

# Pacewon, World Reknown

[Pacewon]

This is W-O-U-T, with a quick caller question  
Caller, can you name a quick three countries  
Can your friends? Depends?

Yo! It's the Pacewon-er, more hot than late summer  
Eighth wonder of the bass drum  
Who can touch your melon you can tell 'em PACEWON!  
You only do what Pace says  
Bottle up the product and serve it to the bassheads  
I keep it corporate, ain't with that talk shit  
Won made to bust like the guns the cops walk with  
Hold a four-fifth, all kids vacate  
Testy to press me like a can of spray paint  
Cause by the time a policeman appears  
They'll be cuttin down the bodies I hang like chandaliers  
Hip-Hop prisoner, Alberto V-O-5  
in your scalp like conditioner, hit you by the eye  
Fuck your 20/20 vision up, used to be a pilot  
Now he can see light - now who his girl gettin high with?  
Nowadays I'm humble, strictly on some shy shit  
Usin my ears, keepin my affairs private  
Livin that life of a righteous rap giant  
Pack the black iron that roar like Mad Lion  
Stingy, Ebenezer, never freeze up  
Forever be the rapper that drunk that one  
that black out like a seizure - burnin hot with fever  
Right lung failin, from inhalin cheeba

World reknowned.. world reknowned.. world reknowned.. world reknowned

In my hood it's people fiendin, screamin like the opera  
Cuz was up early, drinkin dirty aqua  
Never put they glock up, restless like the young kids  
40's, they tongue-kiss, like who can get the drunkest?  
Wear the right gear like them Nike Air strap-ons  
MC's write rap songs, hoochies wear platforms  
It's all G Broad Street down to Stuyvesant  
Niggaz got talent, move like Allen Iverson  
Rappers by the number, Redman, Artifacts  
Lords of the Under - sprint to get a glimpse  
Bet the fireproof lighter troop make yo' eyes swell  
Word to my Fu-Gee-La and my nigga Praswell  
Pacewon flips, I piss on niggaz like the urinals  
You keep on blurrin those WACK-ASS RHYMES  
I break code and make access, grab my gun attack feds  
with somethin that the rap heads can't pass by

World reknowned.. world reknowned.. world reknowned.. world reknowned

Yo, mommy never knew I'd grow up to be a thug or  
be best friends with the neighborhood drug lord  
Ironic lifestyle - who woulda thought that tomboy  
you used to diss - got to be your wife now?  
Sex in cars, money like the lotto  
Brother try to foul me, Audi, cuatro  
Crews fake bullshit and act stupid  
I'm lootin, usin my third eye like a mutant  
Rollin with the big men, ign'ant men fly  
Mistaken motherfuckers, thought they had it locked  
and along comes the Pacer - with ecstasy!  
Got juice like a warden that can set you free  
Chronicles of "Won", Pace the rhyme felon  
Watch for my album..

World reknowned.. world reknowned.. world reknowned.. world reknowned