
[CHORUS 2X]
White collar,
blue collar, I holler, you holler
Let's get together,
four quarters make a dollar
We ain't gettin younger
and the block is gettin hotter
It takes a whole community
for us to raise a scholar
[VERSE 2: Pacewon]
Generic canned goods, free cheese and foodstamps
People runnin
the street like they at boot camp
Pigs on patrol,
hoes on the stroll
The clockers outside on the block
ain't wearin gold
Nah, they wearin beat up jeans and new Nikeys
Short-sleeve polo shirts and new white tees
Boost mobile phones,
also known as a chirp
You hear a ringtone play when the fiends want work
Brothers gettin pinched,
snitchin on each other
Cops is like Lawrence Fishburne in Deep Cover
Actin like they not cops,
but they are cops
They try to mingle with the crowd
and they bar-hop
Sniffin for narcotics just like they the K-9s
Troopers everywhere up and down the state line
Ten-year

old kids sellin crack in the daytime
The hood could take your life but it won't take mine
[CHORUS 2X]
Yes yes y'all (Keep on)
Yes yes y'all (Keep on)
Yes yes y'all (Keep on)
Yes yes y'all (Keep on)
[VERSE 3: Pacewon]
Benzes and Beamers,
no more Laundromat, laundry goes to the cleaners
No more just settlin, now I'm pullin divas and skeezers
In them wife-beater shirts with new sneakers
The ones that was blinded before, but now they see us
They wanna help me max out my Visas,
come through and snack on some Cheez-It's
Pour a glass of champagne, take some snapshots
Eat a strawberry tart, use my laptop
And my Discover card, shop from home
Roam naked through my crib while she talk on the phone
Hold candle light dinners, 50-inch plasmas
In every room, you ain't even gotta ask, brah
The red carpet treatment, what else could you ask for?
It's like fightin some dude that got a glass jaw
You hit 'em in the chin and you win
Your old life ends and your new one begins
[CHORUS 2X]

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