

Pacewon, Like This

Yo
Uh Huh
Yo

I must have played that tape over a thousand times

[Verse One]

I be like melody
rob First Fidelity
cock back, top cat
can't make contact
with me cuz i'm lost
brush niggaz off
I'm like toothpaste
rap flourides you couldn't move with a suitcase
lock it up, cock and bust, seventeen
I'm raw like the coke my boys be sellin' fiends
need to make cream, be financial, make papers
if niggaz front take it by force like a rapist
niggaz look it
I'm hot like the peppers that Puerto Ricans cook with
trick up the sleeve
y'all thieves that never took shit
real bad actors
try to operate and get sued for malpractice
don't make me gang trip
talk all nice
I walk on ice, can't slip
Pace got the vision of a chosen few
hopin' you only speak when you spoken to

Chorus

<'Pacewon' scratched in>
I can't lose even if the fight fixed
take my time laid back
if you rush you might miss
my voice transmit through your satellite dish
and it go a little something like this...
<'Pacewon', again>

[Verse Two]

Around the way, like L.L.
guns hot as hot tameles
crooked and dishonest
swing wood like Jimmy Conners
I'm Pace Won the drug theif
rugged like rugby
high off the cannabis
props to my company
presidential canidantes
gone sour, not sober
sellin' cold cut with baking soda
static but i cling not
weed addict
i'm a nigga with a sling shot
king props
read my rap sheet
Pace to Won is nasty
drive by
two guns out the window
bustin' from the back seat
hit the deck and get ghost
coast to coast, world wide
Pace comin with toast

High hopes
Pace comin' dope
and it go a little something like this...

Chorus x2