Pacewon, Okay, Alright

{*phone rings*}
Hello is Pacewon home?
No he's not in right now
Check it out now y'all

[Chorus]
OKAY! ALRIGHT!
OKAY! ALRIGHT!
... GREEN, GREEN, GREEN!
All we need is - GREEN, GREEN, GREEN!
All we want is - GREEN, GREEN, GREEN!
All we see is - GREEN, GREEN, GREEN!

[Pacewon]
Grimy chicks buy me kicks
I came in the door in ninety-six
There was a lot of good MC's, but where they at now?
Did they travel overseas and die from Mad Cow?
Or was it lyrics, chumps couldn't deliver it
Instead of actin they age, they actin ignorant
So insignificant rhymes I don't consider it
You're illiterate, loud and belligerent
I'm the king of bustin off in ya
Could tell ya how I feel with just one finger
Drop it on wax, without bein vulgar
Send a message out to the culture
Let 'em all know I'm a pro but I do carry arms
Hit your vest hard as Barry Bonds
Handle my gat like a lady, slugs is bisexual
You'll catch one and your girl die next to you

[Chorus]

[Pacewon]
I'm out to make a profit I got dough in the pocket
I toss it up like it's really no object
I get pussy when I want like Big, name spreadin like gossip
One rhyme could get you higher than chronic
I got friends that's Islamic like Chi Smoke and DJ Muhammad
They religious but they shifty as Onyx
And we speak in ebonics, roll dice and we drink 'til we vomit
Throw a rocket in the Eagle and cock it
Watch it break down the sonic barrier more quick than a comet
Females gettin hit in the bonnet
Led laced dark eyes pale face like them bitches is Gaelic
The grim reaper done made a deposit, if you want it you got it
Here it is, plug me into your socket
Like a slug go into a glock clip, I rock shit
Straight for the burbs just as well as the projects
Not just for the economics bitch, we keep it..

[Chorus]

{*sample scratched - "Get on down!" while female talks*}

[Pacewon]
I decorate my house and car with kitty litter
Pretty nigga, city slicker
Roll up in a GS3, ESP
I could read your mind, don't BS me pa
You think you thinkin what I'm thinkin but I'm thinkin
beat you in the motherfuckin head until my rhyme sink in
Do the damn thing baby, let it rip
This is all etiquette, and I'm gettin better kid

Cause now I seperate the subject from the predicate
The words is all edited, the verbal brawl never quits
You cocksuckin son of a nice woman
Bring your lil' rhymes and I eat 'em like rice pudding
My rhymes, I throw 'em like Dwight Gooden
You driveby pullin, you just might couldn't
I play your tape, but it sounds the same
So I threw it in the sink and rinsed it down the drain
Little trick

[Chorus]