

Butane (champion's Anthem)

Killer Mike

[Featuring: El-P][Killer Mike:]Looking for the truth, yeah it's me,

Everythang polo to the floor, go even at the grocery store

It's so perfect, take a photo

And take the pic you buying bitch and so stitch you logo

Bitch you with the quatro, but my girl Mercedes

With the Audi say the quatro was a [?]

You can put on killer kill or fat boy or just Michael

Call me what you want but still never call me rival

They will call you dead and I will call you gone

The loss with Jesus we be will be we'll be calling you home

An underground rap [?] what I'm meant to be

Then I will be the shit and you ain't shit to me

We won, we the ones with the champagne, champagne

At the end of our campaign

Spit fire, main true like the blue flame, like the blue slang

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Let me see your hands up if you do say

[?] and we both like Husain

More money, more problems, more butane

Burn the motherfucker down, down,

Life's a bitch so I'm mack on her immaculate

I don't wear no market watches Rolexes to accurate

My rhymes actually accurate, meaning I don't fiction in my diction

To the masses this perfection is perform through many practices

This like prostitutes to mattresses this shit just come naturally

Easy ass osamas, bamas, taking many casualties

Like Columbine I'm down for mine [?]

Killing them or killing me, this is my senility

Iller than the iller then the illest be, I will spit this illest shit, from right here to infinity

Till I reach the dirt, I will search the earth endlessly

Looking for the [?] ain't nobody lyrically, as I'll as me

As eazy e, come back from the A-I-D-S yes, get a beat from E-O-P, ghostwritten from my partner T-I-P cube

Every time, travel back to 95, jumping in a 63 Impala, playing Cuban Linx

We won, we the ones with the champagne, champagne

At the end of our campaign

Spit fire, main true like the blue flame, like the blue slang

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Let me see your hands up if you do say

[?] and we both like Husain
More money, more problems, more butane
Burn the motherfucker down, down,
[El-P:]Yo, I'm a grinch with a grin, I will shit on your kids
Get a light, get a grip, get a hold of my dick bitch
Make a wish
I'm the knife, I'm nothin' that's nicer than gettin' sliced up, the switch, the machete, the fetty, yeti, the sheister
icer, gettin' closer to Christ, ya might just find a design to your life, the angel hair short of the divine love
I stink, I just stunk up a truck with 12 bricks I'm a Sphinx, snort so much my nose just broke off, think
I'm alone again clutching a loaded glock soaked in chromium hoping the thought police just don't bust in my
home again
Life is tough, you'll get snuffed on the buff so dystopian, rough, rough, hear the call of the copper mutts on the
hunt,
What the fuck, this is not what my mother said I'll become
Star spangler wranglers got my hopes on the run, getting closer now
Maybe our society's supposed to drown
Middle finger up on the Titanic as it's going down
We won, we the ones with the champagne, champagne
At the end of our campaign
Spit fire, main true like the blue flame, like the blue slang
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Let me see your hands up if you do say
[?] and we both like Husain
More money, more problems, more butane
Burn the motherfucker down, down.

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