

# The Champ

Jimmy Smith

[Dialogue borrowed from a "Rocky" movie] This guy is a bulldozer with a wrecking ball attached

He'll leave a ring around your eye and tread marks on your back

He's an animal

He's hungry

You ain't been hungry, since "Supreme Clientele"

Remember what you first told me when I took ya in

You wanted to be a fighter (Yeah!)

You wanted to be a killer (New York Stand Up)

You wanted to be the Champ! (Got your boy in the booth nigga)

You ain't hungry

Matter of fact I don't want you in my gym

Get out of my ring, you disgust me

[Ghostface Killah] Godzilla bankroll

Stones from Stilion

Yo I ain't got it all, that means I barely home

Trailblazer stay ballin

Revenge is my arts is crafty darts

While y'all stuck on Laffy Taffy

Wonderin' how y'all niggaz get past me

I been doin this before Nas dropped the Nasty

My wallos I did 'em up

Them bricks I send 'em up

My raps y'all bit 'em up

For that now stick 'em up

Ten Four good buddy Tone got is money up

Worth millions still back your bitch lookin bummy what

Ya'll staring at the angel of death

Liar liar pants on fire You burning up like David Koresh

This is architect music

Verbal street opera pop a 'tec man fully got the projects booming indeed

I ran through the tunnel

Terrorize speed

That's when I was still in the jungle slingin that D

[Spoken over the beat] Get out my face! No you ain't got no mo?'

Don't need no has been messin' up my corner

And you better get that mad look off your face for I knock it off

Hey fool you ready for another beating

You should have never came back

Look here man after I crucify him, you next!

And you better have a good doctor to rearrange your face

I'm the Champ!

[Ghostface Killah]Who want to battle the Don?

I'm James Bond in the Octagon with two razors

Bet cha'all didn't know I had a fake arm

I lost it, wild and raw before rap, I was gettin' it on

Took a fat nigga out in like 40secs

My gun get hard wit a 45 still erects and eagle on

Kangol hat slanted coconut bounce to Morocco

Guerilla medallions like Flavor Flav clock yo

Niggaz want me dead but they scared to step to me

Rip they guts out like a hysterectomy

When beef collide look on the flip by the penitentiary kite

Or get you bumped off from the inside

Jaws is hanging

Frauds is leftin they draws on the floor complaining

Bird ass nigga resemble Keenon Ivory Waynes

Stay in your place dirt born rappers get Shadow box for training ?

Ya'll still eatin bacon

[Spoken over the beat]Think nobody can; don't give this nigga no statue give him death

I told y'all I wasn't going away

You had your shot no give me mine

Now why don't you tell these folks why you been ducking me, politics man

You think you going to keep me down

They don't want me to have the title

Because I'm not a puppet like that fool up there

Ask his woman she get more pipe from the plumber than in bed

I'm the Champ!

[Ghostface Killah]I like the deuce of diamonds cutting spades on a glass table

Half a mil on my left ankle

Terry cloth Guess shorts robes is comfortable

Bring me a nice bitch that means I'll fuck with you

My swagger is Mick Jaeger stones is rolling

Prestige is cut to it tis ? spark when weed went up

The Cocoa leaf is slightly damp

Sprouting in the backyard next to Gran duke tomato plants

And jets get charted marquee shit with the cars on it

They head and they earl to the toilet and vomit

Back East summer MC king since Cuban

Pretty Tone Iron Man and Bulletproof and Supreme

Proof and you double deuce in the jeans

My man ? was on the floor with the mother load both of them green

IBF WBC Cruiserweight title shots and Rap belts belong to D.C.

[Spoken over the beat]Listen I am bad, I said I am bad

