

Pacewon, It's Yours

[Pace] Yo, huh? .. What?

[Jean] It's your/it's your/it's your - it's yours!

[Pacewon]

You have now entered the realm of the Pacewon zone
Where the rubeboys rule and the pussies run home
or the shots that ring out, or the ass I done beat
Niggaz don't wanna bring out the bad side of me
I rolled on your set, you poets need practice
MC's like rugs; I walk on these rappers
Huh - heads or tails, I flip pennies
Uptown buyin hydro with counterfeit twenties
Soldier, take control of
your body and your mind like yoga, play you like poker
Black like Roker; cops press charges
but my lawyer get me over - more blunts to roll up

[Chorus: Wyclef Jean]

The streets ain't safe at night (it ain't safe)
The gangs come out at night (they come out)
Stick-up kids get robbed tonight (you get robbed)
The innocent get raped at night (innocent get raped)
Even on Halloween; when the fiends
come out with paper bags and tight jeans
Askin for credit? You can forget it!
North, South, East, West! ... Yo, put 'em up, put 'em up, put 'em up
It's your/it's your/it's your - it's yours!

[Pacewon]

Pacewon in a rush ta, bust off loads
Really with drugs, sendin +Thugs+ to the "Crossroads"
Goin to war with my four-fifth and more clips
than the ghetto got poor kids, welfare and orphans
Top seeded; pissed like a boxer
when his nose start bleedin, movin on heathens
Lockin up BM's - me C and Ra three
immortal rap beings, don't catch feelings
Mr. Perfect, cause a disturbance
like the Rodney King verdict
Violent like your father when he drunk off bourbon
Money sex and burners
Before you walk the streets make sure you got insurance

[Chorus]

[Pacewon]

Hey-a, praise-the, Pa-cer
I-got, fatter bags of raps than your local 2-for-5 spot
Wanna bust me but can't cause you Krusty
like a clown from the Simpsons..
Kids like you go up in flames like instant, better stay distant
Cash your chips in, or die like Richard Nixon
Deep don't sleep as much as I need to
Pacewon I stick to my guns like M.O.P. do
Rap ciphers, graffiti, lighters
Feel the packed pistols, love the Outsidaz
The streets is on fire, rawness, flawless
Kickin chumps dead in the chest like Chuck Norris
Shoot at the beast, Crooked I to East Orange
We ready to rock, my block the hardcorest
Money and sex, drugs you better learn this
Before you walk the streets make sure you got insurance

[Chorus]

[Wyclef] It's yours!
It's your/it's your/it's your - it's yours!
[Wyclef] It's yours!
It's your/it's your/it's your - it's yours!
[Wyclef] It's yours!
It's your/it's your/it's your - it's yours!

[Chorus] - to fade