

# Pacewon, Nobody

[Young Zee]

Who fuckin wit us?

nobody

one more time, nobody

nobody

yaaaah, hah

and we don't appreciate (what the fuck?)

people throwin' they little two cents in (Outsidaz)

spreadin' rumors (rah digga, young zee)

[Pacewon]

All grace, Pace the MC with great powers

niggaz play my tape and blank out for eight hours

at 9 PM you get caught up in my rhyme flow

then before you know it, it's morning/Mourning like Alonzo (good morning)

to the beat y'all, I mack like Peetie Wheatstraw

girls say my speech, y'all inflated like a beach ball

ya see the misfits and real sister's Digga (yeah Pace!)

niggaz know we Soul 4 Real like the singers

to the fiends, my tape's like a drug now

rappers smokin' it, choke and spit blood out

MCs watch me, clock me, keep charts

I'm a seat and they refuse to get up like Rosa Parks (sit down)

All MC's, here to Vancouver

Pace carry cans of pubic lice remover (yeah)

For crab MC-type intruders, I carry cans of pubic lice remover

high as fuck, drunk off the chardonay

Pacewon, represent the Garden State

machete sharpener, Kurrupt like Daz's partner

dark, too smart to fake moves like Ron Harper

I wil' on jokers more than Oprah got papes

and live to stop fakes like anti-lock brakes

when the cops chase I fiend like a crack buyer

to locate the joints pointed at this rap guy, ah

weave a spell to make they're guns backfire

and hit their Michelins, giving them a flat tire

foul to Cali, renowned, too (??)

stroke up and down through pussy that will drown you

this is for MCs soundin' like me

Pace Won, I tell 'em not to dick ride me

yeah, for crab MCs type intruders

I carry cans of pubic lice remover

[Chorus: Young Zee]

Who the fuck in here can rock like me?

(Zee, Digga, Pace): Nobody!

And what the fuck click get more props than we?

Nobody!

Who want to get it on with the O-U-Tz?

Nobody! Nobody!

Who the fuck in here can rock like Zee?

Nobody!

What the fuck click get more props than we?

Nobody!

Who want to get it on with the O-U-Tz?

Nobody, nobody!

[Pace Won]

From the door I despise you

Say one word I'ma fuck you up worse than St. Ide's do

So don't blast off, mouth get gassed off

and say something I'm gon' have to whip that ass for (we gon jump you!)

'nuff said, talk and get your fly ass caught up in my web

sit and break bread, shake hands and make friends, cop a grey Benz

got you like heavy metal, rock until the tape ends

[Young Zee]

And I can't forget the heads that get me high for free  
that liked my shit back when we was rockin' Lees  
and them fake niggaz always think of robbin' Zee  
they just mad cuz they don't get more fucking props than we

[Pacewon]

Yo- men like me play with swords like Zorro  
fags like you could test positive tomorrow (for AIDS)  
you gay as Rock Hudson, puffin'  
playin' like you somethin', frontin', suckin'  
more dick than hoes do, parallel parkin'  
jump out your car then walk like Dolly Parton (lil' chicken)  
this for the crews soundin' like us  
Outsidaz, try not to dick ride us

[Chorus]

Break it down

Outhouse

Who can rock like Zee?

Nobody, nobody

Outhouse

Yeah Yeah, what up?

Who the fuck in here can rock like Zee?

Nobody!

What the fuck click get more props than we?

Nobody!

Who want to get it on with the O-U-Tz?

Nobody, nobody, what?

Who the fuck in here can rock like P-A-C-E?

There's nobody, nobody nobody...

And who get more props than Zee?

Nobody!

Who wanna fight me?

Nobody, nobody!

[Digga] Uh, Rah Digga, nobody...

[Zee] In the Outhouse world, there's still nobody that can fuck.... uh