

# We Are The Champions

## The Game

We Are The Champions Lyrics

I am the champion my friend  
And I'll keep on fighting 'till the end  
I am the champion  
I am the champion  
Don't end for loser 'cause I am the champion

[The Game]

Guess who's back in a son of a bitch  
Underground king with a gun on his hip  
Not the UGK like bun be and pimp see  
But I gotta go shoot a bucket in my bently  
Ain't shit changed with the guts in a range  
And no more Lloyd Banks, Tony Yayo and Young Buck in my lane  
I'm a hood nigga for real mothafuck the fame

Nigga I'ma get mine

You can hate it or love it but it's a thin line

Between G Unot and G Unit

Nigga talk shit catch one in the hip

Fuck beefin the rhyme

50 forgot about his but I took mine

I showed you all 5 but he never took 9

He rap like Trina blah blah blah

Ok, shut up

Let us see the wound

Show it to the world

He got shot in the mouth and cried like a girl

You cried like a girl

And I gangbang so hard it'll bring back curls

I'm tellin' your fan don't believe that shit

Tryna beef with The Game like he that sick

You movie was trash and I went to see that shit

With a camera and got it on DVD that quick

Chicken Little and Harry Potter

The bootleg hell yeah we got 'em

Two movies 15 dollars with no numbers on the bottom

Hahahahahahaha.....

Chicken Little ghetto pimp!

I am the champion my friend

And I'll keep on fighting 'till the end

I am the champion  
I am the champion  
Don't end for loser 'cause I am the champion  
Of the world, yeah!

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